

# Current Literature

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George S. Viereck

## A Review of the World



IN THE elections held last month, the attention of the country was centered upon what James Bryce, twenty years or more ago, in a much-quoted phrase, termed the "one conspicuous failure of American politics"—namely, our government of large cities. There were but three gubernatorial elections in the entire Union, and those were not of absorbing interest. Massachusetts elected a Republican governor by a much reduced majority, Rhode Island elected a Republican governor by one of the largest majorities in the history of the state, and Virginia elected a Democratic governor by a majority somewhat smaller than usual. But in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland and San Francisco there were municipal campaigns that appealed in a considerable degree to the nation at large, and in many other cities, notably Boston, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, and Buffalo, there were campaigns that received more or less general notice for one feature or another. It has been, in other words, a municipal year in politics, and the results of the voting are viewed with mixed emotions by the municipal reformers.

"THE more one studies the outcome of New York's election," remarks the *New Haven Register*, "the more the grim humor of it appears." With an anticipated budget of about \$250,000,000 a year, New York City, electing her officers for a four-year term, dangled before the contestants a prize of about one billion dollars in appropriations—the richest political prize ever presented by any city in any country. Tammany Hall followed its usual custom of recent years and nominated an anti-Tammany man for mayor, in the expectation that he would bring the rest of the ticket through to victory. This hope was pretty sure of complete realization until Mr. Hearst stepped into the arena, ac-

cepted a nomination by petition, on condition that the rest of the ticket be made up of the Fusion candidates. The result was a united anti-Tammany vote on all the Fusion candidates except the candidate for mayor. All that Tammany gets, therefore, is a mayor who has been so outspoken in the past in his criticism of "the Wigwam" that the Fusionists were at one time willing to nominate him if only he had promised not to run on a Tammany ticket, and who persisted in declaring, all through his canvass, that he regarded himself not as a Tammany candidate but as a candidate of the Democrats of all five boroughs. "I am the nominee of the whole city," Judge Gaynor asserted over and over again, even in his address in Tammany Hall headquarters; "no organization made me and, by the Eternal, none shall pull me down."

"NEW YORK is still a Democratic city," remarks *The World*, and it points out the fact that in addition to Judge Gaynor, who now becomes Mayor, the president of the board of aldermen and four of the five presidents of boroughs are Democrats,—nearly all nominated by regular Republican conventions and then endorsed by non-partisan bodies. On the new Board of Estimate, which has control over the appropriations for the next four years, there are but two Republican members, who have between them four votes. The other twelve votes will be cast by the six Democratic members. In addition, the board of aldermen and most of the county officials in Greater New York are also of the anti-Tammany brand. The situation that results appeals strongly to many Democrats as a great opportunity for the rehabilitation of their party. "The old Tammany is done for," remarks *The World*,—"the Tammany of Tweed and Kelly and Croker and Murphy. New York has outgrown it and will no longer



GAYNOR'S NEW FALL SUIT  
—Carter in New York American.

tolerate it. The political conditions under which Tammany maintained despotic power no longer exist. The boss may control the machine and name the candidates but he can-



THE FACE SEEMS CHEERFUL, BUT LOOK AT THE FEET  
—Oppen in the New York American.

not deliver the vote." "Now is the time," shouts Mr. Hearst's *American*, "and this the hour, to raze the evil Tammany to its foundation and to build upon its ruins a Democratic organization to which honest Democrats can belong, and under whose banner real Democrats can fight in all future campaigns for the principles of Jefferson and Jackson. There is no wisdom in temporizing with Tammany. There is no hope of reforming that organization within the ranks." Inasmuch as on the same day on which Gaynor was elected mayor of New York, twenty-two other cities in the state also elected Democratic mayors, fourteen of them to succeed Republican mayors, the opportunity to strengthen the Democratic reform movement is thought to be state-wide.

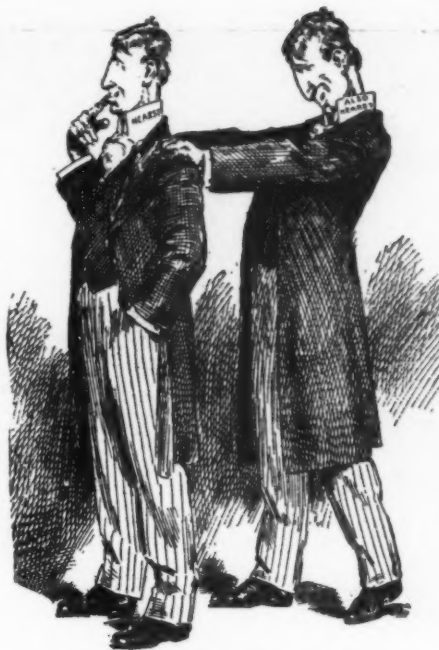
AS THE vote by which Judge Gaynor was elected was practically the same as that received by the other Tammany candidates, who were defeated, being even slightly less than theirs, his victory is obviously not a personal one. To Mr. Hearst, who swept into the contest with a following of 150,000 votes, are generally attributed the honors of the day, —so far as there are any honors in a campaign so remarkable for the bitterness of its personalities. "It must in all candor be said," the *New York Times* admitted, "that whatever has been saved has been saved by his candidacy, and so much has been saved that another such a victory would destroy Tammany." "No doubt Mr. Hearst did in a sense cause, or at least permit, the election of the anti-Tammany candidates who were elected," says *The Tribune* very cautiously, and it expresses interest to see "what he does with the personal strength which this election proves to be his." "It is probable that Gaynor would have been elected," remarks the *Buffalo Commercial* (Rep.) "even if Hearst had not run as an independent; but it is certain that Hearst's acceptance of all the fusion candidates below the mayor insured their election. In doing this he struck Tammany a deadly blow and performed a great public service." The *Chicago News* (Ind.) takes the same view. "Tho the Hearst campaigning," it says, "was in some respects an appalling display of mud-slinging, it has accomplished a great thing for New York City by delivering the government from the hands of Tammany at a critical time." Referring to the changed tone of conservative journals toward Hearst, the *Springfield Republican* remarks with mixed sarcasm and seriousness: "Of only one thing



can we be sure. Mr. Hearst is getting respectable. We all may live to see Harvard confer upon him an LL.D." The same journal sees "every sign" of his being led at an early day into the Republican fold. "If Mr. Hearst," it says, "in a few years should seek in his characteristic way the Republican nomination for governor, as he did that of the Democrats in 1906, the Republican party of New York State might have to surrender to so good a Republican and so influential a citizen."

IF THE municipal reformers view the result in New York City's election with great complacency, the results in Philadelphia and San Francisco give nearly all of them a tired feeling and the result in Cleveland is to the more radical school of reformers a grievous disappointment. The contests in all these cities had this in common, that the relation of the traction interests to the public furnished the chief battle ground of each campaign. This was less conspicuously true in Philadelphia than in the two other cities; but even there, Gibboney, the Fusion candidate for district attorney, took for the chief specific issue in his speeches the restoration of the "strip ticket"—six tickets for a quarter—by the street railways. In Cleveland, of course, Tom Johnson, who insisted that the issue was "just taxation," could not dis sever the campaign from the three-cent fare which he has been fighting to get for so many years. In San Francisco the main question was whether or not the legal fight to put the grafters in jail should be continued, and the particular case of alleged grafting that made this the big issue was that of Calhoun, head of the traction interests. In each of these three cities, the verdict of the voters was that desired by the traction interests.

HENEY, candidate for district attorney in San Francisco, who promised to prosecute Calhoun, was defeated, the labor ticket (with McCarthy, a former ally of Schmitz and Ruef, at its head) being elected. In Cleveland, Johnson was defeated by the regular Republican candidate for mayor, Herman C. Baehr, in former years manager and secretary for a big brewing company. In Philadelphia, D. Clarence Gibboney and the rest of the Fusion ticket went down to defeat before the regular Republican organization ticket—a result which, in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, "can surprise no one who recognized the insincerity of a great deal



"HE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME."

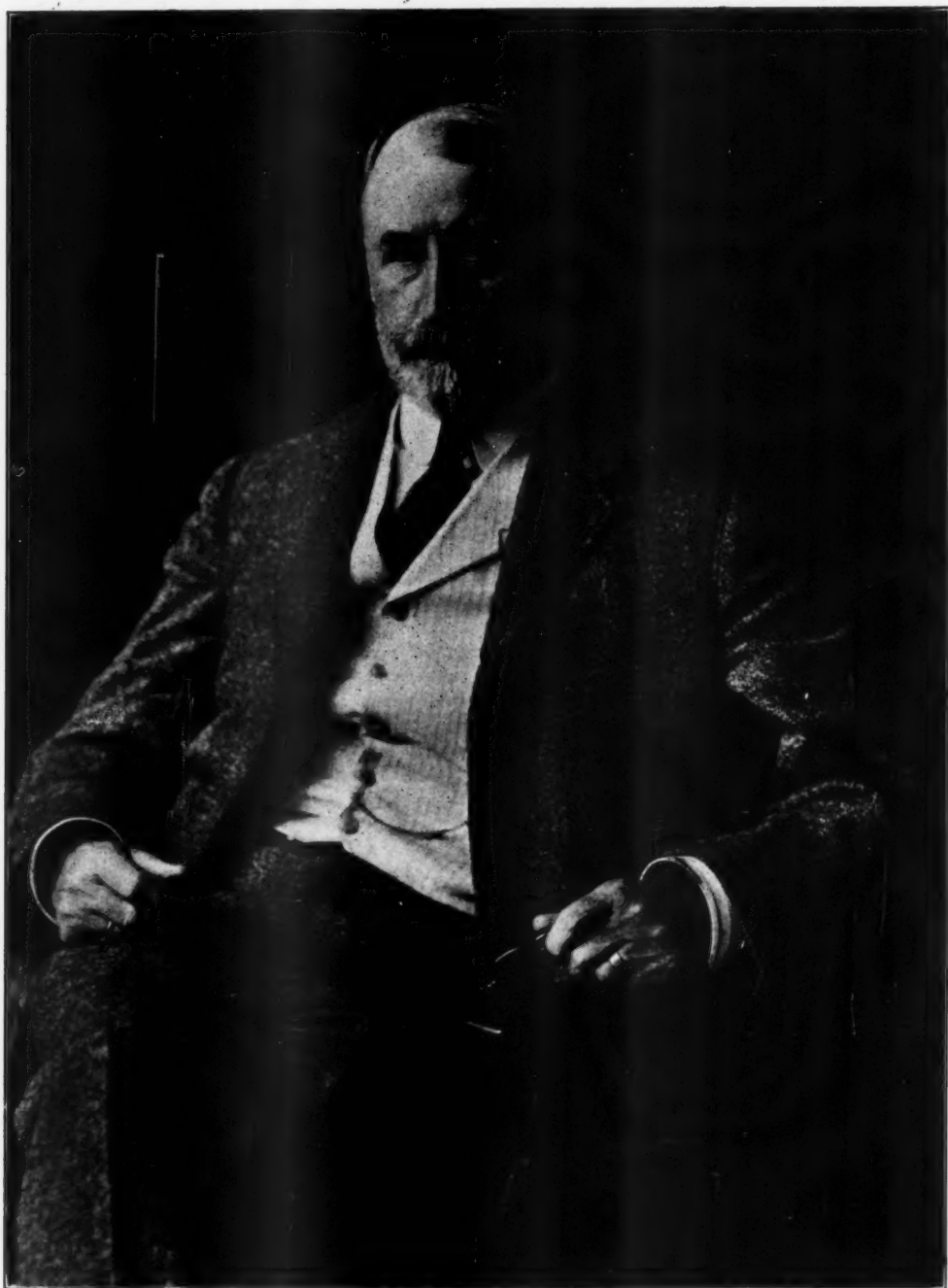
—Macauley in New York World.

of the loudly expressed opposition,"—that is to say of the Fusionists, who were represented by "candidates not of a character to



EMERGING FROM ANOTHER CAMPAIGN

—Briggs in Chicago Tribune.



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#### THE NEXT MAYOR OF NEW YORK

One of the bitterest municipal campaigns ever seen in this country resulted in the election of ex-Judge William J. Gaynor. He is already talked of as a possible Presidential nominee, despite the fact that the office of mayor of New York has long been regarded as the graveyard of political reputations.

inspire confidence among sober-minded and disinterested citizens" and who had attracted "a crowd of scheming politicians and camp-followers of a class that had often destroyed the hopes of enduring reform in the past and brought honest reformers to shame." In all three of these cities, therefore, one an Eastern city, one in the middle west and one on the Pacific slope, the traction interests can with good grace claim a victory.

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**A**FTER a trip of more than thirteen thousand miles, 266 speeches and 579 formal dinners, luncheons and breakfasts, President Taft returns to Washington to be told that there is a "conspiracy" already formed to place Theodore Roosevelt back in the White House in 1912. The leaders in this movement, according to the New York *Tribune's* Washington correspondent, who first proclaimed the news, are Gifford Pinchot, James A. Garfield and Senator La Follette. In furtherance of their plan they have kept the attack upon Secretary Ballinger alive, not daring to strike, as yet, directly at the President, but doing so indirectly through the members of his cabinet. The next object of their attack was the Secretary of State, who is accused of having recalled the ambassador to China, Charles R. Crane, at the dictation of New York bankers headed by Mr. Morgan. The next step to be taken will be, we are told, an assault upon Postmaster-General Hitchcock. Nobody believes that Theodore Roosevelt is a party to the scheme, or, says the *Tribune* correspondent, "at this time" would sanction the movement. The alleged plot is said to have been made the subject of serious discussion by two-thirds of the President's cabinet. And that was President Taft's welcome home!

**T**WO weeks before this sensational correspondence from Washington appeared in type, a staff correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from Topeka, concluded a long account of the President's western trip as follows:

"As dissatisfaction with Taft and distrust of him grows with each new day, so the returning enthusiasm for Roosevelt waxes. It is freely predicted now that in the Republican National Convention of 1912 all the States that opposed Taft in 1908 will be found lined up for him and that many of the States that supported him then will be found hurrying to Roosevelt. They have



THE MOST AGGRESSIVE LEADER IN NEW YORK POLITICS

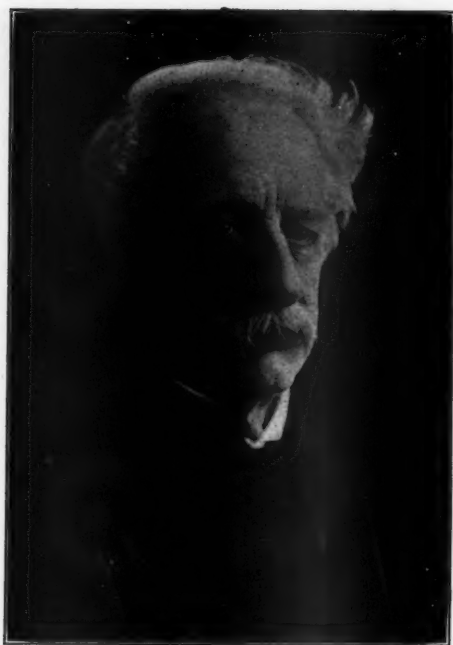
The death of "Pat" McCarran, leader of the Brooklyn Democrats, in the midst of the recent campaign, had a marked influence on the election. He was a first-class fighting man and successfully disputed Tammany's supremacy in Kings county.

it framed up out here in just the way they want it, and if it should turn out as they talk



TIED TO THE STAKE!

—Gregg in New York *American*.



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#### FOR FOURTEEN YEARS ON THE U. S. SUPREME COURT

Judge Rufus Wheeler Peckham, who died last month, was appointed by President Cleveland, and there is a hope that the President will fill the vacancy with another jurist of Democratic proclivities. It is suggested that he cap the climax of his Southern tour by selecting a Southern man.

there would surely be some fun and excitement. 'If Teddy would just land at San Francisco when he comes back to this country,' said one man, 'there would be such a fire behind him by the time he got across the continent that nothing could stand in front of it.'

There can be no doubt, says *The Times*, in editorial comment, "that a systematic campaign is on foot to discredit the Taft administration, and that the particular and personal followers of the ex-President are bent upon something more than their own individual 'vindication.'"

THERE is such a movement for the restoration of Mr. Roosevelt, also says the *New York World*, and Mr. Taft's friends have known about it for months.

"But it is not far-reaching and it is not shrewdly organized. For the most part it is kindergarten politics played by a small coterie of Mr. Roosevelt's intimate personal friends, abetted by a handful of Republican insurgents in the Middle West. . . . Mr. Roosevelt is still very popular in the West, where his cowboy methods were regarded as the supreme achievement of

American statesmanship, and there is no question about the fact that the Roosevelt third-term movement is causing some of Mr. Taft's friends a great deal of anxiety."

This "Back from Elba" scheme, as it is termed by the press, does not seem to give much concern to the *Boston Transcript*. When Mr. Roosevelt was first thrust into the office of President, it recalls, there was a disposition to subject him to unfavorable comparisons with his predecessor. "For a year there was little evidence of the great public favor that came to him later." That the same sort of experience should come to Mr. Taft is not surprising, and the *Transcript* will be disappointed if Mr. Taft does not also end his term high in public favor. "He is almost certain to make good," it thinks. "That in the process of making good he may even eclipse the Roosevelt popularity when the country gets used to his ways is far from being a wildly improbable conjecture."

BUT a less optimistic note comes from the same journal's special correspondent on the trip with President Taft. The most noticeable feature of that trip down the Mississippi, to those who had made the same jour-



#### TRIUMPHANTLY RE-ELECTED

Aram J. Pothier carried Rhode Island, for Governor, by one of the largest majorities in the history of Senator Aldrich's satrapy.



ney with Roosevelt, was "the utter apathy of the countryside towards the Chief Executive." Says the *Transcript's* correspondent:

"When Roosevelt went down, people turned out in immense multitudes and cheered as long as his vessel was in sight, cannons roared for him, pies and cakes specially cooked for him were sent aboard his boat, and every town on the river provided a crowd of school children and their elders, singing patriotic songs as he passed. With Taft all of this was lacking. A schedule worked out with the most exact detail provided that a large crowd should be waiting upon the landing. Generally there was a round of hand-clapping; sometimes a single cheer; after that silence and stares."

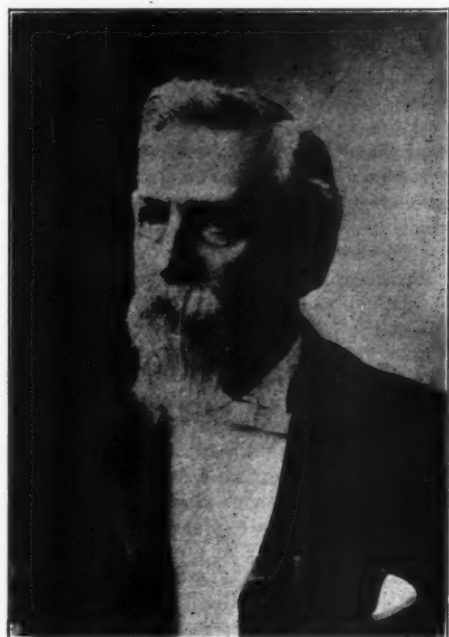
At Memphis, the cheering for Roosevelt began when his ship was two miles from the dock and was kept up as long as he was in sight. Taft received but a single cheer, and the hall where he spoke was but half filled. At Helena most of the people stayed at the river to watch the boats come in rather than to go up into the city to hear the President speak. Similar receptions were given elsewhere. "It was ap-



HE JUST DID PULL THROUGH

Eben S. Draper was elected governor of Massachusetts by a greatly reduced Republican majority, the reduction being claimed as a result of general dissatisfaction with the new tariff measure.

parent from the start that the speeches with which he had begun this trip and the remarks which he made while on the journey had done much to alienate to a great extent the liking the people of the valley had had for him."



GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA BY A REDUCED MAJORITY

In the renewed hope of breaking into the solid South, the Republicans have an eye on Virginia. The election of Judge William Hodges Mann was expected, but the reduction of about 10,000 in his majority from that four years ago for Swanson is claimed by the Republican leaders as a moral victory.

THIS account pertains to but one section of the country, and the comparison is drawn between Roosevelt's reception at the very height of his popularity, after five years at the White House, and that of Taft after the lapse of but seven months since he became President. Further South the accounts of the latter's welcome glow with more evidence of enthusiasm. "The reception he is having in the Gulf States, in the heart of the old Confederacy," said the *Baltimore Sun* later, "is such as to excite his gratitude and his enduring sympathy and friendship." Nothing could be much heartier than the warm words of greeting given by the *Houston Post*, ordinarily very churlish toward anything of a Republican brand. "This is simply splendid," it says of his utterances to the effect that the North does not ask of the South to discard any of her traditions, but respects her all the more for holding to them. "Any President," it adds, "would be respectfully, cordially and hos-



ON THE HOMESTRETCH

—Macauley in *New York World*.

pitably received in the South, but the Taft geniality, the Taft gentleness, the Taft friendliness and the Taft loveliness are simply irresistible." The *Springfield Republican* thinks that Mr. Taft, if he is not too genial and gentle when Congress assembles, may eas-



TAFT: "OH, I REMEMBER NOW!"

—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

ily turn the movement toward Roosevelt into an important factor for success. "Admitting," it says, "that there is grave danger of Mr. Roosevelt coming back in 1912, it is exceedingly clear that President Taft may now use the fear of 'restoration' to force the conservative wing of his party to follow his own leadership in questions of legislation. . . . When obstructive or reactionary senators and representatives come to him and say they cannot support his program, let Mr. Taft thump the table and say: 'If you don't give me this, you'll get Roosevelt as sure as fate, in 1912.' And that will surely fetch them."

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INTO the recent campaign in New York was injected, suddenly and unexpectedly, an issue so far transcending mere politics and so arresting in its national and international importance that it quickly overshadowed all the anticipated issues of the campaign, such as taxation, subways, and extravagance in expenditures. This new issue was the one raised in Mr. George Kibbe Turner's article in *McClure's* on what has come to be called "the white slave traffic," and in a long article published a few days later, by an independent investigator, in the *New York Evening Post*. Both writers, each doing his work unaware of what the other was doing, agree in all essential points, and their statements have been so far corroborated by official investigators as to leave the public fairly stunned with the force of their revelations. Briefly, these revelations are to the effect that there has grown up in America, within the last few years, an organized traffic in young girls the rapid development of which has made New York the leader of the world in this class of enterprize. Says Mr. Turner: "The men engaged in it there have taken or shipped girls, largely obtained from the tenement districts of New York, to every continent on the globe; they are now doing business with Central and South America, Africa, and Asia. They are driving all competitors before them in North America. And they have established, directly or indirectly, recruiting systems in every large city of the United States."

FOUR years ago an international treaty was made by the European nations and the United States for the suppression of this traffic between different countries. It has continued to grow, nevertheless, at least in this part of the world, until young girls of good

character are now decoyed from Europe by thousands every year, and then forced into a life of involuntary disgrace. For the "white slaves" are not voluntary prostitutes. Says Edwin W. Sims, United States district attorney in Chicago:

"Today the inmates of houses of ill fame are made up largely of women or girls whose original entry into a life of immorality was brought about by men who were in the business of procuring women for that purpose—young men who earn their livelihood and amass a fortune by that means. The characteristic which distinguishes the white slave traffic from immorality in general is that the women who are the victims of the traffic are unwillingly forced to live an immoral life. The term 'white slave' includes only those women and girls who are literally slaves, those women who are owned and held as property and chattels, whose lives are lives of involuntary servitude, those who become immoral as the result of the efforts of the procurer; and who, for a considerable period at least, continue immoral because of the devices and power of their owners.

"In short, the white slave trade may be said to be the business of securing white women and of selling them or of exploiting them for immoral purposes. Its victims are those women and girls who, if given a fair chance, would in all human probability, have been good wives and mothers and useful citizens."

**H**UNDREDS of men, according to Mr. Sims—thousands according to a former police official in New York—live upon the earnings of these girls, and many of them are living in affluence. One importer in this tragic "business," who was arrested in Chicago several months ago, had gathered in during the previous year, "wholly from his exploitation of girls," more than \$102,000, as shown by his books. The federal laws impose a penalty of five years in the penitentiary for the importation of an alien woman or girl for immoral purposes. Numerous arrests and convictions in federal courts both in New York and Chicago have been brought about in the last year and a half. But the jurisdiction of the federal government is limited to international and interstate traffic, and even in this its agents admit the inadequacy of the provisions for detecting the crime. Mr. Walton, an assistant district attorney in New York, who has prosecuted many cases for the federal government, says: "The number of victims brought here is surprisingly large. Undoubtedly they come over in every ship. For every one case we are able to trace, there are hun-



PRESIDENT TAFT: "WE ARE PROUD OF YOU, FATHER OF WATERS, BUT YOU NEED IMPROVING!"

—Morris in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

dreds, if not thousands, that we know nothing about. The people in this 'business' are con-



SPEAKING OF MT. MCKINLEY!

Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

stantly in touch with one another all over the country." Congress has already taken up the matter and a committee of investigation has been at work whose report is ready to be presented at the opening of the session this month.

**A**SIDE from the importation of girls from foreign lands is the far larger supply procured from the poorer elements in our own population. The greatest source of this supply is said to be on the East Side of New York, where the center of distribution for the whole country is now located. "There are clubs composed entirely of white-slavers," says *The Evening Post's* investigator, "running openly in the 'Tenderloin.'" The name of one of these clubs, as given both by this writer and by Mr. Turner, is the New York Independent Benevolent Association, formed as a sort of mutual insurance organization by men who found it difficult, because of their business, to obtain recognition from existing organizations. These clubs of white-slavers have been organized in most of the cities of the country and maintain close communication with each other. This is one way in which they aid each other, according to *The Evening Post*:

"If the girl attempts to escape, as many do, other owners in the man's club and other clubs must render all possible aid in the way of recovery. If a girl is sent to the reformatory, or to the workhouse, it is no escape for her. Her owner is on hand to meet her when she is released. If she runs away, an alarm is sent out immediately, and any member of the fraternity is bound to restore her if he comes across the fugitive. If perchance she makes her way to some other city, the clubs there are notified. They get lengthy descriptions and not infrequently photographs of the girl. Usually, through one channel or another, the person wanted is recaptured sooner or later, and sent back to the city whence she came. If at this time or any other she proves recalcitrant, her owner visits upon her punishment, by which she is soon reduced to compliance. Murders have not been lacking—when ordinary punishment was deemed inadequate."

**T**HE members of these clubs enlist in their behalf the services of boys and young men for the purpose of enticing young girls into their clutches. Says Mr. Turner: "As the women secured for the business are at first scarcely more than children, the work of inducing them to adopt it was naturally undertaken most successfully by youths not much

older than themselves. In this way the specialization of the business in New York produced the New York cadet—the most important figure in the business in America today." When the explosion over this cadet system took place in the campaign eight years ago—it was the most stirring feature in Jerome's famous whirlwind campaign—the system was greatly crippled for a while in New York, but was extended soon after to other parts of the country. Says Mr. Turner again:

"The date of this new development of the white slave trade outside of New York corresponds almost uniformly with the time when the traders and cadets from the New York redlight district introduced New York methods into the other cities of the country in 1901 and 1902. Hundreds of New York dealers and cadets are still at work in these other cities. But much more important are the local youths, whom these missionaries of the devil brought, by the sight of their sleek prosperity, into their trade. Everywhere the boy of the slums has learned that a girl is an asset which, once acquired by him, will give him more money than he can ever earn, and a life of absolute ease. In Chicago, for example, prosecutions in 1908 conducted by Assistant State's Attorney Clifford G. Roe caused to be fined or sent to prison one hundred and fifty of these cadets, nearly all local boys, who had procured local working-girls from the dance-halls and cheap pleasure resorts in and around Chicago."

The traffic in white-slaves, therefore, is diligently at work making pimps of American boys as well as prostitutes of American girls. It reaches after the young of both sexes, for "the average life of women in this trade is not over five years and supplies must be constantly replenished."

**T**HE development of this abhorrent traffic seems to be attested by evidence from too many sources to admit of serious dispute. But the distribution of responsibility for it is a bone of fierce and angry contention. Mr. Turner, in his sketch of the history of this development, finds that there have been racial changes in the business corresponding to the changes in our immigrant classes. Of late years, with our large accessions from Austrian, Russian and Hungarian Jews, the chief source of supply in New York has been from that race, and the men who have organized the vice into a systematic business, taking it almost entirely out of the weaker hands of the "madames," are also of the Jewish race. In saying this, however, he is careful to indicate



that this development is a matter of circumstance rather than of racial impurity. "The Jewish race," he admits, "has for centuries prided itself upon the purity of its women," and this development has been to them a matter of astonishment and horror. The poverty of the East Side Jews, their helpless ignorance of our language and customs, have made them for a time the easiest victims of the white-slavers. Prior to that, the French "mackerelaux" had the dishonor of pre-eminence in the traffic. Now the Italians are beginning to supplant the Jews as the Jews supplanted the French. Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, of Cornell, who is a member of the congressional committee that has been investigating this subject, speaks as follows on this feature of the subject:

"There can be no question that no other race has been more rigid than the Jews in protecting the chastity of their women. Those, especially, clinging to the old religion are very careful on this matter. Yet, from the nature of the case, the girls most subjected to temptations or even to violence to force them into an immoral life are, of course, the poor who have relatively few opportunities for innocent enjoyment, and who more readily go to places that are dangerous. The nature of the information concerning races depends not a little upon the detectives. One who speaks French and Italian but does not speak Yiddish will find, relatively speaking, few Jews. The evil is widespread—no nationality is exempt."

WHAT has excited the most angry contention of all in connection with this subject of white slavery is the charge that it is in large part a political question and that its rapid development has been due to the inaction of police officials owing to the protection afforded it by political leaders. Mr. Turner directly charges Tammany leaders with the responsibility for the growth of the traffic in New York City. So does the *Evening Post's* special correspondent. The evidence offered on this particular point is not, however, nearly as direct as the charge is. It is inferential rather than direct. The case against Tammany was presented as follows during the campaign, by William S. Bennet, one of the congressional committee already referred to:

"Tammany has always fought every effort to better conditions in relation to the protection of young girls. I introduced the first bill in relation to dance halls in the Assembly in 1900. The fight against it was led by Julius Harburger, now a coroner, and a candidate for re-election on

the Tammany ticket. Decent citizens rose en masse against the evils of the Raines law hotels in the fall of 1904. Legislation as a result of this was introduced in 1905. It was fought in both branches of the Legislature in 1905 and 1906 by Tammany senators and assemblymen, as the journals of each house will show. In 1908, when General Bingham wanted \$25,000 to prosecute the Black Hand, which is mixed up in this traffic to some extent, it was the Tammany aldermen who beat the appropriation in the board. Every organization has joined to suppress the traffic in connection with the sale of liquor except Tammany Hall."

Mr. Sims, the federal district attorney in Chicago, asserts that "it is needless to say that the operations of the white-slave trader can be carried on only with the connivance or acquiescence of the police. . . . It follows, therefore, that if permitted to exist at all, it must be upon such conditions as the police see fit to impose. The police have the power to exterminate the traffic completely." The co-operation of the local with the federal officials in Chicago, says Mr. Sims, has in the last twelve months "very largely stamped out" the traffic in that city.

REASONING from these facts and from the numerous cases in which bail has been furnished for white-slavers by men known to be in close relations with Tammany leaders, the conclusion is reached by many that the political reasons for the existence of the traffic are clear and must indicate connivance—in New York with Tammany leaders, in Philadelphia with Republican leaders, and in other cities where the business has thrived—Newark, Columbus, Providence, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, and many others—with whatever political organization is in power. The New York *Sun* editorially asserts that even in New York the Republican organizations in the affected districts are as much hand-in-glove with the white-slavers as Tammany Hall is charged with being. "The dregs of every race," observes *The Sun* editorially, "of every religion, of every party, are here united for one purpose and in one fusion. In the existing political scheme of the city it suits the interest of those who control in this quarter to ally themselves with Tammany Hall. But it is no less true that they own, operate and support the Republican machine of the same section. Vice, like virtue, is here as completely nonpartisan as the platform of the Citizens Union."

ON THE other hand indignant denials of any such complicity come from the Tammany leaders. Mr. Murphy, the head of the organization, in a written statement during the campaign, pointed out that during the years in which this evil is said to have developed to such proportions in New York, Seth Low and George B. McClellan have been the mayors, Jerome and Philbin the district attorneys, Bingham, McAdoo, Partridge and Greene the police commissioners, Hughes, Higgins, Odell and Roosevelt the governors of the state with the right to remove the mayor, the district attorney or the police commissioner for failure to perform his duty. The whole thing, he asserts, simply shows "the depth to which the opponents of the Democratic party in this city will descend in the last days of a bitter political fight in order to obscure the real issues, and by mendacity and calumny directed against both the womanhood and manhood of the great East Side to avert the ignominious defeat which the intelligent, liberal, and sincerely honest elements of our citizenship will visit on the selfish and unscrupulous defamers of this great city." William McAdoo, ex-police commissioner, asserts that during his term of office Mr. Murphy repeatedly offered his personal services to stamp out the "red light" evil. General Bingham, more recently police commissioner, says, however, that he has found that nearly all the cadets on the East Side are affiliated with the dominant local organization there, and that whenever one of these cadets is arrested he never is at loss for a bondsman. Christie D. Sullivan, Tammany candidate for sheriff in the recent campaign, is quoted as follows:

"Since I have been leader of the Eighth Assembly District, I have never allowed one of the persons mentioned in that article to gain a foothold in my district. When Florrie, my brother, now dead, and I took hold of the district the first thing we did was to clean it up. That the whole city knows, and when I have heard that one of these persons tried to get into a tenement house, I didn't go to the police and complain either. I notified the landlord that it had come to my notice that such and such a person was an undesirable tenant and that if he did not dispossess him in twenty-four hours I would go to the Tenement House Department. That was sufficient."

THIS claim that Florrie Sullivan cleaned up the eighth district is ridiculed by Mr. Turner and also by James B. Reynolds, former head-worker of the New York College

Settlement, later Mayor Low's private secretary. "I know," says Mr. Reynolds, "that Florrie Sullivan had no more share in doing away with the whole thing than Judge Gaynor himself." Varying testimony on the general subject could, in fact, be adduced at indefinite length. Thomas M. Mulry, president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, goes so far in his denials as to assert "from personal intimacy with the facts," after thirty years connection with charitable work in the city, that "conditions were never better" so far as social vice is concerned than they are today. So there you are. In the matter of the existence of the traffic on a large scale, it is a case of negative against positive testimony; in the matter of the political responsibility for its existence, the evidence is inferential rather than direct. In any event, this responsibility must, if it exists, be divided up in different cities among different organizations. "If Tammany be guilty in New York," argues the Jacksonville *Times-Union*—referring to Mr. Turner's statement that the white-slavers "have camped in scores and hundreds on the banks of the new Panama Canal"—"on the same evidence the federal administration is guilty in Panama," where its powers "are as absolute as those of the Czar in Russia." The feeling of the press of the country on the facts that have been brought to light is expressed in the following words from the *Illinois State Register*:

"White slavery" is a reality; no myth, no fiction, no dream, but a grim reality!

"Is it a wonder foreign folks so often ask our foreign missionaries why there is not more mission work done at home?"

"Chicago and other great cities are taking up the fight against this horrible evil. These public-spirited, Christian men and women who are successfully forcing the light of public inquiry into these dark pits of modern municipal Hell on earth are doing a great and good work and deserve all the encouragement, all the help and all the legislation necessary to put 'white slavery' on a par with murder. It is worse, if anything!"

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HE question, Why is a woman? still goes thundering down the ages. Not that there is no answer to the question—Heaven forbid!—but that there is such a variety of answers. That many women are thoroly dissatisfied with the answers which the past has given grows increasingly evi-

dent. In two nations the woman suffrage movement has lately taken on an aggressiveness that is compelling attention. In Great Britain the most militant advocates of the cause have advanced far beyond the limits set by their own rule, "Offer yourselves to violence but do no violence to others." Rocks and tiles have in some cases been thrown, and the threat is now made that bombs will be used if the battle is not soon won. Says Lady Cook, in an American paper: "The woman's struggle for the vote in England is to the death. It is the struggle of desperation, of maddened desperation, and some of the women now engaged in it would look for nothing better than to die before Asquith. The English Minister, to protect himself, has before now been obliged to take his women relatives on more than one platform with him. for the suffragettes respect their sex. But if the battle there is not soon won, it is patent that blood will be the outcome. There will be bombs thrown; there will be murder done." The throwing of an acid at one of the polling places is now denied.

IN THIS country no such tactics are advocated even by those women who defend their use in Great Britain. "In America," says Lady Cook, "the battle is practically won—was won forty years ago. All that now remains depends on the women themselves." The advance movement in this country is, accordingly, on entirely different lines. It has been marked by the accession of such women as Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Mrs. Clarence Mackay, women of wealth and social prestige, and their active personal participation in the movement. Mrs. Mackay has organized an Equal Franchise Society, of which she is the president, with luxurious headquarters in the Metropolitan Tower, and has rented a theater for a series of meetings to be held during the winter. Mrs. Belmont, as president of another organization, the Political Equality Association, has established her headquarters on Fifth avenue and has, in addition, raised funds for the National Suffrage Association to enable it to remove its headquarters from a small town in Ohio to the same building in which she is quartered on Fifth avenue. She is quoted as saying that hereafter the cause shall receive her undivided attention—"my life, my interests, my all." Lady Cook, who was formerly Tennie C. Clafin, has returned here to the scene of her former exploits, declaring that her fortune of one million dollars shall hereafter be devoted to the movement.



"FOR THE CAUSE"

The prison garb in which Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter Christabel are here clothed is now considered a badge of honor and a proof of devotion among the suffragettes in Great Britain. Many who have followed their example are refusing to eat prison fare and have to be fed by force.

"This infusion of power," says the New York *Times*, referring especially to Mrs. Belmont's activity, "into the movement that had been dragging along for half a century, has resulted in an astonishing extension of vigor and energy and the campaign this winter will be something the like of which has never been seen before."

MRS. BELMONT has a decidedly militant program tucked away in the back of her head for use when the time comes. She tells a writer in *Pearson's Magazine* what it is. It is the boycott. "She believes the time will come when women should and will withdraw from every sort of activity in which they are now associated with men, form themselves into a solid phalanx, bound together with the steel cable of a common purpose, and say to the men of America: 'Until you give us the ballot we will not marry you; we will not work in your places of business; we will have nothing to do with you, socially, industrially—any way.'" She laid down this program, we are



## A VERY PACIFIC SUFFRAGIST

Mrs. Clarence Mackay, from her luxurious apartment twenty-eight stories above Madison Square, deprecates all sex-antagonism, for, she says, the vote will come to women not as the result of a fight but as "the logical evolution of our democratic civilization." She does not believe in any methods that will "in any way reflect upon the dignity of womanhood."



## AT THE HEAD OF A WORLD-MOVEMENT

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, took a special law course, and was once a superintendent of schools in an Iowa city.

told, without excitement, and calmly elaborated it as follows:

"Woman's nature enables her to get along better without man than man can get along without woman. She could stand the strain long enough to bring him to her just terms. She suffers now only because she does not know her power. Let her use the means within her reach. Let her withdraw from the church, the world's greatest civilizing influence. The church cannot stand without her. Abandoned by its greatest protector, it will be dead until she comes back to breathe into it new life. Then, let her walk out of the hospitals. A man is almost of no use in attending the sick. About all he can do is to carry a stretcher. Nursing is essentially woman's work. Let woman do all of these things and I ask you, as a man, what would happen?"

Men, Mrs. Belmont thinks, could not stand the strain. The battle would be over in a very short time; and this, she thinks, is the way in which it will actually be won. She is informed, she says, that Miss Anthony held the same views at the time of her death and that the women of England are already beginning to put that program into action. Moreover, a new organization of woman suffragists has been reported in New York with



the motto "no ballot, no wife," each member pledging herself to marry no man who is not willing to work for votes for women.

MRS. MACKAY'S program is much less bellicose than this. She is opposed to sex-antagonism and her views have been commented on widely and favorably by the daily press. She says:

"It seems to me that many of the speeches I have heard from so-called militants are designed to foster a spirit of sex-antagonism among women. I think this is both wrong and foolish. The suffrage will never come to us as the result of a fight on our part for our supposed rights. It will come only as the logical evolution of our democratic civilization and as an expression of the justice of the community. The strongest suffragists in this country are those women who devote their best energies toward the developing of their children in order to make them good citizens. A woman's first duty is to her home and children. It is the hope of our society gradually to educate all Americans up to the belief that the woman who can successfully deal with these great responsibilities should have a voice in making the laws which govern the country."

Mrs. Mackay is even opposed "most emphatically" to the attempt of women to mix in politics until her sex has secured the ballot and shares in the responsibilities of government. The militant methods seem to her to subject the whole cause to ridicule and she does not wish to see women try to win the ballot "in any way that will reflect upon the dignity of womanhood."

LADY COOK'S program is also a reassuring one. She believes in a program—for this country—of ridicule and derision. Here the women are not oppressed as in the older countries, but, on the contrary, they have been spoiled by too much petting. They are so dazzled by their privileges that they have become blind to their rights. But the cure for this does not lie in militant methods:

"Here we need no violent opposition, no abuse, no going to jail to attain the vote. All that belongs to a past day, with us. We are equally beyond the necessity of argument. Everybody knows there is no reason but a man's 'won't' behind this robbing women of the franchise. Talk? What have we done for the past fifty years but talk? And any man hates to be preached to. What shall we do about it then? Appeal to his sense of humor. Appeal to his fear of ridicule. Satirize the men. Laugh at them. Hold them up to public derision. Use wit, defiance, daring,



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"I APPEAL TO MAN'S SENSE OF JUSTICE AND TO HIS HONOR"

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's accession to the woman suffrage movement has created a new activity in America not seen for years. She says to other women: "We should think more of what we are going to do and less of what our husbands are going to do. Give up the idea of expecting everything and giving nothing in return. Learn to stand on your own responsibility and to care for yourselves."

love, persuasion—all a woman's armament. Trick them, bewilder them, but never lose your temper."

She expresses her intention of going to Washington to talk the subject over with President Taft and with Congress. Her career has been a remarkable one. Born in a little town in Ohio nearly seventy years ago, she and her sister Victoria (afterward Victoria Woodhull) became spiritualistic mediums early in life and earned, it was said, as much as \$100,000 a year. In 1869 they appeared on Wall street as partners in a brokerage business, with a check from Commodore Vanderbilt as their capital. They started a weekly paper later and discussed sex problems in it and on the platform with such freedom that they were both imprisoned for a while in Ludlow street jail. They were emphatically repudiated by the regular women suffrage association. In 1872 they published a sweeping denunciation of Henry Ward Beecher, starting the whole sen-



DOESN'T BELIEVE IN THE CLINGING VINE  
IDEAL FOR WOMEN

Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, of New York, is at the head of 22,000 women and girls organized into a Self-Supporting League. They believe in the economic freedom as well as the political equality of woman. Mrs. Blatch says: "In my opinion more women have been converted to suffrage by the much criticized militant methods than by all the perfectly good academic speeches made during the past fifty years."

sational Beecher-Tilton scandal. Four years later they went to England and were soon after well married, Victoria to a wealthy banker, Tennie C. (her name was originally Tennessee) to Sir Francis Cook. Her reappearance here in public life, after thirty years,—“a small sprightly figure almost hidden by a huge Gainsboro hat, tied down with a blue veil”—is an event that will set the bells of memory ringing in many a dusty belfry.

**B**UT the older answer to the question, Why is a woman? is not without advocates in these days. The National League for the Civic Education of Women is an organization of “antis” that is up and doing. Its purpose is to spread the arguments against woman suffrage and “to get from the silent woman an expression of her opinion,” presumably for use before legislative and congressional committees. Its president is Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, and its list of vice-presidents includes

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Mrs. George P. Sheldon, Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer (one of the trustees of Barnard College) and Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Its yearly report calls attention to the fact that “during the past twelve years they [the suffragists] have met with continuous defeats, once in every twenty-seven days, as suffrage measures and proposals have been turned down at that rate in the different State legislatures.” The founder of the league, Mrs. Gilbert Jones, expresses her views as follows:

“I am a believer in woman's not having the vote on the simple grounds of justice and fair play. I refuse to take anything from State or individual for which I cannot render a just equivalent. No woman can serve her State in time of war as can a man. My youngest boy took out his citizenship papers only the other day, and I said to him, ‘If there were a war would you go?’ And he answered, ‘Of course I would!’ And I said, ‘I’d dig a hole in the ground and put you there first!’ ‘But I’d crawl out!’ he exclaimed. That’s just the masculine point of view. No woman could take it.

“The suffragists say that the laws made by men discriminate unfairly in favor of men. I do not admit it. There are many laws that are



THE BOANERGES OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

No one since the days of Frances E. Willard has equalled Dr. Anna H. Shaw in the eloquence with which she presents the cause of “votes for women.” She is the head of the National Suffrage Association of America, which has recently established commodious quarters on Fifth avenue for an aggressive campaign.

very much in favor of women, as against men. For instance, if a woman is divorced she may be worth ten millions and he not a cent, yet she is not compelled to pay him any alimony. Think what he'd have to pay her!

"Will the vote do the wage-earning woman any good? Statistics show that 5,000,000 men were out of employment last year—and they all voted!"

This organization is now distributing a letter from Cardinal Gibbons in which he expresses himself "heartily in sympathy" with the aims of the league and declares that woman suffrage "would be the death blow of domestic life and happiness."

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ONE of the greatest constitutional struggles waged in Great Britain for over two centuries and a half, to employ almost the precise phraseology of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, David Lloyd-George, was brought home to all London when Prime Minister Asquith dashed up to Buckingham Palace in his motor car and hurried to the apartments of King Edward. At that same moment the leader of the opposition, Arthur James Balfour, who had been closeted with his Majesty the greater part of the morning, emerged from the bronzed gates with the Marquis of Lansdowne at his elbow. In a few hours more the evening editions of the newspapers were filled with rumors of a national referendum



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#### "WELCOME TO OUR LADY COOK"

That is the legend on a big campaign banner spanning Twenty-third street, New York. Lady Cook, who used to be Tennie C. Claflin, expresses her intention of devoting her fortune of \$1,000,000 to the cause of woman suffrage.



"YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN YOU ARE WELL OFF, MADAM, OR YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO ADOPT THIS BRAT"

—Morris in Spokane Spokesman-Review.



THE DUKES' DILEMMA

David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer and hero of the fight for the "revolutionary" budget, is accused in the *London Spectator* of using his official power and influence in behalf of a movement thoroughly subversive of the existing social system.

as the only means left of escaping the imminent peril of the deadlock between Lords and Commons with regard to the budget. That revolutionary measure was by this time well on its way to the hereditary chamber, where the first great debate upon its "Jacobite" provisions has but begun. Never before in his reign has Edward VII injected his personality with such directness into a political situation. What actually passed between the sovereign and his distinguished visitors upon this historic morning has been a theme of nothing more than ingenious speculation in all the London dailies. What is certain, to copy the words of the *London Telegraph*, is that "his Majesty is anxious to preserve political peace, so far as he properly and constitutionally can," an effort which has already been brought to nought through the bellicose attitude of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

THE British political crisis now entering the last of its innumerable phases, and which began when the famous budget was introduced

into the Commons as long ago as April, is the outcome of the political creed of the radical Lloyd-George. "Its passage," as the *London News* said when the budget emerged from the lower house, "establishes for all time Mr. Lloyd-George's reputation as a great financial statesman." Demagog would be a more appropriate word than statesman, asserts the cautious *London Spectator*, which, like all champions of that conservative England in which great landed proprietors are the pillars of the state, can find nothing too severe to say of Mr. Lloyd-George. Not to know what is in that cabinet minister's mind just now is to miss the meaning and the importance of a deadlock between rich and poor such as has not been witnessed in any European country, perhaps, since the struggle between patrician and plebeian under republican Rome. Mr. Lloyd-George himself puts the matter in the *London Nation* in terms even more dramatic. England, he says, has risen in revolt against her landlords.

WHETHER the peers will venture to reject the measure they all find so distasteful depends, all observers agree, upon the extent to which the King's influence was exerted when he talked first with Mr. Balfour and next with the Prime Minister. "If the struggle comes," as David Lloyd-George, departing markedly from official etiquette, permits himself to say over his own signature in the *London Nation*, "it is a subject for gratification that it should arise over a measure which probably raises, in a clearer and more decisive fashion than any other legislative proposal within living memory, some of the most important issues that divide liberalism from Toryism." The bill will become law; of that the fighting Chancellor of the Exchequer seems certain, altho the opposition organs predict, as the only solution of the crisis, a direct appeal to the people through the instrumentality of a general election. Rumor has it, indeed, that this is the idea of the King himself. The champions of a protective tariff for Great Britain are averred to be "praying for a dissolution" because the defeat of the Asquith ministry, or so the *London Times* hints, would entail a departure from England's policy of free trade.

IF THE calculations of David Lloyd-George prove sound, a general election, say some of his supporters in the press, would make him Prime Minister. He is that already in fact, if not in name, complain those dailies



which denounce his "revolutionary radicalism" most fiercely. This consideration gives the Lords uneasiness. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, the inflammatory and agitating Lloyd-George is bad enough; but as Prime Minister—! The *London Post*, traditionally conservative, avows its incapacity to imagine the consequences of such a calamity in its completeness. Moreover, have the Lords any constitutional right to reject a money bill, which the budget seems to be? "Slowly but surely the real, far-reaching and possibly calamitous consequences of the rejection policy are dawning upon the most stubborn intelligences," affirms the *London News*, summing up the psychology of the peerage in its hour of agony. "The impression will deepen, never fear, during the coming weeks; and it may be that some of the hotheads, who today cry for revolution, will think more coolly when they approach the final challenge against democracy." This very month may settle that point. The end of the debate is near.

IN THE interval between the final debate in the Lords and the actual rejection or acceptance of the budget, Mr. Lloyd-George is busily stating the issues to the nation. "Should taxation be borne by those who can best afford to bear it or by those who can least afford to pay it? Should it fall on the necessities or on the superfluities of life? Most momentous question of all, Has the time not arrived for the state to call to a reckoning those who have secured valuable monopolies at the expense of the community and too often abused those monopolies to its detriment?" These are the queries of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his own personal organ. He calls the situation one of "constitutional conflict" between Lords and Commons and he predicts that it can not be evaded or postponed. To him the budget is no mere scheme of taxation. In spirit and in practice, the budget "embodies so much of the liberal plan for dealing with the social problems which confront statesmanship throughout the world" as will realize whatever is practical in Utopias, whether of the Socialist, the single taxer, the benevolent despot or the economist.

IT IS as part of a great scheme of financial and social reform, therefore, and not as a mere budget that David Lloyd-George has fought for the bill which means, according to him, "the setting up of a great insurance



THE CONSERVATIVE CHAMPION IN ENGLAND'S COMING ELECTION

When the new parliament is chosen—as it will be, possibly, next month—Arthur James Balfour, former Prime Minister, will manage the campaign of the peers and squires against Socialism, radicalism, liberalism and the other "isms."

scheme for the unemployed and for the sick and infirm; the creation, likewise, of machinery for the regeneration of rural life." These constitute, he says, parts of the budget as essential and as vital as is the taxation it imposes upon ground values. A "substantial and swelling surplus" will, he admits, accrue. But that surplus will pay the expense of the vast social innovation intended to divert the wealth of the landlords from the patrician to the proletarian pocket. The patrician does not like

the prospect. To avert it, says Mr. Lloyd-George, he originates the naval panics which impart their characteristic tang to the political breeze. The naval panics of the future, even should the budget be made law, will be to those of the past, says this prophet, what an ordinary nightmare must seem to one actually experiencing a Miltonic hell. All this, adds the right honorable gentleman, "so as to rush the government into the criminal extravagance of unnecessary armaments."

UNLESS the tendency to panic originating in the discovery of some new German battleship be eliminated from England's public life, social reform, even under the Lloyd-George budget, must remain inchoate. "The enormous advantage which would otherwise be gained by means of the budget surplus would be completely thrown away," laments the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Liberals will have themselves to blame if they lack the perspicacity and firmness to resist these manufactured cries of national danger." It is his own dearest hope that the schemes of social reform embodied in the budget will not end with the establishment of a national system of insurance. "The budget has revealed the intensity and the universality of the interest taken in the land question." The grip of the landlord upon the soil of England has impoverished her rural districts, driven old industries away from the villages and prevented the establishment of new ones. "It has emptied the Highlands and scattered the robust population from which flowed the most splendid material for the defense of the country to the ends of the earth." And the landlords in the peerage threaten to throw out the budget!

EVERY analysis of the British political crisis made in such organs of opinion as the *London Times*, the *London Post* and the *London Spectator*, is contradicted by Mr. Lloyd-George, through the inspired exponents of his own policy, such as the *London Nation* and the *London News*. He assures his supporters that "traders, manufacturers, professional men, business men, builders and workmen in town and country, have long been smoldering with disaffection against this oppression of landlordism." With the budget their discontent has burst forth. Nevertheless this budget crisis is to mark only the beginning and by no means the conclusion of the liberal policy of ending landlordism. "The

intelligent foreigner who supplies the tariff party with ideas has foreseen that the British democracy are profoundly dissatisfied with the conditions under which land is now owned and managed." The Englishman in the street has hitherto urged upon his political representatives vague schemes of state purchase. The success of such schemes depends upon the price paid for the land. Here Mr. Lloyd-George scores his most telling point. "If the extravagant prices which have hitherto accompanied every acquisition of land for public or industrial purposes are to rule in future, the peasant proprietary is doomed to a subsidized insolvency." The remedy is that "new state valuation" which to Lloyd-George spells justice and which in every conservative organ has for six months past been denounced as confiscation, just such a spoliation of the propertied as was to have been effected in Rome by the conspiracy of Catiline.

EXTINCTION awaits that type of British landowner incarnated in the Duke of Devonshire, should the budget policy be carried out. The Chancellor of the Exchequer admits it. The King himself, a great landlord, anticipates as much. No aristocratic house party in any stately home finds much else to talk of, when the gentlemen are left alone after dinner. The state, as they all understand, is to buy up lands deemed essential to the policy of re-creating rural life in Britain. Municipalities will acquire land essential to their development as towns. The social change would be prodigious. The English country gentleman, educated at a public school and university, who has brought away some Latin and small Greek, to become so important a personage to his family, his tenants and his creditors, with the parish "living" in his gift and the local representation in the Commons subject to his influence, is to be made a nobody. His lands will become the property of whomsoever the state chooses to deed them to, at the valuation fixed in the Lloyd-George budget. The good old English gentleman is to make room for the bad new English politician bawling about the rights of man and the miseries of the poor. Such are the impressionistic views of the outlook sketched for conservative edification by exponents of the Tory idea everywhere. Execration of Lloyd-George and all his works grows louder and deeper as the hour for the final decision in the House of Lords brings with it the certainty of greater agitation than any that has gone before.



PARIS has spent one more month of bewildered speculation on the subject of that Madame Steinheil who, having, as it appears, falsely accused two innocent men of the murder of her husband and stepmother, was herself placed on trial on the charge of "complicity by aiding and abetting" the crime. The baffling mystery of the Steinheil murders has eclipsed in the histrionic French mind the importance of the connection between the intrigues of the woman in the case and the policy of the late President Felix Faure. Did Madame Steinheil take an active part, whether alone or with accomplices, in this tragedy of the Impasse Ronsin? The inquiry has drawn to its close with many people by no means convinced of the guilt of the widow of the unfortunate painter, as the correspondent of the *Berlin Tageblatt* opines. It will be remembered that immediately after the crime was discovered, Madame Steinheil stated that it had been committed by three men in cassock-like garments, accompanied by a red-haired female. Later, she made charges against other individuals, returning subsequently to the first version. Now a modified version of all the confessions co-ordinated by the lady herself would make it appear that the accused had been dreaming of a damp cloth applied to her forehead by two men standing over her with dark lanterns on the night of the crime. Madame Steinheil dreamed that the man who had put the cloth on her forehead asked her to tell where the money was. The *Paris Matin* insists, indeed, that this was no dream but a confession; but the confession was never made, if we are to trust the *Aurore*. In the efforts of the prosecution to differentiate dreams from confessions and confessions from facts, the Steinheil mystery has resolved itself into a journalistic inquest into the state of the law and the courts under the third French republic.

AN ATTEMPT to explain the Steinheil case was made by Cesare Lombroso not long before he died. Madame Steinheil, he wrote in the *Paris Revue*, is "an hereditary degenerate," hysterical in the extreme, "as is invariably the case with genuine born criminals"—born criminals being rarer among women, Lombroso declared, than among men. "Madame Steinheil reveals the physical characteristics of female degenerates: strong jaws and prominent cheek bones." She was married quite young after various "affairs" with men. "In addition to hysterics, she had pe-

riodical crises which went as far as epilepsy and those violent psychical impulses which took the form of absurd lies and irrational calumnies directed against Alexander Wolff, against Remy Couillard, against her mother, against her husband, calumnies and lies which she employed with the utmost facility and which she ended by believing herself." Thus the greatest anthropologist of crime on one of the greatest mysteries of crime. The lesson of the Steinheil case, he declared, was the exact identity of conduct in the case of the lowest type of woman of the street and the anti-moral and anti-social matrons in "high society."

UPON the theory that Madame Steinheil killed her husband with the aid of an accomplice was based a prosecution which, by its alleged disregard of the rights of an accused person, inflamed many Parisian minds. Long before the trial ended it seemed to the European newspapers which followed it so attentively that any result must be inconclusive. A short cut to the truth, as the *London Standard* sees it, was afforded months ago when Madame Steinheil admitted that she perpetrated the crime with her own hands and that her accomplice helped her only in the subsequent arrangement of the rooms and in the tying up of herself. This last deception was practiced to lead the authorities to infer that "the tragic widow" had herself very nearly fallen a victim to the cloaked and bewigged assassins about whom she afterward gave circumstantial accounts. These circumstantial accounts antedated her accusation against first her valet, Remy Couillard, and next Alexander Wolff, the son of her servant, Mariette Wolff. It was her anxiety to incriminate someone which led Madame Steinheil to place the pearl—"the mysterious pearl"—in Remy Couillard's pocketbook.

FOR two years the idea of the double murder had haunted the mind of Madame Steinheil, according to the *Matin*, which follows, of course, one of the innumerable "confessions." "I wanted to be free," she said, adding that she desired to rid herself of her husband, at one fell stroke, so as to be able to marry a rich man of whom she was violently enamored. By herself she felt that she could not achieve the whole purpose in view. She had to look for an accomplice. Madame Steinheil felt that merely to kill her husband was to direct attention to her own personality



"THE TRAGIC WIDOW"

The exquisite and irresistible Steinheil woman, after wrecking the administration of President Faure, has, some say, wrecked the administration of justice in France.

and career. The second victim was necessary to divert suspicion. This consideration led her to telegraph to Madame Japy, her mother, to join her at the villa in the Impasse Ron-sin. "My mother was the alibi," Madame Steinheil is made to say in this particular "confession" given to the world by the *Matin*. No one would dare to accuse a daughter of the murder of her mother. Mademoiselle Steinheil—the daughter—was sent away. Mariette Wolff was disposed of in like fashion. Remy Couillard went up to his attic bedroom. Madame Steinheil addressed herself to the removal of whatever suspicions might be in her victims' mind.

DETAILS of this sort provided the case of the prosecution with its backbone. The jury heard of the glasses of liquor containing powerful narcotics, which Madame Steinheil

mixed for the doomed. Both went to bed in a drowsy state, soon modified into a deathlike stupor. Sealhily the murderess admitted her accomplice. Having ascertained by listening at the keyholes of the two bedrooms that the victims were sound asleep, the Steinheil woman talked the situation over with her accomplice until an early hour of the morning. "I myself passed the cord around the neck of my husband," to quote the version of the confession in the *Matin*. "Then it was the turn of my mother. I did everything—I planned everything. My accomplice merely helped me in placing everything as it was on the morning of the murder and in helping to turn things upside down that a motive of robbery might seem plausible." She stopped the clock. She upset the inkstand. The murder was accomplished without a cry or a struggle. It took ten minutes. "I went to bed. My accomplice tied me in the way I was found. Dawn came. He went away." This confession seems to have become the laughing stock of the trial.

NOT many Parisians seem yet convinced of the innocence of the widow of the unfortunate painter. French dailies in some cases argue that a theory of Madame Steinheil's guilt is unsound if based merely upon the fact of her various preposterous "confessions." "She has been the prey of people who have led her to ruin." She never put the pearl into Remy Couillard's pocket book. Someone else did that, telling her that he would be sure to confess and that then she could acknowledge the trick. A young actor did, in fact, burst into the court room with a wild story of having committed the crime. The fact for the jury to consider was that she wanted to be rid of her husband. The defense replied to this that her husband had implicit faith in her—"left her to her own devices," as one caustic daily puts it. "Was Madame Steinheil the sort of person to plan a double murder in cold blood?" Lombroso said she was, but in the London *Telegraph* we are reminded that there were no traces of poison or of narcotics in the two bodies. "Their position when discovered and their injuries show clearly that there must have been several murderers." Moreover, says this daily, it is hardly possible either that Madame Steinheil could have bound herself or that any accomplice would have risked her life through the shocking manner of her treatment. Such were the arguments employed in the interest of the most famous criminal defendant of the times. Not



that Madame's counsel contented himself with refuting the case of the prosecution point by point. He extended the defense over a much wider field with the result that, to the great majority of readers of French newspapers, the murderer or murderers of Monsieur Steinhil and Madame Japy remain unknown, and there is not even a reasonable conjecture as to their identity.

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**B**ARELY forty-eight hours had Francisco Ferrer been dead when the Spanish Cortes reassembled after a recess of four and a half months. Don Antonio Maura, who, a few months ago, appeared to possess such a hold on power as had not been enjoyed by any previous Prime Minister of Spain, faced a Chamber of Deputies so turbulent that he lost no time in consulting the King. Alfonso XIII, however, was even more infuriated than were those republicans who for four days had been crying "Murderer!" every time Señor Maura opened his lips in the halls of legislation. The clerical leader of his country's conservatives could only give way to that Señor Moret who, while nominally most liberal, has been accused—especially when he was Prime Minister before—of secretly loving the Pope too much. Had it pleased the King to assume an attitude of less severity with Señor Maura, as the Paris *Figaro* points out, there need have been no change of ministry at all. True, the Cortes from the hour it reassembled had been made almost a prize ring by the tactics of those radicals who meant to be heard, despite the presiding officer, on the subject of Ferrer. Republicans in the Chamber, exasperated by the death of the founder of the "modern school," howled opprobrious names whenever Maura spoke, only to be shouted down in their turn by the yells of ministerialists. "Goaded to fury by republican insults," as one despatch narrates, "the ministerialists left their seats and rushed upon their opponents with sticks." The liberal deputies dragged the combatants apart when the rioting was at its height, and Maura was heard exclaiming that he would retain office as long as he enjoyed his sovereign's confidence.

**R**ARELY has a Prime Minister been more humiliated by a sovereign than was Maura when he reached the royal palace in Madrid, assuming the accuracy of last month's versions of the interview in the Paris press.

Every politician in the Spanish capital, as the *Figaro* observes, knew that Alfonso XIII thoroughly disapproved of Maura's course in the Ferrer tragedy. On the eve of the execution (to follow the progress of events as outlined not in officially inspired Spanish papers only but in French and Italian ones), the King was apprized of the cabinet decision confirming the judgment of the court-martial in Barcelona. The constitutional limits of the King's authority allowed him no protest whatever—not even, as the Madrid *Epoca* says, a simple expression of regret. The decree imposing capital punishment had been approved by the Maura ministry in the plenitude of its constitutional authority. In Spain the right of pardon is not an unconditional prerogative of the sovereign. A pardon in capital cases may be granted by the King only upon the recommendation of the minister of Justice, who must have received the prior authorization of the whole ministry.

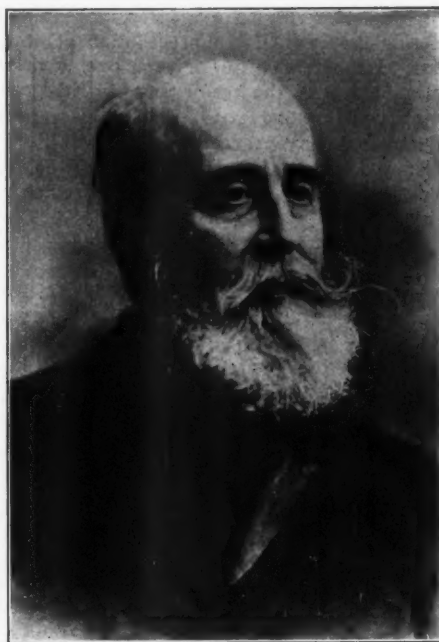
**N**OT one word of recommendation to the royal mercy was made by the Maura ministry from the time of Ferrer's condemnation until he fell inside the fortress walls at Montjuich, altho the *Humanité*, organ of the Socialists in Paris, insists that Alfonso received ample notice of what was about to happen. This is denied by the Paris *Figaro*, but it seems that the official documents in the case were sent to the royal palace several hours before the execution. Señor Maura, in the course of the somewhat painful interview he had with his sovereign immediately after the riot in the chamber, reminded Alfonso that the death warrant had been sent in duplicate to the palace. "I was in bed!" cried the King, according to a widely circulated version of the scene. "You sent no pardon for me to sign!" The additional detail that the Pope's intervention was prevented by a timely hint to the diplomatic representative of Spain at the Vatican, sent at Maura's instance a day or two before Ferrer was shot, is given in some dailies; but that seems to be a mere surmise. That the Pope contemplated intercession at one time appears well established.

**M**AURA did not shrink from assuming full responsibility for the execution of Ferrer. He authorized the conservative Spanish organs to explain for him that he had considered the expediency of a royal pardon, but had decided adversely on account of the nature of the campaign against the government undertaken by the friends of Ferrer. The en-

tire ministry is said in the *Epoca* to have been unanimous on this point. The members of the Maura cabinet, in an animated discussion, agreed that commutation of the sentence of death would have too much the aspect of a surrender to threats of violence. Had the Cortes been in session, the history of the Ferrer case might have been totally different, conjectures the *Temps*, but, in any event, it is evident from what its Madrid correspondent writes that Alfonso XIII made up his mind to be rid of Maura at the very first opportunity. The experience of a change of ministry is not new to the King of Spain, whose reign has been made memorable by the extraordinarily brief duration of one cabinet after another. Maura, predicts the *Figaro*, will be back in office in due time.

THE concentration of the world's attention upon the personality of the King of Spain, through an idea that Ferrer's salvation rested with him, inspires a defense of the monarch in the London *Telegraph*. Alfonso XIII, we read, gives every possible facility for liberal and progressive government, but the result, as Ferrer's fate shows, is nearly always sterile. "The programs of political egoists are simply reduced to the placing in office of their friends." They are occupied solely with personal questions and ideas are forgotten. It thus happens that foreign observers, not well informed, believe that the repeated crises in Spain are brought about by difficulties which the King puts in the way of his ministers. This impression is quite erroneous, or so we are assured by our London contemporary, which speaks upon high authority. King Alfonso has never displayed any political or personal preferences, it seems, his sole desire being to have a government that reflects the popular will. To speak of traditional obstacles opposed in the palace to ideas of progress is to pervert facts. So much is stated in defense of the King.

SO sensitive is the Spanish monarch to criticism of him as a reactionary that his anger with Maura for having Ferrer shot has not yet cooled. Thus, at any rate, runs the gossip from Madrid, where the King is said to have complained to one of his suite that the Prime Minister of the day makes the mistakes while the sovereign pays the penalty. "The crown," to quote the words of the seemingly inspired source of this information, "has given and will give a vote of absolute confidence in the ministry for carrying through its radical

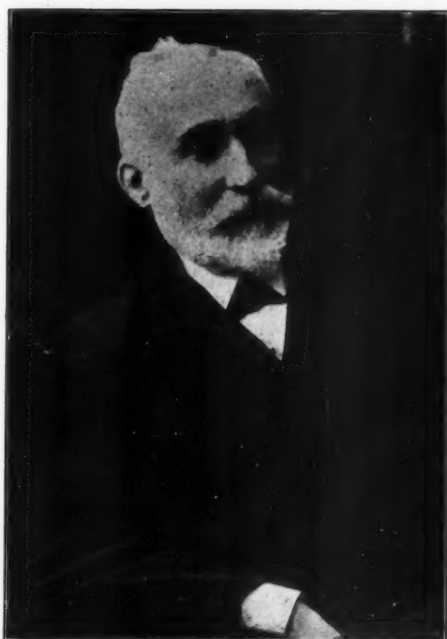


THE BENEFICIARY OF THE FERRER TRAGEDY

Señor Don Sigismundo Moret was made Prime Minister of Spain after the execution at Montjuich. Señor Moret is a Liberal, he has been Premier before and he has just announced a policy of conflict between church and state.

program; but, as the monarch has not in his hands the votes of the chambers, he will not be responsible if the liberals, instead of uniting, are ruined by internal strife. In these factional conflicts the King remains neutral, and if a crisis arises he will have no other remedy than to solve it in accordance with the opinions presented to him by the leaders of the party in power, the ex-Prime Ministers (these are numerous) and the presidents of the two chambers, whom he will consult as directed by the constitution." Initiative of any kind is forbidden the King and politicians of every school see to it that this prohibition is effective.

SINCE King Alfonso can not justly be held responsible for the death of Ferrer and since Maura represents the conservative clericalism which has swayed Spain for nearly three years, the conclusion that the recent crisis was precipitated by the ecclesiastical power is drawn by most observers outside Spain. "Does the question of church and state in Spain correspond with the general attitude of Europe towards the Vatican?" This



THE MAN WHO REFUSED FERRER A PARDON

Don Antonio Maura was at the head of the Spanish ministry when the death sentence was passed and, through his refusal to approve a pardon, King Alfonso was constitutionally without power to extend the royal clemency.

query, put by the *London Telegraph*, is answered in all sorts of ways, according to points of view reflected anticlerically by the *Paris Humanité*, conservatively by the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung* and in a most monarchically Roman Catholic fashion by the *Gaulois*. All the factions of the liberal party represented in the new ministry of Señor Moret desire the attainment of constitutional reform and the establishment of freedom of conscience with full liberty of religious worship—even as Ferrer himself might have understood those things. This means, our London authority observes, the amending of that clause in the constitution which prohibits every external manifestation of non-Catholic cults. Ferrer's "modern school" seems to have been "unconstitutional."

IN SHARP contrast with Maura, who sought to maintain the relations of church and state upon the basis of things as they are, Moret stands for the general European idea with reference to the Vatican. "Under this aspect, and considering that the liberal party follows the lines traced by European liberalism, particularly in England, France and

Italy, it can be said that the attitude of the new Spanish government with regard to the Vatican does correspond with the general attitude of Europe." But the problem for which a solution has now to be found, says the *London Telegraph*, to which we are indebted for our information on this point, is a social much more than a religious one. It is laid down in the concordat between Madrid and the Holy See that three religious orders shall enjoy certain privileges while the rest, like associations of a civil character, shall be subject to the common law. The concordat would seem to be violated in this particular, if we may trust the anticlerical *Heraldo* of Madrid, organ of the radical Señor Canalejas, protagonist of the campaign against ecclesiastical control of legislation and education.

THERE being in Spain a multitude of religious orders which monopolize education and intend to maintain that monopoly, lay schools of any kind have not been encouraged under the Maura ministry. Nor did the late Prime Minister accomplish anything to define more clearly the status of the three religious orders named in the concordat or to bring the others under the law of associations after the French example. Nor did Maura seem to care much about the secularization of the cemeteries, while the far more burning issue of civil marriage he shirked. It is still doubtful, according to the *Humanité*, whether civil marriage is legally possible in Spain, a fact explaining, it says, Ferrer's idea of "free unions." The question at issue with Rome has not for the moment a religious character, to recur to the statements of the *London Telegraph*, but a social character. The object in view whenever the liberals are in power—as they are now under Moret—is the defense of the interests of the state. These are "invaded and menaced" by the interests of the religious orders which have secured, our contemporary says, a monopoly of all the centers of culture.

THE position of the "modern schools" established with such success by Ferrer was made critical by the entrance—nominally illegal—into Spain of a multitude of "congregations" which had been expelled from France. "There are literally thousands of monks and friars who have established themselves in Spain and founded schools and colleges for both sexes." The antithesis between the lay education imparted by the modern schools and the religious training received in

the clerical institutions symbolized a conflict tending to spread over the land as Ferrer's movement acquired strength. That is the idea given to their constituencies by the anticlerical dailies in Europe. A powerful weapon was placed in the hands of the church by the "atheistical" and revolutionary doctrines diffused by Ferrer, altho it seems from what the clerical *Gaulois* says, that the religious orders did not concern themselves at all with the modern school. Ferrer's work was confined mainly to Catalonia, an anticlerical region. Enlightened Spaniards, however, are said to have realized that the question of education had reached a stage affecting the entire national life.

SPAIN is divided into two camps on the education issue, Maura standing for the old conservative and clerical idea, while Moret reflects or professes to reflect progressive tendencies. With Moret in power, and, moreover, with a more radical element represented in his present cabinet than he chose to admit into the one formerly presided over by him, it is certain, predicts the *Paris Temps*, that the government will give way to the Vatican in nothing. The papal nuncio, who has seen clerical and anticlerical succeed one another in bewildering variety in King Alfonso's government, is already suspected of having initiated the usual delays of Vatican diplomacy. "In this manner he gains time while the clericals in Spain intrigue for the fall of the government, hoping to see the return to power of the conservative party, whose leader, Señor Maura, would respect the status quo." But the government has taken the exact measure of the situation, according to the *London Telegraph*. Finding itself supported by all the Spanish liberals and having the sympathy of the republicans, the Moret ministry will force the negotiations even if they entail a rupture with the Vatican.

EFFORTS to suppress the many schools brought into being by the followers of Ferrer are not likely, the *Humanité* thinks, to be successful. In Barcelona alone the movement had made such progress that only three years after its foundation thirteen hundred pupils gathered for the annual banquet to the "master." The peril to faith, from a clerical standpoint, was pressing. "The Spain of the Inquisition was threatened," in the words of Ferrer's personal friend in the *Paris Grande Revue*. "In spite of all her convents, all her churches, all her virgins of the pillar

and her bloody Christs, Spain was escaping the work of darkness. She was coming into the light. There was no time to lose." It was the church, through her religious orders in Spain, insists Alfred Naquet, from whose article on the case the words just quoted are copied, upon whom responsibility rests for the death of Ferrer. Alfred Naquet had been for thirty years the close friend and correspondent of Ferrer, associated with him in pedagogical studies. He affirms positively that the condemned man had nothing whatever to do with the riots in Barcelona.

WHAT King Alfonso thought of the worldwide agitation over the shooting of Ferrer is set forth in an interview between that monarch and a special correspondent of the *Paris Journal*. At the outset the interviewer observes that he was scarcely able to identify his Majesty in the type he encountered. "I certainly found the features and physiognomy with that stamp of absolute frankness which pleased us Frenchmen so much when we cheered Alfonso XIII by the side of a chief of state who had remained young in spite of age and was equally brave in the face of a common danger, but it appeared to me that the King was perhaps not sadder nor will I say more serious—I think graver is the precise expression." After a few words on the subject of the attempt made on his life immediately after his union with the Queen, the King said:

"I cannot tell you how pained, how grieved I am to find that so false an interpretation was placed in France on the events following the troubles at Barcelona. I am not speaking of the crowd whom a few newspaper articles are sufficient to lead astray. The crowd is ever generous, ready to hasten to the help of what it believes to be justice, to take sides for right and for truth, which is often only the semblance of truth, and strives and demonstrates for an idea which seems to it just and which is sometimes mistaken. No. With it I have no quarrel. In it is the old Latin blood boiling. But what I cannot conceive is that the protests should be supported by so-called 'intellectuals.' What I cannot understand is how a *savant*, who would not dare to proclaim a discovery before having verified his experiments a hundred times, who has such respect for his science that he will rightly hesitate to enunciate a truth until he has convinced himself that it has been checked and verified beyond refutation; how this same *savant*, this same 'intellectual,' will protest without inquiry against a judgment given in conformity with laws with which he is unacquainted and under a guarantee which certainly has some



value. To hear certain Frenchmen one would think we were a country of savages."

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THE Korean who fired the five shots which ended the life of Prince Ito at Kharbin confessed that he was the agent of an organized conspiracy. The assassination of the most famous of all the men who have made Japan one of the world's seven great powers is, to many European dailies which comment upon it in appreciation of Ito, an impeachment, none the less, of the whole system of the Tokyo government in the far east. Despatched to Korea immediately after the war with Russia to administer the protectorate over the Asiatic peninsula, Ito was, in a sense, a failure. This is not the judgment of an anti-Japanese commentator like the *Paris Figaro*, but the matured opinion of a British daily so cautious as the *Manchester Guardian*. Ito himself admitted that the Japanese hate and despise the Koreans. The tradition of enmity between the two nations was ancient and inveterate. "The annexation," explains the English daily, "brought crowds of low-class Japanese into Korea, who are accused of ill-treating the people and of shocking their susceptibilities in every possible way." Ito does not seem to have checked the wholesale confiscation of native lands by his invading countrymen. He could not dispel the conviction, shared by Europeans on the spot, that the courts set up in the peninsula by the Tokyo government are partial, if not corrupt. "No Korean was able to secure justice against a Japanese outrage." These are not mere accusations. The proof in every instance is pronounced by the *Manchester Guardian* overwhelming. It can not be set aside as the mere dictate of prejudiced native imagination.

DIPLOMATISTS and consular officials representing the powers in Korea are said to agree substantially in all their official reports to their respective governments that Korea, ever since Japan became sovereign there, has been treated as a field for exploitation only. Administration of the protectorate in the interest of the native is not dreamed of. These criticisms were long supposed to be inspired by Russian journalists sent out from St. Petersburg and echoed without investigation by French dailies eager to cement the Dual Alliance. "It would, of course, be unfair to make Ito responsible for



THE SLAIN SATCHO

Marquis Ito, sent by Japan to organize the administration of Korea as a dependency of the Tokyo government, was assassinated by a native patriot said to have been the agent of a vast conspiracy to drive the Japanese from the land.

all the Japanese excesses," admits the *Manchester Guardian*, which, in its denunciation of things in Korea is borne out in part by the *London Mail*; "but undoubtedly he did less than might have been expected from so pow-

erful a man to punish Japanese offenders and to establish even justice." It is not to be wondered at, our contemporaries abroad say, if some patriot has at last made it his life mission to assassinate the greatest of all the "elder statesmen." Formosa is Japan's first colonial failure. Korea has now become her second.

IT seems to have felt that Japanese rule in Korea had been too high-handed, and, if the *London Times* interprets his policy aright, he was striving to avert the consequences of Tokyo's blunders in the past. It would be unfair to ascribe sole responsibility for the estrangement of the Koreans to the blunders of the newcomers from Tokyo. That is the matured conviction of the special correspondent of the *London Times*, who quite recently went thoroly into the subject of the Japanese protectorate in Korea. "The task the Japanese have assumed in taking over and reorganizing a vast country with some ten millions of inhabitants is one which would severely tax the resources of a nation already trained by long experience to colonial enterprise." For a nation so lately come out of barbarism as the Nipponese, the mission of civilization in the peninsula was Titanic in its magnitude. There was the instinctive pride of the Koreans to be reckoned with. Their consciousness of a great past, of being "a helpless pawn on the chess board of international politics," presented difficulties by itself. There were, too, "ancient traditions of blind loyalty towards the ruling dynasty" to provoke rebellion against the somewhat haughty Japanese, avowing, indeed, "theoretical solicitude for the integrity and independence of Korea," but practicing an unsparing sovereignty in administration.

THOSE classes of Koreans who rioted in the plunder provided by the deposed dynasty loathed Ito because his presence in the land meant ultimate reform of every abuse. The friendly observer on the spot who writes to this effect in the *London Times*, dwells likewise upon the dense ignorance prevailing among the Korean masses and "the turbulent elements always at large and swelled for the nonce by the somewhat hasty disbanding of the Korean army." The fomentation of local disaffection was fatally easy. The sporadic rising against some petty despot acting in the name of Tokyo's supremacy was magnified into a patriotic revolution against the foreign despoiler. Despatch after despatch from the

interior during the past three months has told its tale of bloody insurrections suppressed by still bloodier exterminations of entire communities. These were the logical consequences of the Japanese conception of the mission of a colonizing power before Ito arrived on the scene. "The military government was often harsh and grasping and the policing of the country by the troops, scattered in small detachments without proper control, led to serious mischief." The Japanese immigrant to the Asiatic continent from the islands off the coast was never desirable from any point of view—even Ito's. He did what he could to hold his countrymen in restraint, but the chief effect, says this authority, was the diminution of his own influence at home. He was accused of sacrificing the interests of his country to his country's traditional foe.

NOT long before his assassination, Ito sent to Tokyo a full report of what he thought he had accomplished in Korea. As summarized in the *Paris Temps*, the *London Times* and the Tokyo dailies, this document implies in Ito just such powers of conciliation and of administrative creativeness which won for President Taft the admiration of the world for his work in the Philippines. Ito had studied Taft's career in the far east, it would now appear, and he believed himself a follower in the American's footsteps. The impression left by Ito's report of his work upon the British daily is that "the Japanese are engaged in carrying out in the peninsular empire a system of reforms scarcely less drastic than those they effected on their own account during the Meiji era." There is one difference, to be sure. The whole Japanese nation worked with hearty unanimity to assimilate the best products of western civilization. The Korean nation is fired with a frenzy of hatred for whatever innovations come to them with the seal of Tokyo's approval. As long as they retained freedom of choice the Korean officials paid scant heed to Japanese guidance. In the hope of ending the corruption in every branch of the Korean administration, Ito separated the judicial and the executive branches of the service. This was one of the ideas he had caught from Taft's results in the Philippines. From the time of his appointment as resident in Korea until his assassination, Ito wrestled with the judiciary his country had set up, studying the decisions of the courts in the Philippines and writing endless admonitions to provincial governors with tendencies to despotism.



THE MAD PURSUIT OF PEACE

—Berlin Kladderadatsch


**I**N THE fervency of his hope that England's naval panic can be mitigated through Berlin, the German Imperial Chancellor began last month an inspired press campaign for an "understanding" relative to battleships between the two powers. In this sense, anyhow, is interpreted by the British themselves, apparently, the appearance in the conservative and normally anti-British *Kreuz Zeitung* of an article on the sensitive subject. It conveys the categorical intimation of a design in the Chancellor's mind to arrive at some basis for a naval pact with the mistress of the seas. The net result would be a halt in the construction of squadrons. "What is to be done," inquires the organ of the Prussian squirearchy, "to restore the British feeling of security against a German invasion, thereby silencing mischievous discussions regarding naval preparations in the two countries?" The state of the Chancellor's mind is analyzed with some subtlety. "Perhaps he may say to himself," we read, "that German diplomacy having declared the British proposal to be inexpedient for Germany it is certainly her turn to make a proposal. Open discussion having proved futile, nothing but an agreement remains." This should take the form of a mutual assurance that neither of

the two powers has designs upon the possessions of the other. So important was this hint from an officially inspired source that it was made the topic of an interpellation in the House of Commons.

**A**NY intimation that the German government desires such an arrangement as is suggested will meet with a "cordial response," declared Prime Minister Asquith, in the course of the remarks he bestowed on the theme. When asked if the British government should not begin the negotiations implied by the state of the German Chancellor's mind, Mr. Asquith answered: "We have taken the initiative." That caused representatives of leading European dailies—among them the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*—to put some blunt questions to Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg. "You have doubtless read what the British Prime Minister said in the House of Commons," replied Emperor William's new adviser. "It is for him to begin." This retort seems to the *Neue Freie Presse* to indicate "a new Imperial Chancellor who is seeking the way to world peace." The explanation, according to the Manchester *Guardian*, is simple. "German conservatives believe that no nation can be equally great on land and sea." A choice must be made now.

# Persons in the Foreground

## THE SATANIC MAJESTY OF WILLIAM R. HEARST

 HE honors of the election in New York City last month fall to William Randolph Hearst, despite the fact that he was the only candidate on his own ticket that was defeated. No such crushing blow has ever been given to Tammany Hall since the days of Samuel J. Tilden as that just given by Mr. Hearst. His personal power was never made more manifest. With his political organization pilfered from him at the opening of the campaign, he proceeded to improvise a new organization, and in competition with Tammany Hall on one side, in possession of all the municipal offices, and a complete Fusion ticket on the other, and supported by no journals other than his own, he polled 150,000 votes for himself for mayor. He was defeated, but the rest of the candidates on his ticket, being the same as those on the Fusion ticket, were elected, and to Tammany is left the barren victory of electing for mayor a non-Tammany man who was nominated for the sole purpose of carrying the rest of the ticket into office.

Mr. Hearst thrives upon defeat. He has been beaten every time he has been nominated for office, except when, years ago, he ran for Congress as a Tammany candidate. And yet, as a writer in *The Atlantic Monthly* remarked a year or two ago, "no force that can be brought against him appears capable of doing more than defeat him; it cannot crush and annihilate him."

The sinister majesty of John Milton's Satan has been commented upon for nearly three centuries. Hurling down from the battlements of heaven, he cries:

"What tho the field be lost,—  
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else not to be overcome;—  
That glory never shall His wrath or might  
Extort from me."

Mr. Hearst and the Satan of "Paradise Lost" have, when you come to think about it, many things in common. This indomitability in defeat is but one thing. Satan was above all things a leader of revolt. So is Hearst, and

so he has been from the beginning, even back to the days when he was manager of the *Harvard Lampoon* and when he severed his relations with the university "by request." Milton's Satan is a magnificent egotist. He was fighting for personal power. So, it appears to most observers, is Mr. Hearst. "We have no prominent men associated with us," he is reported by a writer in *The Review of Reviews* to have said to one of his editorial employees, in response to a question; "I don't want any prominent men. If I have prominent men connected with me I will have to consult them and I do not propose to consult anybody." The only person he cares to consult are those whose salaries he pays, such men as Arthur Brisbane, his editorial manager; Max Ihmsen, his political manager; Clarence Shearn, his legal manager, and Mr. Carvalho, business manager of his newspapers,—men whose prominence in the public eye has been due solely to their work in his behalf. The Satan of "Paradise Lost," moreover, had a certain obvious sincerity. He declared his eternal war against what he called "the tyranny of heaven." There seems to be no good reason to question the fact that Mr. Hearst likewise has a sincere hatred for certain tyrannical conditions in modern industrial life and purposes to wage "eternal war" upon them.

Finally, the power of the Miltonic Satan was a negative and destructive power. So is Hearst's. He is magnificent in attacking, in destroying, in pulling down and demolishing. But he seems unable to organize or direct forces for any other kind of work. He has built up a wonderful engine in his eight daily papers and his three magazines; but it is an engine of revolt, and if it should cease to be that it would cease to be a power of any consequence. When by chance the forces which he has set in motion have been set to constructive work they have made a miserable job of it. It was Hearst and his paper in San Francisco that formed the principal factor in the campaign in that city that resulted in the election of the corrupt Schmitz and in the control of affairs by the unspeakable Ruef. And when, in his campaign for mayor of New York four years ago, Hearst elected a bunch of Independence Leaguers to the board of Al-



dermen, the event was followed by an exposé a few months later that resulted in indictments by the Grand Jury against most of them.

It is hard to get fresh and unbiased impressions of a man who has been as diligent as Hearst has for many years in making enemies in all political parties. But an intelligent British journalist, Sydney Brooks, has given us a singularly vivid and evidently impartial picture. Writing in one of the British monthlies, Mr. Brooks has said of Mr. Hearst:

"He impressed me when I came across him as a man very difficult to know. That he is as different as possible from his papers goes without saying; nobody could be like them and be a human being. They are blatant, and he in dress, appearance and manner is impeccably quiet, measured and decorous. He struck me as a man of power and a man of sense, with a certain dry wit about him and a pleasantly detached and impersonal way of speaking. He stands six feet two in height, is broad-shouldered, deep of chest, huge-fisted, deliberate, but assured in all his movements. But for an excess of paleness and smoothness in his skin one might take him for an athlete. He does not look his forty-four [now forty-six] years. The face has indubitable strength. The long and powerful jaw and the lines round his firmly clenched mouth tell of a capacity for long concentration, and the eyes, large, steady and luminously blue, emphasize by their directness the effect of resolution. In more ways than his quiet voice and unhurried, considering air, Mr. Hearst is somewhat of a surprise. He neither smokes nor drinks; he never speculates; he sold the racehorses he inherited from his father, and is never seen on a race track; yachting, dancing, cards, the Newport life, have not the smallest attraction for him; for a multimillionaire he has scarcely any friends among the rich, and to 'Society' he is wholly indifferent; he lives in an unpretentious house in an unfashionable quarter, and outside his family, his politics, and his papers, appears to have no interests whatever."

The same writer regards Mr. Hearst as "the concave mirror of American life, journalism and politics." The image that we get in him is a contorted one, but, we are reminded, "it but too often happens that a caricature is more lifelike than a photograph and that over-emphasis does not obscure realities, but heightens them." Mr. Hearst, we are told, is such a national caricature, and as such is peculiarly an American product. "He may not be America; but he is undisguisably American; nor can one conceive him as being anything else."

Lincoln Steffens once drew a character-sketch of Hearst, several years ago, making a special effort to find out his basic political

ideas. He decided that Mr. Hearst is a conservative in his ideas and a radical in his actions. The Socialists, we are told (Mr. Steffens himself is a Socialist), despise his "economic ignorance" and his "bourgeois remedies." Hearst, on the other hand, regards Socialism as "entirely unnecessary." His fundamental economic idea is that if special privileges are abolished opportunities will be equal and that that is all that can be expected from government. He harks back to the old "Jeffersonian democracy," of "equal rights for all and special privileges for none." He denies that his program is radical, claiming that it is "really conservative, almost reactionary in a sense." He believes that one of the great democratic waves such as took place in the days of Jefferson, of Jackson and of Lincoln is now sweeping over not only this country but the whole world. Russia, England, most of Europe, China and Japan all feel it. It is "probably the greatest the world has ever seen, certainly the greatest in the history of the United States," and he admits that he is ambitious to be to it what Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln were to the movement in their day. "My early ambition," said Mr. Hearst, "was to do my part in newspapers, and I still propose to do a newspaper part. But when I saw mayors and governors and Presidents fail, I felt that I'd like to see if I couldn't do better. I'd like to go into office, any office almost, to see if I can't do the things I want to see done." "The repetitions of history," he said in another conversation, "are the rising tides of democracy followed by the ebb into class rule, and each time the sovereignty remains a little lower down in the social scale. But the end is democracy, the certain end and the end to be desired; and my interest in history centered in those periods of approach to democracy."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hearst, in his own personal appearances before the public, has seldom taken a radical position or pursued tactics very different from those of other aggressive political leaders. His "yellow" newspapers are what has given him his radical reputation, and Mr. Steffens questions whether the radical character of those papers is not due merely to the fact that he employs radicals to write for him, "not because they are radicals but because they can write," and then gives them full swing, allowing their individualities to count as no other newspaper does. Aside from this, the treatment given in his papers to crime and vice is the outcome of his own personal theory that such things are to be treated "as the tragedies and romance of

life," and should be written up as such. He forbids the use of the word "murder," and has discharged men for using the word. Even back in his Harvard *Lampoon* days he had this journalistic bee in his bonnet, and was making a study of printing presses in Boston and of daily papers in the whole country. He watched with especial interest the rise of Mr. Pulitzer's New York *World*, and thought he saw the principles underlying the Pulitzer policy. When his father turned over to him the San Francisco *Examiner*, Mr. Hearst was ready to apply the Pulitzer principles and it is needless to say he soon out-Pulitzered Pulitzer.

After a number of conversations with Mr. Hearst, Lincoln Steffens concluded that it is really amazing how elusive his personality is and how few human beings have come in personal contact with the man and how few even of these can give any definite impressions of him. "As they describe him, no two seem to be talking about the same man. They all relate anecdotes to illustrate their conception of their chief, but their stories are principally of what they said to him; there is very little of what he said to them." Here is Mr. Steffens' own picture of the elusive Mr. Hearst:

"Well built, and well groomed, he is strong physically, yet you get no sense of physical force. He never throws his chest out or his shoulders back. He uses his physical strength only for endurance. He is one of those tireless workers who work with the body at ease; intermittently, but without nerves. In the West he is credited with courage, but the stories they tell are all of fearlessness, not bravery. All is repose. Nothing is asserted, not even his authority. His orders to his editors go to them as suggestions and queries, and sometimes his editors pigeonhole them; but their chief never forgets a 'query' he has once made; he is sure sooner or later to 'query' again about his 'query.'

"Everything about Mr. Hearst is elusive. His blonde hair is browning; his blue eyes are grayish; his clean-shaven face is smooth; his low voice speaks reluctantly and little, and then very slowly. . . . He is not in the least magnetic or kind; he is generous, yes, but with his money and power, not with interest, confidences or affection. And he is most loyal to his own; but there is no warmth. And the reason there is no warmth seems to be that there is no sense of need of friends. Mr. Hearst is not only a silent, he is a lonely soul. But earnest. The strongest impression I carried away from my talks with him was that he was a man who was in deadly earnest. Many doubts remain, none of his slow, dogged determination to get done the thing he

wants to do. Soft-voiced, slow-minded, lenient morally, loose about details and cold-tempered—this man has a will. His very ability seems to be that of will, rather than of mind."

But tho Mr. Hearst has no warmth of affection, is, indeed, a "ruthless egotist," he commands, it is said, an unusual amount of loyalty from his employees, who number four or five thousand, not counting the 15,000 occasional correspondents of the Hearst news service, which supplies news to 150 newspapers in the United States. One of his employees, whose name is not given, tells in *The Overland Monthly* why this loyalty exists. Hearst, we are told, is the first newspaper proprietor to recognize that "brains can never be confined with a unionized schedule." He pays high salaries and high wages, treats his men as men, is loyal to them, helps them when they are sick, pensions them when they are old. There is no such shaky feeling among the Hearst men as is found in the offices of the *Herald* and *World* and *Sun*, where the tenure of office of even the most faithful is very slight.

There are other good things to be said of the Hearst papers. "Their motives may be dubious," says Sydney Brooks, "and their methods wholly brazen, but it is undeniable that the public has benefited by many of their achievements." "In maintaining a legal department," says *Collier's* of Hearst, "which plunges into the limelight with injunctions and mandamuses when corporations are caught trying to sneak under or around a law, he has rendered a service which has been worth millions of dollars to the public."

And yet—and yet! Crying out against the lavish use of money in elections, to mislead voters, Mr. Hearst himself spent \$240,000 in his gubernatorial campaign two years ago. Crying out against bossism in politics, he has maintained the most rigid personal control of his own political organizations, and the Independence League in the late mayoralty campaign was not able even to call a convention without his personal permission. It tried to hold one, but the court decided that the convention was not a convention because he did not "O. K." it. Crying out against corporate evasions of the law, he has maintained in his newspapers, for the purpose of dodging libel suits, one of the most evasive of corporations.

A man of undoubted force, self-contained, purposeful, undismayed by repeated defeats, there is a certain majesty in his power; but there is something sinister, somber and Satanic in that majesty.

## THE MAGIC OF KING EDWARD'S MANNER

**N**O SOONER had the people of Britain been apprized of the resolve of King Edward to mitigate, through the exertion of his personal influence, those political hatreds set burning by the budget than an instant easing of the public tension attested the general confidence in the magic of his Majesty's manner. Beauty is the term most applicable to that manner in the opinion of those who, like M. Victor Berard, the writer of a recent appreciation in the *Revue de Paris*, have studied at first hand the monarch's style in diplomacy. More than any other sovereign who has sat upon the throne of England does King Edward deserve the title of his "gracious" Majesty. A sovereign less instinctively constitutional might have inspired in a people ever sensitive to extensions of the royal prerogative some jealousy of usurpation. The contagious graciousness of King Edward's ways, the marvel of his manner all through the crisis, kept the Commons cool and soothed the susceptibilities of the Lords. Even the labor leaders have ceased to defy their landlords. Yet all the King did, seemingly, was to hurry to Buckingham Palace, summon the Prime Minister and address soothing phrases to the leader of the opposition. It was an application to politics of that tactfulness which has made the King of Great Britain and Ireland a sovereign of the world of fashion, society and finance. Great as is the thing he does, the way he does it is always greater still.

The fact that the King is the King explains the mystery a little, comments the Paris *Figaro*, with which his Majesty is prodigiously popular; but it leaves the theme a trifle baffling. "Is this sovereign a hypnotist that, after subordinating the world of European diplomacy to himself, he can extend his sway to a turbulent welter of Socialists, aristocrats, radicals and conservatives, all at war over a budget revolutionary in principle and confiscatory in practice? Is the world witnessing a revival in the most subtle form of a personal rule unpracticed by any English monarch since Charles the First lost his head?" Our French contemporary does not hesitate to answer itself in an emphatically negative sense, for the simple reason that a manner like that of King Edward must perish with him. The fascination of Alcibiades was not transmitted to his posterity. The grandeur of the kingliness of Louis the Fourteenth faded into the tomb with

himself. Once Edward the Seventh is gathered to his fathers, the glory of his least gesture, the distinction of his simplest nod, will be a mere memory among men, and, as the *Figaro* significantly adds, among women as well.

Edward is emphatically a woman's King and he has been made so by the divinity of his manner. As Louis XIV understood despotism, as Frederick the Great understood war, Edward the Seventh understands woman. His manner is the reflection of that comprehension, the translation into practical conduct of his knowledge of the sex. To miss this point, our French contemporary ventures to think, is to grope darkly through the mazes of this great reign. Even the suffragettes live in dread of complete extinction through the marvel of the King's manner, for were he to say that throwing stones at cabinet ministers and scuffling with constables are things of which no really nice girl would be guilty, the occupation of the Pankhursts would be gone. A woman is only a woman in the world of Anglo-Saxon society, we read, until she has been presented to Edward the Seventh. After that experience she is a lady, able to feel like a lady, to look like a lady. She acquires a manner through mere contemplation of the King!

This incredible manner of the King's has been the theme of so much eulogy and descriptions of its charm are so numerous that its lingering mystery is unaccountable. In France, where manner means so much, his Majesty's annual visits are so many epochs in human deportment. What is the color of the King's gloves? Did he carry one in his left hand and bow to the ladies with a mere forward inclination of his whole body down to the waist? How did he conduct himself at dinner, in church, on the promenade? Items of information on these heads are collected and disseminated not from snobbishness—which the King hates—but for the sake of human intercourse, which, in the best society, has become the art of imitating Edward the Seventh. Even were the King not tall, not well made, not of a handsome and gallant presence, he would exemplify etiquette through his genius for its intricacies and his incarnation of its spirit. He has just celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday and has thus made old age the fashion. To have gray hair and a bald forehead and a portliness that stops this side of obesity are now so many social assets.

Domestic difficulties seem to resolve themselves out of existence in the atmosphere of the King's set. No reader of the society papers in London or Paris need be reminded of the perfect tact with which his Majesty adjusts the crises recurring from time to time not only within the limits of his own vast family circle but throughout the social set in which he personally moves. The royal manner is pre-eminent in this sphere. Possessing the instinct which enables a family man to bring himself into sympathy with the point of view of a recreant husband, skilful in detecting the weak point in a woman's character, skilful in concealing his knowledge of the true cause of discord while employing that knowledge to the best effect, Edward the Seventh is, through his manner, a conciliator of discordant couples. He can ridicule without insulting and rebuke without causing a loss of self-respect in anyone. To this conclusion run all the studies of his mode of life which find their way into French dailies like the *Figaro* and English society organs like *The Throne*. The one regret of the King is his suspicion that many critics believe his private life disedifying. Stories of his relations with London society women, or rather with women supposed to be in his set, are circulated, avers our authority, for purposes of advertisement by mere adventuresses who, notwithstanding their title and good birth, have in some instances no position at court. A few years ago, we read, his Majesty's name was scandalously associated with the name of a female he has never even seen.

Quite as preposterous as any story ever circulated respecting his Majesty, avers the Paris paper, is the report that he signifies his delight in a theatrical performance by kissing the leading lady. Absurd, again, is the idle tale that he was in the habit a few years ago of writing to a lady in the peerage a picture post card bearing the letters "D.A.I.L.Y." signifying, as the legend has it: "Dear Alice, I Love You." Yet another calumny makes it appear that the King approves of the "affinity" idea. The one purpose in circulating such misrepresentations is to make it seem as if his Majesty were responsible, at least morally, for every scandal in the peerage.

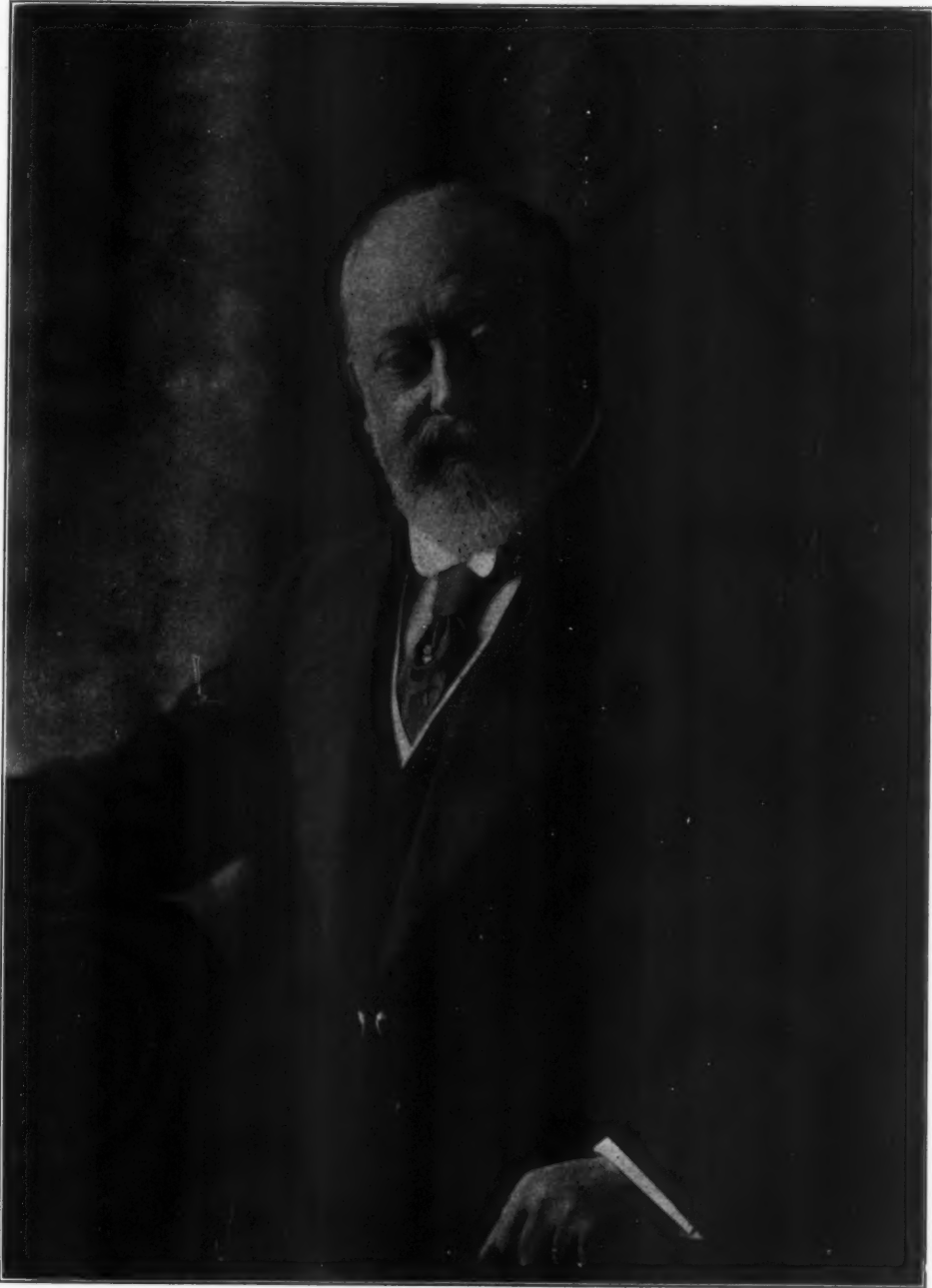
While the manner of the King would have to be experienced to be quite comprehended, it seems to the *Gaulois* to deserve the epithet "monarchical." Having won the Derby last May, his Majesty followed the time-honored custom requiring the owner of the horse that came in ahead to lead it himself. Nothing

could have been more noble or more affecting than the manner of Edward the Seventh as, in gray trousers and high white hat, he led his horse. Few living men, our French contemporary suspects, can lead a horse around the track without effects subversive of personal dignity. The strength of the quadruped obscures the intellectual superiority of the biped. It would be so were the horse the merest hack and the sovereign in the case Henry of Navarre himself. Yet when Edward the Seventh led in his horse, walking down the course and raising his hat every yard or two, the effect upon the shouting hundred thousand of his subjects was as inspirational as a glimpse of the Doge of Venice wedding the Adriatic. It was the soul of monarchy abroad among the betting men, all transformed, for the time being, into what had become a ceremonial association with the pageantry of the reign. Life, to his Majesty, is one long pageant in which his own manner is the chief spectacle.

This manner extends to such trifles as the King's mode of smoking. He does it, if the idea may be associated with such a thing, monarchically. Edward the Seventh rarely consumes more than four cigars a day. They are short and thick, made in Cuba and packed in London for his especial consumption. Those who understand the King insist that when he wishes to be peculiarly impressive in conversation, he lights one of these Cuban cigars.

The moral of the reign of Edward the Seventh is, accordingly, manner. That is the inference of our competent contemporary, which notices with regret the democratic and undistinguished easiness with which the masses behave. The King of England has made himself the model of deportment for the whole Anglo-Saxon world by assimilating the courtliness of the Latin type of behavior with the conditions of an English environment. The result is that he is perfection in the technicality of conduct. Time was when the best born noble in all France was but a boor until he had been to Versailles and studied etiquet at the court of Louis the Fourteenth; but in our time it is as strictly true that no one is civilized until he has caught the manner of the British sovereign. He is refining the world and making even the enemy of all government perceive—or so this monarchical daily insists—that without kings there can be no manners. The moral of all this to the French daily is to be found in the imperative necessity of overthrowing the third French republic and





## EUROPE'S GREATEST DIPLOMATIST

King Edward's success in handling critical social and political relations is accounted for by the French monarchical press by the perfection of his manner. They look upon him with rapture and sigh, Ah, that we also had a monarch!

reviving the Bourbon monarchy, whereupon the polite world must repair not to London for its lessons in deportment but to Paris. Meanwhile King Edward remains to etiquette what Pope Pius is to dogma, and the British peerage captures the vast majority of those American heiresses who, were France monarchical, would tend to become Bourbon

countesses. As it is, they are transformed into English duchesses, a process which gives them manners—"which," says the Paris paper, "they sadly need." The whole American plutocracy, it firmly believes, echoes with unfeigned heartiness the cry of "Long live the King!" because it loves his Majesty's manner and goes to London to acquire it.

## BIG TIM SULLIVAN, THE RAIN-MAKER



STRONG Republican members shed tears in open session,"—that is the way the account comes to a close of the maiden speech delivered by Big Tim Sullivan years ago in the New York Assembly.

"Big Tim didn't get very far before he had all the women and two-thirds of the men in the house wiping their eyes"—that is from the account of a speech delivered a few weeks ago in a Bowery theater at a Tammany ratification meeting.

The speeches of Mr. Sullivan are infrequent, "as rare as a nightingale's song in the Jersey meadows"; but they have a "get there" quality not only on the East Side but in Albany. They bring the rain all right, particularly when he talks about himself and his boyhood days.

The man is generally accredited, or discredited, as the controlling power in Tammany Hall. Whenever there is talk about Murphy's being deposed, the first question that arises is, What does Sullivan want? He is the undisputed Tammany ruler for the whole of the East Side, south of Fourteenth street—where the big Tammany majorities come from. "When Richard Croker abdicated," so it is said and generally believed in New York, "the throne was Big Tim's if he had nodded his head—and he refused to nod."

The pathos of Mr. Timothy D. Sullivan's interesting career is in part due to the fact that in all the interesting crises of his life there is lurking in the background some good woman who turns him into the right course and inspires him to do noble things. There are at least three cases of record of this sort, and these three cases explain (1) why he gives away shoes and stockings every year to the poor of the East Side; (2) why he is so constant in watching the court calendars and assisting those who are in the clutches of the law; (3) how he happened to get a start in politics. These three events, as described by Mr. Sullivan and his friends, are wholly to

his credit. As described by his critics they are otherwise, being accounted for as a matter not of sentiment but of political strategy. Perhaps both his friends and his critics are right.

"I want to tell you about this shoe business," said Big Tim at the meeting in the Bowery theater a few weeks ago. Then he proceeded to tell:

"It's a long story and goes way back to 1873. There was a little kid going to school in Elm Street. It was a mighty cold day in February, and this little fellow went to school one day, and there were two big cracks in his shoes that let in the snow. He came early, so's he could get his feet dry before the other kids got there and saw his shoes. Just before school let out that day, the teacher said: 'Sullivan, you can remain.'

"Now, the boy didn't want to stay after school, because he had to get downtown and sell papers. But of course he stays, as he was told. After the rest of the kids had gone he kept thinking it over, and then he speaks to the teacher and says:

"'Miss Murphy, if I've got to be punished or anything, let's get over with it 'cause I've got to get some papers out before it gets too late.'

"'Timmy,' she replied, coming down and putting her hand on my shoulder, 'I'm not going to punish you. I didn't want to let you go out with the others, so that they would see your shoes.'

"And she gave me a ticket and told me to go up to Timothy Brennan's place. He was the brother of Matthew Brennan, who was treasurer of the Tammany organization in the Second Assembly District. He gave me an order to get a pair of shoes. And right then and there I decided that if I ever got any money, I would buy everybody who didn't have any a pair of shoes."

It is a real Christmas story, as it stands. Today Mr. Sullivan is one of the firm of Sullivan and Considine, "the biggest theatrical firm in the world owned by just two men," and he gets out of that firm an income of \$150,000

a year, which will buy a great many shoes and stockings.

Two years ago "Big Tim" made another speech in the same theater and told of another turning-point in his life. There are, it should be remarked, no unfilled corners in any hall on the East Side when Mr. Sullivan is advertised to speak. "To say that the audience 'applauded,'" says one reporter of the speech two years ago, "would be to use a very poor, skimpy word. The audience ripped loose and made even the Stars and Stripes, which were thick everywhere of course, tremble under the shock." The theme of the speech this time was a newspaper epithet hurled at him. He had been called "King of the Underworld," and was pictured as the head of the thieves and thugs and dive-keepers of the East Side. "I'm going to accept that title," he declared. "Now let me tell you how I started in to be the king." Big Tim then told how a good old woman whom he loved down in the old Sixth Ward had started him right when he was still a young man. He remembered his beginning under her tutelage; remembered one morning when she came to his room and woke him up, tho he had been out at some dance given by some of his constituents the night before, and told him to get up and go down to the Tombs Court, look among the prisoners to see whether there were any whom he knew and could help out. Big Tim went, he said, and he kept that up for many years, going there every morning. That's how he started in being the king of the under world, and he would continue to be that sort of king; he would be willing to take his stand on the principles the good old woman had imparted to him. Sometimes the newspapers and others said pretty raw things about him, but the reason they did it was that they didn't know. Then he added earnestly:

"Boys, I am going to say something now, and it goes. This goes for every newspaper, every prosecuting attorney, and every police commissioner. I never got money from any thief, any gambler, any divekeeper, or anything of that kind in my life. No money has passed through me from any of that sort to anybody else since I was born. And that's so, so help me God."

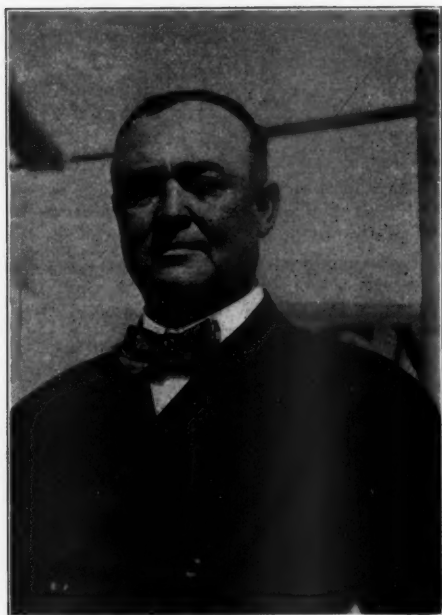
Mr. Sullivan's entrance into politics, as described by a friendly writer in the *New York Herald*, was by way of his fists. It was in Centre street, in the shadow of the Tombs, that he saw a local pugilist practising his art upon a woman. Timothy D. was a young man and a sport; but he knew that it was bad

form hitting a woman. He stepped up and talked to the pugilist. The talk was not wasted; the woman-beater quit practising on the woman and began on Tim, and "a battle followed that is still sweet in the memories of all Sixth warders." When it was over, the pugilist was *incommunicado*, so to speak, and Tim was in politics. From that day forward he was hailed as chief by the young element. So it was a woman that put him into politics, another woman that started him to helping those who are in trouble with the police, and a third woman who inspired in him the desire to buy shoes for the shoeless every Christmas season. Big Tim is loyal to the women. He was for years the only Democratic member in the State senate to vote in favor of the woman suffrage bill that makes its annual appearance there. He believes in the principle of it thoroly. He doesn't see any reason why a woman should not be mayor of New York, and he believes that women voters would be less influenced than men by mere talk and show, and would be more insistent on practical results. "A man can talk for hours," he remarks, "or days or weeks about his love for a woman, but until he begins to speak about the wedding ring and the priest she don't act particularly moved by his flow of words. Have you ever noticed that? It will be the same way with their votes."

Timothy D. is not only a woman suffragist but a "personal Prohibitionist," as he puts it, as well. That is to say, he doesn't drink liquor of any kind, tho he has owned more than one saloon. Moreover, he doesn't use tobacco in any form. But he is in favor of letting other people use all these things if they wish to. "I advocate Ingersoll's famous saying," he once remarked. "You know it—that a man who don't chew, smoke or drink ought to be shot. I'm that fellow and I know I ought to be shot. The only thing I can say in my behalf is that I don't interfere with the other fellow's rights to do all three."

He is not only a woman suffragist and a "personal Prohibitionist" but a philosopher. He has given the public his theory as to what constitutes leadership. Here are his views:

"When you ask me to what particular thing I owe any of the friends I've got, I'll say it's work. All this talk about psychological power and personal magnetism over man is fine business for pretty writing, but when you get down to brass tacks it's the work that does the business. What would Croker's personal magnetism have amounted to if he hadn't worked early and late? I know faro dealers that have more mag-



"THE KING OF THE UNDERWORLD"

Timothy D. Sullivan not only accepts the title but glories in it; for, he says, "I never ask a hungry man about his past. Help your neighbor, but keep your nose out of his affairs."

netism than all the leaders you ever knew, and they go on hustling for a living at six dollars a shift—and not always working steady at that—mostly because they don't know how, or won't work except at the thing that comes easiest to them.

"Every community has to have some man who can take the trouble to look for their public interest, while they are earning their living, and it don't make any difference whether he's tall, short, fat, lean or humpbacked and with only half his teeth, if he's willing to work harder than anyone else he's the fellow who will hold the job. They're not always grateful by any means and when they catch a man with a four-flush, no matter how good his excuse, 'skidoo,' back to the old home for his.

"And so after all there isn't much to it to be a leader. It's just plenty of work, keep your temper or throw it away, be on the level, and don't put on any airs, because God and the people hate a chesty man."

Mr. Sullivan is, moreover, something of a literary critic. He can't understand why any one should read trash when they can read Jack London's novels. He dotes on Dickens and longs for an American Dickens to write up the East Side. Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" is a favorite with him; but he be-

lieves that anyone who reads "Three Weeks" ought to have ten days.

Now, this sketch of Mr. Sullivan is so far a very engaging one, perhaps because it is one drawn chiefly by himself. But there are less engaging sketches drawn by others. One such sketch comes from the hand of Police Inspector Byrnes, for years head of New York's detective force. He once made a public statement in this wise:

"Timothy D. Sullivan, better known as 'Dry Dollar' Sullivan, associates in New York with thieves and disreputable citizens. Peter Barry, one of the leaders of the famous Whyo gang, was one of his boon companions. Barry is now serving seven years in State's Prison. Tommy McAveny, general thief, is another chum of Sullivan. Some time ago, when Tommy Nichols and John Clark were arrested for burglary, Sullivan tried his hardest to get Cottrell, one of my detectives, to make it light for them. Sullivan also associated with Johnny Hand, Danny Lyons, James, alias Figs, Lyons, and Dan Driscoll, hanged for murder, and dozens of other criminals."

According to George Kibbe Turner, Timothy D. Sullivan is chiefly responsible for the political conditions that have allowed the East Side to become, in the last four years, the world's principal emporium for the "white slave traffic." The Eagles, "a great national organization of sporting men, bartenders, politicians, thieves, and professional beggars"—we are quoting one of Mr. Turner's soul-stirring articles in *McClure's*—have made him their head. His saloons have been favorite places of rendezvous for thieves, repeaters, gamblers and prostitutes. Says Mr. Turner:

"It was at this time [1903] that Big Tim Sullivan began to take his present strange position in New York politics as the mysterious 'Big Feller,' looming up in the dusky background of the city's life; not connected in any direct way as manager of a Tammany district, yet probably the strongest politician in Tammany Hall, excepting none. His word is law to thousands; and his mere appearance on the street in company with a man establishes that man's credit and reputation solidly with the lower political world of New York. . . ."

And here is a picture by Mr. Turner of one of the chief annual events in the life of the subject of this sketch:

"That night—the eve of St. Patrick's Day—the streets of the Tenderloin lie vacant of its women; the eyes of the city detective force are focused on the great dancing-hall—stuffed to





A BIG EVENT ON THE EAST SIDE

Every year the Sullivan clan holds its parade, with "Big Tim" in the center of the front rank and with a multitude composed of all sorts and conditions of men behind. It is one of New York City's typical events.

the doors with painted women and lean-faced men. In the center box, held in the name of a young Jewish friend, sits the 'Big Feller'—clear-skinned, fair-faced and happy. Around him sit the gathering of his business and political lieutenants, of the heavy, moon-faced Irish type—the rulers of New York: Larry Mulligan, his step-brother, the head of this pleasing association; Paddy Sullivan, his brother, the president of the Hesper Club of gamblers; John Considine, business associate, owner of the Metropole Hotel, where the 'wise ones' gather; Big Tom Foley; and—an exception to the general look of rosy prosperity—Little Tim, the lean little manager of the old Third District and leader of the New York Board of Aldermen.

"The council unbends; it exchanges showers of confetti; the 'Big Feller' smiles gayly upon the frail congregation below him—the tenth short-lived generation of prostitutes he has seen at gatherings like this since, more than twenty years ago, he started his first Five Points assembly—he himself as fresh now as then. In the rear of the box a judge of the General Sessions court sits modestly, decently, hat in hand. In the welter on the slippery floor, another city judge, known to the upper and under world alike as 'Freddy' Kernochan, leads through the happy mazes of the grand march a thousand pimps and thieves and prostitutes, to the blatant crying of the band:

"'Sullivan, Sullivan, a damned fine Irish-man!'"

Well, Timothy D. does not deny that he "associates" with people of this class. In fact,

he glories in it. But he denies, as we have already seen, that he ever received a dollar from such people or ever transmitted a dollar for one of them. He says in his own defense: "Maybe it ain't right to help some poor fellow who is in trouble just because he ain't the kind of a man, maybe, you would set up as a pattern for your son as a model of good citizenship. But it's my idea of doing good, and I'm going to keep it up, and I don't give a damn who don't like it." Again he says:

"I believe in liberality. I am a thoro New Yorker and have no narrow prejudices. I never ask a hungry man about his past; I feed him not because he is good but because he needs the food. Help your neighbor, but keep your nose out of his affairs. I stand with the poet of my people, John Boyle O'Reilly, against the charity that only helps when you surrender the pride of self-respect:

'Organized charity, scrimped and iced,  
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ.'

"I never sued a man in my life and no man was ever arrested on my complaint. I am square with my friends, and all I ask is a square deal in return. But even if I don't get that, I am still with my friends."

That is his ethical standard. You may take it or leave it; but it is his and he is not ashamed of it, even if it does bring him into close alliance with thieves and murderers.

## THE SIGNIFICANCE AND THE INSIGNIFICANCE OF FRANCISCO FERRER

**A**N INTERVAL of just fifty years elapsed between the birth of Francisco Ferrer y Guardia, in a peasant cottage outside Barcelona, and the fusillade that ended his life in the fortress of Montjuich as he stood erect, with a bandage over his eyes, and cried "Long live the modern school!" Down to the very moment of his taking off there persisted in his aspect, as an eye witness relates in the *Paris Journal*, that blend of the tragical with the grotesque which explains his career, his character and the catastrophe that immortalized him. The soiled nightdress parting widely at the neck, the creased gray pantaloons obviously too small for his little legs, and the yellow slippers down at heel detracted nothing from the dignity of his countenance, the gravity of his demeanor. The bullet that killed him went straight through the brain without mutilating his face, which, avers the observer whose version we follow, in the calmness of death suggested the unwrinkled serenity and smoothness of the face of a babe.

That so pedantic and inoffensive a schoolmaster and bookseller as Ferrer could be found guilty of actually directing the sanguinary upheaval of a few months ago in Barcelona is to the *Paris Liberté* a gross impeachment of the military tribunal which found him guilty. The corpulent little idealist was not, it seems from the official indictment published in the Madrid *Epoca*, charged with the propagation of revolutionary ideas. Nor did the court-martial concern itself with the record of Ferrer as an organizer of schools intended to nurture the young on "subversive doctrines." The question was whether Ferrer had or had not led through the streets a mob of anarchistic hoodlums who, after burning down a convent and killing the nuns there, paraded in defiance of the military command to disperse. At his trial—which was public—Ferrer was picked out of fifty of his fellow prisoners lined up for identification in front of the witnesses to this one fact. Their testimony convicted him. These witnesses are declared in the *Paris Gaulois*, as well as in the Madrid *Epoca*, to have been disinterested. Ferrer's counsel could not pick a flaw in their evidence respecting this the only point taken up in the trial.

Now, the slightest acquaintance with the

timidity of temperament and the lack of originality which rendered Francisco Ferrer's personality so ordinary would, the *Paris Temps* thinks, have disabused the minds of his judges of any impression that he could lead anybody anywhere. "He had an almost childish sentiment of awe for whatever absurdity could be masqueraded in the garb of a scientific generalization, but his mind had nothing of its own that could be called an idea." He was essentially self-taught. "The great advantages of the self-taught were, in his case, neutralized by a singular lack of the imaginative, poetical and human qualities." Our contemporaries suspect that those who had much to do with Ferrer found him something of a bore. He was somewhat long-winded in his native Spanish, it seems, altho he never wrote an original work or occupied his mind with whatever had no immediate connection with his labor as a school teacher and publisher of translations of the books of radical thinkers. He does not seem to have escaped the ridicule even of those pupils whose advanced political opinions had been formed under his tutelage.

God, the church, the state, marriage, whatever was traditional, institutional or conservative in the Spanish sense—these were Ferrer's pet aversions. Yet he had been brought up in an atmosphere of the profoundest reverence for all such things. Born and reared until his fifteenth year on his father's little fruit farm, Francisco Ferrer received the training of the average Spanish peasant, says the *Paris Débats*, the maternal dream being that he might become a friar. His early piety greatly edified the faithful until his fourteenth year, when, having begun the perusal of Voltaire, he committed the sacrilege of drinking by stealth the wine reserved for sacerdotal use at the most solemn moment of the sacrifice of the mass. Before he was twenty he had not only imbibed republicanism and atheism but was in active rebellion against the scheme of education for which his impoverished parents had denied themselves that he might study for the priesthood.

Forced to quit the paternal acres at Abella in the province of Barcelona—where his aged mother still lives—Ferrer secured a clerkship in the railway service and was rapidly promoted to the post of inspector. His incorrigible republicanism involved him, however, in

the insurrection that was led to such disaster by General Villacampa and by the time he was twenty-six Ferrer was an exile at Paris. It was at this period that the young Spaniard's genius as a teacher first disclosed itself. Of anything in the shape of an idea of his own, Ferrer, says our French contemporary, was always incapable. His conversational powers were restricted to a verbose and fatiguing industry in communicating facts and information without one touch of humor or lively fancy or spontaneity. But in teaching, his equal has not, the French daily thinks, existed for generations. He could digest incredible masses of technical detail, of accumulated evidence, and formulate them lucidly for the benefit of even the lowest type of intelligence. He was most in touch with those whose early educational advantages had been limited and he seemed always to possess a kind of instinct for the correct mode of approach to an ignorant mind. This faculty explains his career in Spain years later when, in a night of ignorance, he lighted the torch of an intellectual awakening among the very dregs of the populace. Hence, our contemporary declares, Ferrer deserves recognition as a real genius.

Subsisting partly by the sale of wine on a commission basis and partly by an inadequate stipend as secretary to the Spanish patriot Zorilla, Ferrer devoted every hour of his leisure to study. The peculiarly "modern" bent of his mind, his lack of interest in what are called the humanities, in classical learning, in elegant accomplishments, and his passion for the sciences, for morals as distinguished from supernatural religion and for the sovereignty of the individual in opposition to institutional and family life, rendered his services valuable to French educators then in the dawn of a rising agitation against clerical teaching. He made something of a hit as a popular lecturer in courses of "lay" instruction. Those who attended the night classes organized under anti-clerical auspices in Paris at this period still remember, the *Temps* says, the "miraculous facility" of the "eager Spanish professor" who made the most intricate obscurities of applied electricity, of Spanish linguistics, of administrative sociology, as simple as he seemed himself.

The physical insignificance which characterized the aspect of Francisco Ferrer at this period harmonizes with the lack of color in manner and appearance which made him look so harmless when he was tried for treason to his King. Little, pale, inclined to plump-



THE MAN WHOSE EXECUTION THREW ALL EUROPE INTO TURMOIL

Francisco Ferrer, executed by the Spanish government for alleged participation in the Barcelona riots of last July, has been commemorated as a "martyr" by the radicals of every European country, and even of America. A monument in his honor is to be erected in Cerbere, a French town on the border of Spain.

ness, somewhat pot-bellied, large of hand and foot and still further handicapped by a throaty and strident voice, Ferrer waddled in and out of the class room with sheafs of paper under one arm and a shabby umbrella in the other. He was most unfashionably attired always and he had little need to comb a shock of hair which stood bolt upright when he was thirty and had disappeared altogether from his cranium when he was fifty.

As the pinch of poverty relaxed, Ferrer devoted himself more and more to the philosophy of free thought and anarchy, undertaking the translation into Spanish of the writing of Elisée Reclus and the atheistic historians and philosophers. He had been inconsistent enough to go through a Roman Catholic marriage ceremony with a lovely French maid not long before and was by this time the father of two pretty little girls. One of them, who made a vain plea for her father's life so recently, is now a public performer of some talent, while the other, with two children to

support, holds a post of no great importance in a baking establishment. Ferrer, it seems, was domestically situated somewhat like Socrates. The wife had slight sympathy with the inauguration of that new pedagogical era in the Spanish peninsula for which her husband was already making more active preparations than were consistent with a Catholic atmosphere in the domestic circle. A crisis was precipitated by the arrival in Ferrer's life of a young lady who, to an intuitive comprehension of his attitude to life, added a generous sympathy with social ideals from which God, the state, marriage and authority generally are eliminated.

Whether, as the *Gaulois* insinuates, Ferrer took advantage of his position as her instructor in Spanish to instil into the mind of Mademoiselle Meunier philosophical generalizations destructive of her religious faith, or whether, as the *Débats* hints, the lady's infatuation "explains everything," the fact remains that Madame Ferrer soon refused to live any longer with her husband. Mademoiselle Meunier, dying not long afterwards, left her fortune—about two hundred thousand dollars in our money—to her beloved preceptor, and Francisco Ferrer had at last at his disposal facilities for that intellectual renaissance in Spain of which he had dreamed ever since he first took up the perusal of anarchist philosophy. Fifteen years had passed since his hurried flight from the place of his birth, so that when he returned to Barcelona and the tiny cottage in which he first saw the light only his old mother seemed to know him again. The very name of General Villacampa's quondam fellow conspirator seemed to have faded from the memory of Catalonians. The delightful solvency in which he now trod his native heath promoted local delusions that he was a distinguished foreigner founding an institution of learning. He had brought from France a whole library of agnosticism and he speedily set up and equipped a press for the dissemination of the philosophy of Proudhon, Bakunin and the leaders of French anti-clericalism. Under such intellectual auspices was the famous "Modern School" brought into being at Barcelona.

Of Ferrer's prodigious success as an educator and of the authenticity of his vocation to the pedagogical life there seems no possible doubt. He was wholly free from the fanatical fury of the propagandist. His intellectual humility was unaffected and profound. He realized to the full his own limitations. His unfailing sympathy with ignorance in quest

of knowledge and his deferential attitude to the young and enthusiastic rendered the acquisition of an education through him a novel and irresistible experience. In the class room, as the *Débats* somewhat grudgingly concedes, he taught "sweetly." Nothing could be gentler or more intelligent than the smile disseminating its serene benevolence over his pudgy countenance, altho the influence he exercised over even the roughest material in the schoolroom depended mainly upon that natural delicacy of manner which magnetizes the character of youth and at the same time imposes involuntary respect upon it. It was the invariable rule of Ferrer, and he imposed that rule upon every member of his teaching staff, to treat every pupil, be he or she hopelessly unintelligent, as his intellectual superior. He had derived from Pestalozzi the idea that a pupil is backward not through his own stupidity but through the stupidity of his teacher. His most wonderful gift, says the French paper, was his facility in teaching how to teach. "What an irony of fate that cast the lot of such a miracle of pedagogy in the Spain of the Bourbons!"

Freely as Ferrer disbursed his money, patiently as he strove to popularize knowledge of things practical and scientific as distinguished from things sacred and traditional, the "Modern School" was more than once on the slipperiest slopes that lead downward. He seems to have been saved in more than one crisis by the attacks of the ecclesiastical power, which had the effect of rallying to his support every element of anti-clericalism and disaffection. Ambitious youths of impious tendencies—from an orthodox Spanish point of view—rallied about Ferrer to receive from him, as from the hand of a fond father, the diploma that certified their proficiency in every kind of lore regarded with disfavor in the theological seminaries of the church. The fundamental idea of the "Modern School," it would appear from accounts in French dailies, was rationalistic. The Bible is a compilation of the works of Hebrew annalists of doubtful historical importance. God is a figment of the clerical imagination. Government is a survival from the medieval period. Christianity, originating in the good intentions of a Jewish teacher of ethics, has become hopelessly degraded and impedes the progress of the human race. Marriage is a device for the protection of individual property rights. The most important thing in the world just now is applied science. Such, if we are to accept the summaries of its teaching on ethical



and sociological themes provided by the Madrid *Epoca* and the Paris *Gaulois*, are the characteristic educational features of the "Modern School." Its morals had no supernatural sanction and its philosophy was indistinguishable—to the Latin mind, at any rate—from the rankest atheism and anti-clericalism. And all this in the dominions of his Catholic Majesty, a Pope's godson, educated under the tutelage of the present Cardinal Secretary of State at the Vatican! By the time the "Modern School" had established forty or fifty flourishing branches in Catalonia, its institutional life had attracted the attention of the police.

The innumerable young people who succumbed to the undeniable intellectual fascination exerted by Francisco Ferrer over his pupils of every age and class included, at the most flourishing period of the "Modern School," a certain Señorita Soledad Villafraña. She is described in the Paris *Débats* as an exquisitely beautiful girl so highly gifted that Ferrer, having taught her his philosophy, placed her at the head of a large class. Associated with her was that notorious young anarchist, Mateo Morral, who, after some years' study at the "Modern School," hurled a bomb at the carriage of King Alfonso when that monarch was riding back to his palace immediately after the ceremony which gave Spain her reigning Queen. Morral, it would appear, had fallen violently in love with the Señorita, who, rejecting his suit, united herself with Ferrer in that type of "free union" which the "Modern School" idealized as part of its mission among the people of Spain. Morral declares the *Débats*, was so profoundly humiliated that, to redeem himself he tried to assassinate their Majesties in the capital. Such was the complication to which Ferrer became indebted for his first serious collision with that Spanish system of things against which he was contending. His indefatigable printing press was turning out edition after edition of the world's leading Anarchist pamphleteers for circulation among the wage earners of Barcelona. Graduates of the "Modern School" were making themselves increasingly conspicuous in harangues to trades unions on the subject of the iniquity of government and the need of the social revolution. Occasionally the police descended upon the "Modern School," the printing press and the whole propaganda of Ferrer, only to ascertain that the illustrious educator was in Paris, Vienna, Rome or London. He was always conspicuous as a Spanish delegate at free




SHE APPEALED FOR HER FATHER'S LIFE

Mlle. Paz Ferrer, a promising actress in Paris, wired to King Alfonso on the day preceding Ferrer's execution, imploring clemency. She is said to be out of sympathy with her father's radical views.

thought world conferences, anarchist gatherings and assemblages of advanced thinkers, but as Ferrer was wholly lacking in those picturesque qualities of speech and person which typify the inspired orator, he made no impression. In truth, as the *Temps* says, Ferrer summed up in his manner and appearance every human quality that can make a man seem insignificant. He was so ordinary and so humdrum except in his miraculous aptitude for the class room that he could never become immortal unless he had been condemned to die. Incapable of an idea of his own, he yet perished, as the *Indépendance Belge* observes, for the one idea in his head.

# Literature and Art

## AN "IMPRESSIONIST" ESTIMATE OF CURRENT LITERARY VALUES IN AMERICA

 R. PERCIVAL POLLARD, who for years has been wielding a clever critical pen in *Town Topics*, has published a sort of confession of faith in which he tells with unusual candor the story of his likes and dislikes in literature. His style is gossipy, but incisive; his manner, to quote his own epithet, "impressionistic." He stakes his faith, indeed, on impressionism backed by judgment and taste. "We must have gained faith, first," he says, "in the taste, the judgment, of the critic; after that it is for him to swing, as convincingly as he may, the incense of his impressionism."

From advance sheets of this work, rather felicitously named "Their Day in Court,"\* it is evident that Mr. Pollard is not impressed by the worth or value of our present literary output. "The case of pure literature in America," he says, "is comparable to the case of My Lady Parvenu's grand rout: crowded and worthless. Quality is utterly sacrificed for quantity. The rout comprises everybody, which to the discriminating spells Nobody." Mr. Pollard continues:

"In that part of our literature called fiction, which has almost wiped out the other provinces, we find as monotonous an ugliness as you may see whenever you note critically the countenance of any human mob. Our tremendous output of novels is equalled only by its barrenness in all that makes for distinction. The printing-presses flood us with books; the flood is as muddy as a spring freshet on the Mississippi; there is a vast bustle of writing and reading; and the artistic total is hardly visible.

"We are deluged with facts; fancy is to seek. Our novels of the day are written exactly in the language of the Man in the Street; that is the secret of our artistic failure. It is all on the plane of the average intellect. If you remind me that I began my book declaring that it is the average intellect we must not lose sight of, I reply that while we may give him the life he knows, the characters he moves among, one need not use his own haphazard language. Nor need one leave him to wallow forever in his half-culture. Literary style does not pre-

clude the human interest; keeping in mind the Man in the Street one still should hope to lift his taste wherever possible.

"Books written in language that every Tom, Dick and Harry is capable of, add nothing to our artistic advancement. Truth to nature, and near appeal to the general human heart, will not save a book that is keyed down to the vulgar tongue. No such book, even if it survive, can ever be said to have enriched the art of writing, to have brought a nation nearer to an ideal. One can deny our age nothing of vigor, of fecundity. The eye tires in observing the speed with which books appear and disappear; all this mass of printed matter is quite expressionless, there is no style in any of it; it is written so that all may understand, and none of it is worth understanding. Not in a dozen of the popular American novels of the period can you show me a genuine sense of style."

For this deplorable condition there are many parties to blame. "With the publishers," Mr. Pollard charges, "it is a race to offer the greatest quantity of newest books. With the public it is a race to read the newest just a trifle more speedily than their neighbors. The national temperament, with its tendencies away from conservatism, from allegiance to ascertained merit, its pursuits of constantly changing wills-o-the-wisp, must bear some of the blame. The author, making hay while the sun shines, is willing to produce at a rate that cannot possibly have anything to do with permanent literature. The blame lies between all parties: publisher, public and author." But the guiltiest people of all, Mr. Pollard goes on to say, are "the Critics" who fail to discriminate between the good and the bad, and "the Ladies" who for years have been debasing the literary coinage.

In making his sweeping indictment, Mr. Pollard has an eye upon Europe just as much as upon this country. The shortcomings he catalogs are as manifest in Europe as in America. That part of his argument, however, which refers to American literary tendencies is likely to have the greater interest for the American mind, and is selected for summary here.

The first of the "ladies" admonished by Mr. Pollard for having helped to corrupt our lit-

\* THEIR DAY IN COURT. By Percival Pollard. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company.



PERCIVAL POLLARD IN FLORENCE

An unconventional portrait of a critic who has dedicated himself to "the emancipation of American literature from the dominance of the dollar."

erature is Amelie Rives. "While most of the extremes reached in the erotic," he says, "were achieved by writers reckoned English, we must by no means forget that at about the period that Bourget's 'Physiology of Modern Love' was being discussed by the disciples of Plato everywhere, Amelie Rives astounded our readers with 'The Quick and the Dead.' That revelation of what a woman could do in writing her sex down for the general inspection has never, as to essentials, been surpassed." Frank Danby in "Baccarat," Lucas Malet in "Sir Richard Calmady," are equally offensive from Mr. Pollard's point of view; but these are Englishwomen. The next American on his list is Kate Chopin. Of her novel, "The Awakening" he says:

"So skilfully and so hardly does the book reveal the growth of animalism in a woman, that we feel as if we were attending a medical lecture. In the old days,—when men, mere men such as Balzac or Flaubert or Gautier, attempted this sort of dissection,—we were wont to sigh, and think what brutes they must be to suppose women made of this poor clay. Surely it was only the males who harbored thoughts fit only for the smoking-room; surely—but, Pouff! Kate Chopin dispelled those dreams; even had they really been possible with Amelie Rives, and 'What Dreams May Come,' already in circulation."

Not all of our women writers, however, fall under such summary condemnation. For at least two—Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays and Gertrude Atherton—Mr. Pollard has words of high praise. They have "mitigated a little," he intimates, "the crimes against literary art committed by the sex in general." Mrs. Keays'

"The Road to Damascus" was never "a best seller." "I doubt," Mr. Pollard observes, "if those who gauge literary success by the bargain counters in the dry-goods stores ever heard of the book. Yet I have no hesitation in calling it the finest novel of social import written by an American woman in recent times." He adds:

"If I declare that 'The Road to Damascus' is a book, and contains a character, worthy of long life, I set forth the opinion and the prophecy of but one fallible mortal. Mindful of field upon field of broken idols, of shattered enthusiasms, and changed moods, I make that declaration. The character of Richarda, in this book, is one of the finest ever drawn by an American woman; the book itself has perhaps the broadest view of life that has been shown on our side of the water.

"Arresting as is the mere story in this book, and daring as are both the premises and the conclusions of the plot, it is always the splendid tolerance of human frailties that constitutes its claim to be considered superior to the millions of novels that describe life as we pretend it is, or as we pretend it should be. Here is a writer who sees life, sees men and women, as they are, not as centuries of literature have pretended they are. This story is of to-day, and it is of all time."

Gertrude Atherton is also characterized in glowing terms. "When 'The Doomswoman' appeared in 1893," Mr. Pollard declares, "I ventured the opinion that in her work would surely be found some of the best fiction to be written by American women in the next quarter of a century. Today, fifteen years later, that prophecy is by no means matter for regret." To "Ancestors," "the largest work

Mrs. Atherton has attempted so far," Mr. Pollard pays this tribute:

"In the final summing up 'Ancestors' was an epic of San Francisco.

"San Francisco first appeared in literature in an epigram of Oscar Wilde's. Its apotheosis is in 'Ancestors.' Here was painted all the brilliance of thought and word and deed that distinguished artistic San Francisco; all the electricity that made the town the home of the most promising and the most hopeless talents on our continent is in this book; and its human history before the earthquake will scarcely be better written. If the earthquake and the fire destroyed much that was memorable, they also gave us this book."

When he comes to a consideration of the men who are writing novels in America today, Mr. Pollard selects for special mention Robert W. Chambers, David Graham Phillips and Winston Churchill. He has none too high an opinion of any of the three. Robert Chambers, he intimates, is a clever writer who misses real distinction. Mr. Phillips, through story after story, is "nothing save a lecturer who uses the verbiage of journalism," tho his "Old Wives for New" is admittedly on a much higher plane than the rest of his work. Winston Churchill, despite his large and genuine earnestness, or perhaps because of it, "has never yet issued from the ranks of the reformers," and therefore cannot be considered a great artist. Mr. Pollard sums up his estimate:

"In this trio of Robert Chambers, David Graham Phillips, and Winston Churchill we had, then, men who were trying, from differing premises and points of view, to hint the fundamental facts of American social life. The one considered the great Middle West, in its contrast against New York; another dealt with New England; another with New York and its suburban regions, geographical and intellectual. I have chosen them as typical of the best that was being done. It was none too good; it was not better than England's second best; but it was doubtless the best our conditions permitted.

"And that, precisely, is my point. Those three were Americans, writing of America, for that audience composed of women and newspapers which in America forms the general taste. Of distinctive literary art, aside from subject, there was not more, in all these three, than should furnish one really adequate artist in *belles lettres*. One was a sincere reporter; another a brilliant trifler; the third a painstaking reformer. The great portrayer of society was not there."

There was not, indeed, in all America, Mr.

Pollard continues, a great portrayer of society. "The only way America could claim such a one was by haling home the American who had removed himself, as much as possible, from the conditions of our literary cosmos: Henry James." To quote further:

"Upon Mr. James there can be but one verdict; in the line he has chosen, he is master. He is our only representative in the domain usually called *belles lettres*, but which might as well be Englished as the fine art of literature. . . .

"For the first time, in this review of mine, I am able to voice my appreciation of a novelist, who was many other things beside. He has illumined for us, better than any other writer, all those provinces of international social comparison in which Americans have had place.

"He has stood, in the manner even more than the matter, alone.

"Long ago we heard the opinion that Tantalus, doomed to revisit earth and its tortures, would infinitely prefer the eagle pecking at his vitals to the everlasting withdrawal of hopes so illusively painted as in the majority of Mr. James's stories. The substance of these criticisms was that nothing climactical was ever allowed to happen; that everything was an analysis of motives for doing things which were never described; and finally, that the door to the real location of the word 'Finis' was invariably, though suavely, shut in the reader's face. Those objections never succeeded in moving Mr. James from his allegiance to the ideals of his art. His manner of presupposing an instinctive eye to the artistic, and the quietistic, in his readers, has never faltered; he has never, in that respect, ceased most delicately presuming that in America there existed a modicum of intelligent people.

"It is true, that until you came to examine the woof of his product very closely, you could fancy in his stories all the essentials save the most important; compression, ingenuity, form, style,—but hardly any action at all. This was especially so in his earlier and shorter stories, of which there are a goodly number of volumes. Reading even those stories, however, you had to admit that in the sketching of character, in the understanding of the subtleties of the modern temper as found in the higher airs of civilization, Mr. James had no equal, and that in the artistic analysis of mental episodes, he excelled all his contemporaries. Even those who railed at his denationalization, and refused to read a man who 'satirizes his own country,' had to allow that there was no other American possessed of so much sheer art.

"He was always, in every fine and large sense of the words, a Man of Letters."

Henry James is not Mr. Pollard's only enthusiasm. Ambrose Bierce receives as full a meed of appreciation. This critical volume,



indeed, may be said to culminate, emotionally if not in the arrangement of its chapters, in its panegyric of "the one commanding figure in America in our time; the only American, living in America, who was completely a man of letters, in the finest sense of that term, and who had written what his contemporaries, as well as posterity, must admit as masterpieces." Mr. Pollard writes:

"Ambrose Bierce, the only one of our men of letters sure to be heard of, side by side with Poe and Hawthorne, when our living ears are stopped with clay, committed, for most of his life, the fatal mistake of being, as well as a literary genius, a great journalist. The greatest

satirist since Swift, or Pope, or Byron, he lashed, in prose and verse, always the sinners rather than the sin. That, in this soda-fountain age of ours, was a cardinal offense in the eyes of those little sisters of the rich who say what American literature shall be.

"As journalist, Ambrose Bierce was the sole survivor from a period of great journalism.

"As a writer of short stories he towered above his generation. When all our current letters are just where today the popular books of the 'Seventies and 'Eighties are, Ambrose Bierce's thin volume of stories 'In the Midst of Life' will still be a great book; no other American book written in the last fifty years will survive so long.

"Upon that I stake my own critical reputation."

## AN INTERPRETER OF REVOLUTIONARY SPAIN



VERY spiritual and social crisis finds expression in literature, and now a Spanish novelist has arisen, reflecting the travail and unrest of his country. His name is Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, and the first of his stories to be translated into English is entitled, significantly, "The Shadow of the Cathedral."\* He takes the magnificent cathedral of Toledo, with its priestly guardians, its unknown treasures, its wealth of art and architecture hidden in dust and darkness, as a symbol of reactionary Spain, and he sets in contrast an Anarchistic dreamer of the type of Francisco Ferrer. In this, as in all his writings, Ibáñez is frankly radical, and goes far to reveal the subterranean fires which are even now undermining the Spanish church and monarchy.

The books of Ibáñez are widely known in Europe, but up to the present time English and American readers have remained strangely ignorant of the writer whom Havelock Ellis pronounces "the most remarkable of recent novelists." "Rough, vigorous, not always even grammatical," Ellis says in his illuminating "Soul of Spain"; "sometimes crudely naturalistic, sometimes breaking out into impassioned lyricism, always an uncompromising revolutionist, aggressive and combative, ardently concerned with social problems, and a faithful painter of the common people whose life he knows so well, Blasco Ibáñez is a great force in literature." Like Pérez Galdós, of an elder generation, the popular novelist of social reform, and Emilia Pardo Bazan,

Spain's most gifted woman writer, Ibáñez has felt the influence of French naturalism, and he is frequently described as a Spanish Zola. "The Shadow of the Cathedral" is certainly worthy of the master of "Rougon-Macquart." Like Zola, too, Ibáñez is distinguished for his moral valor. "In his life and in his works," writes Havelock Ellis, "this son of indomitable Aragon has displayed all the typical Spanish virility, the free-ranging personal energy, the passion for independence, which of old filled Saragossa with martyrs and heroes."

Ibáñez is no literary man of the study. Until recently, Mr. Ellis reminds us, the writer who is nothing else than a writer was almost unknown in Spain. Cervantes and most of the other great literary Spaniards were soldiers, diplomats or adventurers, who wrote only in the intervals of active life. Ibáñez continues the tradition. As a political journalist and revolutionary politician, his life has been one of heroic adventure. He was born in Valencia, of Aragonese parentage, so late as 1867. His father was the proprietor of a dry-goods shop, and the son was educated for the law. But even as a student he showed revolutionary tendencies, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment when only eighteen years old for writing a sonnet against the government. In 1890, Ibáñez fled to Paris in order to escape a second imprisonment, and there he remained until an amnesty was granted him two years later. He returned to Spain in time to head a popular demonstration in protest against the government's brutal methods of attempting to suppress the Cuban insurrection; and once again he was obliged to leave his country. Re-entering it, three months later, he was arrested

\*THE SHADOW OF THE CATHEDRAL. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie. New York, E. P. Dutton & Company.

and imprisoned for two years. On his release, he founded a Republican paper, *El Pueblo* (The People), acting at first not only as proprietor but as editor, reporter and reviewer as well. Ibáñez extended his propaganda still further by publishing a library of several hundred translations, scientific and sociological, numbering among his authors Herbert Spencer, Tolstoy, Renan and Nietzsche. He was elected to the Cortes as Republican Deputy from Valencia, and after eight years of political service has only now retired to devote himself entirely to literature. Through all his revolutionary activities, journalistic, political, literary, his dominant purpose has been to arouse his people from apathy and ignorance.

As a literary artist, Ibáñez is distinguished by all the dramatic realism and vital energy which characterize the paintings of Sorolla and Zuloaga. His best work, according to James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, is, like that of most modern Spanish novelists, intensely local. "He knows the orchard of Spain as Mr. Hardy knows Dorsetshire," says this authoritative critic in "Chapters on Spanish Literature," "and he is most himself in Valencian surroundings." Yet his subjects are very varied. Beside "La Barraca" (The Farmhouse), a novel which pictures the market-garden district outside of Valencia, one can place "La Horda" (The Rabble), an equally life-like presentation of the squalid proletariat of Madrid. "Sónnica la Cortesana" is an historical romance of the siege and fall of Saguntum. In "Sangre y Arena" (Blood and Sand), Ibáñez is again contemporary, fiercely attacking the bull-fight—"that survivor of the *auto-da-fe*." While in "La Maji Desnuda" (the name being taken from a picture by the realistic Spanish artist, Goya), he is psychological and wholly preoccupied with matters of art and the disillusion of unhappy love.

"The Shadow of the Cathedral" is one of a trio of novels written shortly after the election of Blasco Ibáñez to the Cortes, and had their author belonged to the seventeenth century, Mr. R. H. Keniston remarks in the *New York Nation*, all three would probably have appeared as pamphlets. "The plots of the books," Mr. Keniston goes on to say, "serve merely as a framework in which to carry his propaganda. Through the long harangues of his anarchistic heroes, he attacks mercilessly the church, the Jesuits, and the drunkenness of Spain." Yet "behind these specific objects of his animadversion, lurks the real enemy; it is the people who are to blame; their ignorance and self-seeking are the sources of their sub-

jection and suffering. This, indeed, is the fundamental teaching of all of his novels." A French critic has observed that Fate is the invisible character which dominates the work of Ibáñez. "To make such a criticism," writes Mr. Keniston, "is to misinterpret his whole philosophy of life. It is man who is the cause of the evils in this world—man with his pettiness, his self-centred narrowness. And it is just this conviction that human suffering is the result of human weakness and not a divinely sent curse, that inspires the author to struggle forward toward the ideal of the future, to hope for a day when charity is unnecessary and men are brothers."

"The Shadow of the Cathedral" is a wise choice for an introductory English translation, not because it is the masterpiece of Blasco Ibáñez but because it is less local, less exclusively Spanish than any other of his novels. The subject is of universal interest. And it is admitted by at least one of the puzzled reviewers that this "novel, which is no novel," puts the devotees of "art for art's sake" in a dilemma. For literally crammed, as the book is, with revolutionary harangues and historical lectures, with purpose blazoned on every page, it is nevertheless a massive and fascinating work of art. Moreover it is intensely human. The characters are not mere puppets voicing the opinions of their maker, but living creatures from whom we part in sorrow and wonder.

The story concerns one Gabriel Luna, a child born into the family of the cathedral gardener at Toledo in one of the little poverty-stricken "habitacions" of the upper cloister. "The population of a whole town," we are told, "lived above the cathedral, on a level with its roofs; and when night fell, and the staircase of the tower was locked, it remained quite isolated from the city. This semi-ecclesiastical tribe was born and died in the very heart of Toledo without ever going down into the streets, clinging with traditional instinct to the carved mountain of stone whose arches served it as a refuge. They lived saturated with the scent of incense, breathing the peculiar smell of mold and old iron belonging to ancient buildings, and with no more horizon than the arches of the bell tower, whose height soared into the small patch of blue sky visible from the cloister."

In such an environment Gabriel grows up to be a prodigy of ecclesiastical learning, a brilliant seminarist, with a possible miter and crozier before him, when suddenly, in a spirit of youthful adventure and religious fanaticism,

he joins the forces under Don Carlos to fight against the rising Republicanism,—“a scapulary of the Heart of Jesus sewed into his waistcoat, and a beautiful silk scarf in his wallet,” worked by the white hands of a nun. For three years he experiences all the horrors of a brutal guerrilla warfare; and when at last the fighting comes to an end, he refuses, as an officer, to avail himself of the amnesty, and emigrates to Paris. There, in the Latin Quarter, he corrects Greek and Latin proofs for a living, and gradually mingles with students of all kinds, political agitators and old communists. He listens to Renan, Kropotkin and Reclus, until nothing remains to him of his old beliefs and he has become a philosophical Anarchist, bringing to the new faith, however, the same religious zeal and gift of presentation which had distinguished him in the Catholic seminary. He chooses the life of a wandering propagandist, travelling all over Europe with a woman “comrade”—an Englishwoman named Lucy—and suffering great loneliness when she dies of consumption in Italy. “He had not loved her as most men love, but she was his companion, his sister, they were alike in their pleasures and their sorrows, and their common poverty had welded them into one will.” His desolation drives Luna back to Spain where, in Barcelona, some “comrades” obtain for him the management of a printing press. He visits Toledo and finds that his one surviving brother is now a faithful servant of the cathedral, the “Silenciario,” called “Wooden Staff.”

Luna's natural eloquence makes him a power in the revolutionary whirlwind of Barcelona, and a marked man for the police. When bombs are exploded in the streets of the city, there is none more surprised than Luna, but he is the first man to be arrested; and two years later he is released from the fortress of Montjuich, broken in body by prison tortures. Yet a few years longer he travels about,—“a vagabond and dangerous dog”—asking pardon of the more violent “comrades” for his persecutors “as blind instruments employed by society in a moment of terror, thinking they had saved it by their barbarity;” until, at last, broken in spirit as well as body, he goes back to the cathedral, to the home of “Wooden Staff,” to die. “His happiness was not to think, not to speak, but to mold himself to that dead world; he would be among the living statues peopling the upper cloister, one more automaton; he would imitate those beings who seemed to have ab-

sorbed into themselves something of the austerity of the granite buttresses; he would inhale like a healing balsam the scent of the rusty iron railings and the incense that spread through the church the ancient perfume of the past centuries.”

But even here, and against his will, the golden tongue cannot be silent. Gabriel studies the cathedral anew and all that it stands for, from the owls and ravens of its vaultings down to the medieval obscenities of the choir. Its poverty-stricken servants gather about him and listen, but they interpret his teachings to suit themselves. Gabriel has called attention to the wooden images in the bat-haunted sacristy, covered with pearls and gold, surrounded by heaped-up jewels, bidding the people ask themselves why they, the living men and women, should suffer hunger and privation while idols having no human needs should be loaded with riches. A secret group of servants plan to rob the Virgin del Sagrario on the night of her feast-day when, for once in the year, she glitters in all her jeweled vestments, taken for the occasion from the cathedral treasury.

Gabriel Luna, now a watchman, is on guard alone this night. He is joined by Mariano, the bell-ringer, an old comrade-at-arms under Don Carlos; by his rascally nephew, a beadle, nicknamed “the Tato” for his love of bull-fights; and by a poor shoemaker,—all three of them drunk. Gradually their purpose is made known to him; and this dramatic climax follows:

“‘Come along, Gabriel,’ continued the bell-ringer. ‘Do not let us lose time. It is only a few minutes’ work; and then—flight!’

“‘No,’ said Luna firmly, coming out of his reverie, ‘you shall not do this; you ought not to do it. It is a robbery you suggest to me, and my pain is great seeing that you reckoned on me; others rob from fatal instinct or from corruption of soul, you have come to it because I tried to enlighten you, because I tried to open your mind to the truth. Oh! it is horrible, most horrible!’

“‘What is the use of all these objections, Gabriel? Is it not a bit of wood? Whom do we harm by taking its jewels? Do not the rich rob, and everyone who possesses anything? Why should we not imitate them?’

“‘For this very reason, because what you propose doing is a suggestion of evil, because it perpetuates once more that system of violence and disorder which is the root of all misery. Why do you hate the rich if what they do in sweating the poor is just the same as what you are doing in taking possession of a thing for

yourselves—understand me well, for yourselves—and not for all. The robbery does not scare me, for I do not believe in ownership nor in the sanctity of things; but for this very reason I detest this appropriation to yourselves and I oppose it. Why do you wish to possess all this? You say it is to remedy your poverty. That is not true. It is to be rich, to inter into the privileged group, to be three individual men of that detested minority which desires to enjoy prosperity by enslaving humanity. If all the poor of Toledo were now shouting outside the doors of the Cathedral, rebellious and emboldened, I would open the way for them, I would point out those jewels that you covet, and I would say, 'Possess yourselves of those, they are so many drops of sweat and blood wrung from your ancestors; they represent the servile work on the land of the lords, the brutal plundering of the king's cavaliers, so that magnates and kings may cover with jewels those idols which can open to them the gates of heaven.' These things do not belong to you because you happen to be the most daring; they belong to all, as do all the riches of the earth. For men to lay their hands on everything existing in the world would be a holy work, the redeeming revolution of the future. To possess yourselves of some portion of what, by moral right, is not yours would only be for you a crime against the laws of the land; for me it would be a crime against the disinherited, the only masters of the existing—'

"Silence, Gabriel," said the bell-ringer harshly; 'if I let you, you would go on talking till dawn. I do not understand you, nor do I wish to. We came to do you a good turn, and you treat us to a sermon. We wish to see you as rich as ourselves, and you answer us by talking of others, of a lot of people that you don't know, of that humanity who never gave you a scrap of bread when you wandered like a dog. I must treat you as I did in our youth when we were campaigning. I have always loved you and I admire your talents, but we must really treat you like a child. Come along, Gabriel! Hold your tongue, and follow us! We will lead you to happiness! Forward, companions!'

"The Tato and the shoemaker stood up; walking towards the railings of the high altar, the Tato seized one of its gates, and half opened it.

"No!" shouted Gabriel with energy. "Stop! Mariano, you do not know what you are doing. You believe your happiness will be accomplished when you have possessed yourselves of those jewels. But afterwards? Your families remain here. Tato, think of your mother. Mariano, you and the shoemaker have wives—you have children."

"Bah!" said the bell-ringer. "They will come and join us when we are in safety far away. Money can do everything—the thing is to get it."

"And your children? Shall they be told their fathers were thieves?"

"Bah! they will be rich in other countries. Their history will not be worse than that of other rich men's sons."

"Gabriel understood the fierce determination that animated those men. His endeavors to restrain them were useless. Mariano seized him, seeing he was trying to push between them and the altar.

"Stand aside, little one," he said. "You are no use for anything. Let us alone. Are you afraid of the Virgin? Undeceive yourself; even if we carry off all she has she will work no miracle."

"Gabriel attempted one final effort.

"You shall do nothing. If you pass the railings, if you approach the high altar, I will ring the call bell, and before ten minutes all Toledo will be at the gates."

"And, opening the iron gate of the choir, he entered with a decision that surprised the bell-ringer.

"The shoemaker in tippy silence was the only one who followed him.

"My children's bread!" he murmured in thickened speech. "They wish to rob them! They wish to keep them poor!"

"Mariano heard a metallic clatter, and saw the shoemaker raise his hand armed with a bunch of keys which had fallen on the marble steps of the railing; then he heard a strangely sonorous sound, as if something hollow was being struck.

"Gabriel gave one scream, and fell forward on the ground; the shoemaker continued striking his head.

"Do not give him any more—stop!"

"These were the last words Gabriel heard confusedly, as he lay stretched at the entrance of the choir; a warm and sticky liquid ran over his eyes; afterwards—silence, darkness and—nothing! . . .

"Still he came back to life. He opened his eyes with difficulty and saw the sun coming through a barred window, white walls, and a dirty and darned cotton counterpane. After great wandering and stumbling, he could collect his thoughts sufficiently to form one idea: they had placed the Cathedral on his temples—the huge church was hanging over his head crushing him. What terrible pain! He could not move; he seemed fastened by his head. His ears were buzzing, his tongue seemed paralyzed. His eyes could see feebly, as tho the light were muddy and a reddish haze enveloped all things. . . .

"As his eyes were closing forever, a voice close to him said:

"We have followed your scent, rascal; you were well hidden, but we have discovered you through one of your own. Now we shall see what account you can give of the Virgin's jewels!"

"But the terrible enemy of God and social order could give no account to man."



## EMERSON'S DEIFICATION OF INTELLECT



HERE are some who rank faith as the highest of human faculties; there are others who worship moral or esthetic beauty; but for Emerson the ultimate word was mind. "God, or pure mind," is one of his phrases, incidental but revealing. "He may talk of other gods," Mr. W. C. Brownell, the eminent critic, remarks; "his Zeus is intellect. The hand may be Isaiah's, the voice is that of the intelligence. 'The capital secret of the preacher's profession,' he says, 'is to convert life into truth.' These five words define his own work in the world with precision. And his instrument, his alembic, for this conversion was the intellect."

Both the strength and the weakness of Emerson, as Mr. Brownell interprets him in a recent penetrating essay in *Scribner's*, may be traced to his deification of mind. His eagle keenness of mental vision enabled him to pierce the universe to its very marrow, but he paid for his power in "a corresponding deficiency in susceptibility."

Pure intellect, Mr. Brownell asserts, has never received such homage as Emerson gives it.

"Its sufficiency has never seemed so absolute to any other thinker. 'See that you hold yourself fast,'—by the heart, the soul, the will? No,—'by the intellect,' is the climax of one of his earliest and most eloquent preachments. The strain is recurrent throughout his works. 'Goethe can never be dear to men,' he says, with his extraordinary penetration. 'His is not even the devotion to pure truth: but to truth for the sake of culture.' He would have blandly scouted Lessing's famous preference for the pursuit over the possession of truth, and was far from 'bowing humbly to the left hand' of the Almighty and saying, 'Father, forgive: pure truth is for Thee alone.' He never pursued truth—or anything. He simply uttered it, with perfect modesty but also with absolute conclusiveness. He never pretended to completeness, to the possession of all truth. 'Be content with a little light, so it be your own,' he counsels the youthful 'scholar.' He was imperturbably content with his; it was indubitably his own, and he trusted it implicitly.

"Moreover it was the pure, as distinguished from the practical, intellect that he worshipped. Naturally, since it was this that he possessed. He himself admits, or rather proclaims, that his 'reasoning faculty is proportionally weak.' He is in fact Plato *redivivus* in his assumption that conceptions as such justify and prove themselves; or, rather, that all kinds of proof are impertinent. He speaks always as one having authority, and

as little like the logicians as the scribes. Not only his practice—which others have shared—but his theory, in which he is unique among the serious philosophers of the modern world, is quite definitely that of the seer. However blandly, however shrewdly, he unfolds his message, he has consciously and explicitly as well as inferentially the attitude of merely transmitting it. More—far more—than that, for with his inveterate didacticism he insists that this attitude be universal. Abstract yourself sufficiently, he seems to say to his audiences, and let the god speak through you. Then all will be well. To what purpose? Well, to no purpose, except the end of the formulation of truth. Truth he viewed almost as a commodity. If you could but get enough life converted into truth, there would be nothing left to ask for."

This "truth" of Emerson's is decidedly cold; he counsels the scholar to be "cold and true." In his own case it led to a strange aloofness from all human relations. "As to this," Mr. Brownell observes, "the testimony is unanimous. It was far from being shyness in the sense of diffidence. He did not know what diffidence was. On the contrary, it proceeded from an acute sense of self-respect." He seems to have been himself quite conscious of his innate unresponsiveness. He was twice married, and received his life long the deferential devotion of family and friends. But "he undoubtedly felt," Mr. Brownell affirms, "that 'my Father's business'—or his equivalent for it—had claims upon his preoccupation superior to theirs." This state of mind had its dangers as well as its inspirations. Mr. Brownell goes on to say:

"It would indeed be hardly too fanciful to find Emerson's philosophy very considerably derived from the natural man in him—using the terms in the 'orthodox' theological sense and not in his nor in Rousseau's. Bland angel as he was, he very much wanted his own way. One is tempted to say that he invented or elected his philosophy in order to get it. At all events his philosophy exactly suited him. He had no sentimental needs. It satisfies none. He had, to an inordinate degree—as how should he not have?—the pride of intellect. It magnifies mind. He was assailed by no temptations, knew 'no law of the members.' It contemplates none. He was impatient of constraint. It exalts freedom. He suffered from the pressure of traditional superstition. It lauds the leading of individual light. He felt acutely, with an extraordinary and concentrated intensity, the value, the importance, the dignity of his own soul. It invents the 'over soul'—surely an exercise in terminology!—to authenticate it. The natural man, however understood,

is the undisciplined man. And discipline is precisely the lacking element in his philosophy."

The trouble was just that Emerson, viewing the world in the cold light of the mind and taking insufficient account of its moral elements, failed to recognize the inadequateness of his own teaching. As Mr. Brownell puts it:

"When Emerson affirms 'Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist,' one recalls, thinking of some of his disciples, Mrs. Shelley's prayer for her son: 'Oh! my God, send him where they will teach him to think like other people,' and wishes that he had varied his preaching of self-reliance occasionally by commending culture. Culture, however, did not enter into Emerson's philosophy. His philosophy indeed, following his instinct, does not so much neglect as positively impeach it. There is no denying the fact, which is vaunted rather than dissembled. He has a hard word for it always. Culture means on the one hand discipline, which irked him, and on the other acquisition, which to him could only have a disciplinary function. In either aspect it involves effort, and effort lay quite outside his ideal of surrender to intuition and impulse. 'I would not degrade myself,' he says, 'by casting about for a thought nor by waiting for one.' And it is far less a transient than a prevailing mood in which he affirms, 'I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*.' And this spirit informs not only his intellectual but his moral philosophy, so far as these are separable. What he holds in reserve in the one case is the 'explanation' in which he 'cannot spend the day,' and in the other the postulate that impulse should of course be pure and good. His own being angelic, he assumes integrity in that of the world in general."

Mr. Brownell treats the Essays rather than the Poems, as the supreme achievement of Emerson. He thinks that the sage of Concord lacked the esthetic, as he lacked the moral, understanding. "So slight is the proportion of admirable to negligible verse in the Poems," he declares, "that one feels like saying that he can repeat all of Emerson's poetry that repays reading." To quote further:

"Emerson not only has no sensuous strain. He is deficient in sentiment. Of love, as understood by the poets—and the mass of mankind—he had his habitual intellectual and not emotionally enlightened conception. He quite comprehended its physiology. To the question once addressed to him: 'Do you believe in Platonic friendships between the sexes?' he replied with quaint sapience: 'Yes, but "Hands off." Surely wisdom is justified of her children! He

had, however, no *sense* of the feeling, and of the two great instincts from which all the rest that actuate humanity are derived it is extraordinary how exclusively he was possessed by that of self-preservation. Emotional expansion—or even concentration—was plainly not a need of his ethereal nature, but of all directions in which soul or sense expand that of romantic love was the most foreign to his constitution. We owe him the charming phrase: 'All mankind love a lover.' But the kind of lover he means is he who feels warmly 'when he hears applause of his engaged maiden.' 'Engaged' is charming, too; it connotes Concord and its regularity in essentials whatever its theological heresies. Beautifully wise things he occasionally utters about love. 'Do you love me, means do you see the same truth,' for example, records exquisitely the lover's longing for spiritual fusion. But even here a part stands for the whole and we gather that a negative reply would merely lead the inquirer, not too disconsolately, to seek elsewhere his other self. Had it been he, one is persuaded that he never would have pleaded for 'a last ride together,' and at most have proposed a walk. Such an admonition as 'we must not contend against love or'—what he seems to imply is the same thing—'deny the substantial existence of other people,' certainly witnesses no temperamental ardor."


When he comes to Emerson's Essays Mr. Brownell assumes quite a different tone. "The Essays," he says, enthusiastically, "are the scriptures of thought, the Virgilian Lots of modern literature. . . . Every thought is pollent rather than purely reflective. And if Emerson does not preach action and ignores emotion, the state of mind he induces is of an energetic and exhilarated character, out of which such emotion as aspiration may be called and such action as resolve may implicate issue of themselves. He stimulates a mood at all events, in which effort seems needless, compunction useless, conscience superfluous, logic a fetter, consistency negligible, fear contemptible, courage instinctive, culture exotic, and what normally we recognize as unattainable within easy reach of one's hand—a mood, that is to say, that dissipates all possible criticism of him. To those who can convert such a mood into a permanent state of mind and habit of thought, or even make it occasionally the springs of conduct and performance, the Essays are a priceless possession." The article concludes:

"Emerson's mind is as spacious as it is active, and as stored as it is spacious. Not a scholar in any strict sense, he read as much as he reflected, and, owing to his extremely catholic ap-

preciativeness, as widely. His extraordinary power of assimilation and conversion somewhat obscures the opulence of his spoils. Whatever his depreciation of culture and its results to his philosophy, the tapestry of the Essays is wonderfully figured with it. Dr. Holmes gives the number of citations they contain as 3,393, taken from 868 writers. And the abundance of this harvest of his reading is less impressive than the aptness and fecundity of everything—*everything*—quoted. One almost sees in it its process of transformation into the proverbial manifold enrichment of good seed, and views as seed the grain but freshly reaped from the ripest fields of the world's thought. He dips into the bins of every storehouse and draws on all treasures, tho with an eclecticism so personal and a usage so prompt that one fairly loses sight of the origin of the material with which he sows and builds. It is there nevertheless—an encyclopedia

of others' thought, however combined, developed, refined and utilized by, as well as embedded in, his own. And the lessons of experience he drew from every source from the most familiar as well as the most recondite. As he said of Plato, he kept 'the two vases, one of ether and one of pigment, at his side' and illustrated his own assertion: 'Things used as language are inexhaustibly attractive.' Consider merely the titles of the ten volumes of Essays. They form a *catalogue raisonné* of wisdom, of wisdom divined and wisdom garnered, and the whole beautifully and winningly, as well as pungently, alembicated by an indisputably great mind. And if the Essays are, as they seemed to the wisest English critic of the nineteenth century, the most important work in English prose of that century it is because they are the work of the master genius of wisdom among the writers of his time."

## MASTER PAINTINGS OF HENRY HUDSON'S TIME

 HE great Hudson-Fulton celebration passed in a fortnight, but the exhibition it inspired, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has lasted for two months. To many, this collection of paintings by Hudson's contemporaries has brought more genuine delight than was conveyed by all the pageantry on land and river. *The Outlook* refers to the exhibition as "the most satisfactory single feature of the celebration," and goes on to call it "the finest of its kind ever made in a single gallery." Superlatives, indeed, are in every critic's mouth. Ernest Knaufft, in *The Review of Reviews*, does not hesitate to speak of the event as "the most important" in New York's art history, and William Howe Downes, in the Boston *Transcript*, adds his conviction that "the part of the show which includes the old Dutch pictures is the greatest collection of Old Masters ever assembled in America."

The exhibit consists of some hundred and fifty pictures, the pick of a dozen world-famous collections owned by Americans and Canadians. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan alone has contributed fifteen priceless canvases, several of which have never before been seen on this side of the Atlantic. The money value of the collection, Henry Tyrrell calculates, is at least \$10,000,000. Quite apart from artistic and financial considerations, there is something peculiarly felicitous in the fact that Hudson's period should be celebrated by an exhibition of paintings. For the age

in which he lived—roughly speaking, the first half of the seventeenth century—was signalized by the birth of one of the greatest artistic "schools" in the world's history. It was the age of Rembrandt and Frans Hals, of Vermeer, de Hooch, Jan Steen, Gabriel Metsu, and the Ruysdaels. These men of the Netherlands have their own special place in the history of art. Their work, at its best, has never been surpassed.

No less than thirty-four Rembrandts appear in the new exhibition. This fact in itself explains the presence of visitors who have come all the way from Europe to study the collection. "So far as Rembrandt is concerned," Mr. Downes remarks, "it is a more impressive showing of his work, everything considered, than that made on the occasion of the Rembrandt tercentenary at Leyden in the summer of 1906." Not the Rembrandt pictures alone, however, but the whole ensemble give this collection its unique significance. "It is, by itself," Royal Cortissoz, the art critic of the New York *Tribune*, comments, "a little exciting to see so many famous works gathered together in one place, and after the first moment of surprise there follows a kind of glut of the eye, a reckless gormandizing of massive draughtsmanship and sumptuous tho somber tone." He continues:

"Later impressions take account of more complex elements of charm and provoke reflection on the remarkable educational value of the col-



Owned by E. D. Libbey

## A TECHNICAL TOUR DE FORCE

Frans Hals' "Boy Playing the Flute" is the admiration of every artist. "Here you have," says Royal Cortissoz, "virtuosity fairly swaggering."

lection, framed as it is with special reference to that Dutch period in the history of New York which is just now uppermost in our minds. These pictures throw, to begin with, a flood of light on Dutch types, Dutch manners and dress, boldly relieved against a background of Dutch landscape and architecture. In the portraits of Rembrandt and Hals you are brought face to face with the seventeenth-century burgher and his wife; Vermeer and De Hoogh will show you how they lived at home, and while the Ruisdaels expose the character of the countryside and waterways in Holland the broadly humorous compositions of Jan Steen will people the scene for you with Hobbinol and his doxy. The light that suffuses this land of our ancestors is gray and cool. For all the moisture in that northern atmosphere things are seen clearly in it and painted with meticulous accuracy. Steady-going realists we dub the painters of the place and the period. For one explanation of the course they followed look at their flat landscape, their comfortable farmsteads and their comparatively sunless sky. Look also at the society reflected in their paintings, at the heavy frames and honest but quite unemotional physiognomies of the men and women, and at the wholesome, earthy lives they lead indoors and out. What more natural than that the artists dwelling in such an age of sturdy materialism should develop the gifts which go to the making of a realistic picture? Dependence

upon the visible fact, simplicity, truth, were in the very air they breathed."

But important as the pictures are as social documents, Mr. Cortissoz proceeds, their chief value, after all, is esthetic. "These masters are to be prized because they produced monuments to the life of their time. They are to be honored far more because they were men of rare accomplishment." In the case of Rembrandt, particularly, the train of thought evoked is likely to be of one man's consummate genius rather than of Dutch life revealed in his pictures. Mr. Cortissoz goes on to say:

"Allusion has been made to the cool gray light of Holland. It formed the art of the school, in some of its aspects, but it could not beat down the originality of the master of them all. He was too much of a colorist for that, and, by the same token, too imaginative, too much a man of

brains. It is worth while, as an illustration of the manner in which art is influenced in the making by more than the manual dexterity of which we are always hearing so much, to compare the essential stuff of Rembrandt's work with that to be found in the work of Hals. The latter is supreme, so far as he goes. The portraits by him in this collection are sheer miracles of technique. Consider the free, direct, and almost uncannily masterful brushwork in the portraits of Herr Bodolphe and his wife, lent by Mr. Morgan, and especially look at the modeling of the woman's face. Here you have virtuosity kept superbly in hand. Again, in Mr. Libbey's 'Boy Playing a Flute,' you have it fairly swaggering; the artist seems to exploit his marvelous resources with a shout of jubilant authority. Loosely tho he may handle his motive, as in the portrait just mentioned, or firmly and crisply, as in Mr. Borden's charmingly blonde 'Caspar Sibelius,' or Mrs. Huntington's 'Portrait of a Man,' he is always the man of an incomparably elastic and sure brush. He goes to the heart of the sitter, too, painting his prosperous bourgeois or his dashing young blood with all the straightforward human sympathy in the world. But while his feet are so stoutly planted on the earth that he paints you truth itself, while he is such a magician of the brush that he deeply satisfies your sense of style, it is to Rembrandt that you turn to see truth, and style, raised to the nth power."





Owned by J. P. Morgan.

## REMBRANDT AT HIS BEST

This is known as the "Portrait of Nicolaus Rutz," but its significance lies in its universal, rather than personal, meaning. It is a great human document. It shows Rembrandt's powers at their height.



Owned by P. A. B. Widener.

#### REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF HIS FIRST WIFE

The happiest days of Rembrandt's life are said to have been the nine years (1633-42) from the date of his betrothal to Saskia van Ulenburgh to her death.

Rembrandt, this critic reminds us, is "the great psychologist, the plunge into depths of which Hals knew nothing, the interpreter of emotions which seem at once to have stirred his soul and prodigiously heightened his technical powers."

"It is not in diversity of theme and mood alone that he imposes the weight of his genius upon us. It is, rather, by his power and penetration within a comparatively restricted field that he manifests his singularity. Of the numerous paintings by him shown on this occasion nearly all are portraits, and the important thing to note is the positive grandeur which they, by themselves, bring into the exhibition.

"He knows the spirit of youth, as witness the glowing 'Saskia,' belonging to Mr. Widener, or the 'Young Painter,' lent by Mr. Morgan. He knows the force and pride of manhood, as witness Mr. Vanderbilt's 'Noble Slav,' a kind of monument to arrogant masculinity. Then, glanc-

ing as we pass at such definitive studies of elderly complacency as Mrs. Havemeyer's celebrated 'Gilder,' we watch him at perhaps the gravest of all his tasks, the interpretation of old age. If there are two Rembrandts here which more than any others might be chosen as revealing the full height of his genius, they are the 'Portrait of Himself,' the majestic canvas of 1658 lent by Mr. Frick, and Mrs. Huntington's solemn 'Savant,' the portrait including an antique bust. It is not realism in any narrow sense that you apprehend in such paintings as these. It is realism surcharged with feeling, technique in which the power of the soul is active. One thinks of Michelangelo in the presence of the two portraits, of his largeness of form, his way of lifting the human body on to a plane of high imaginative significance. Only the Italian master was wont to throw a godlike sublimity over his models. Rembrandt keeps close to the tragedy of this world. Painting his own portrait or that of his brooding savant, he works broadly, grandly, with something of Michelangelo's elemental energy, but all the time his bosom is packed with intense emotion, all the time he is touched with 'the sense of tears in human things.'"

With similar enthusiasm, *The Outlook* speaks of the popularity of Rembrandt as akin to the popularity of Shakespeare and the New Testament, "for he is as full of human qualities as the one and of mystery as the other;" and Natalie Curtis, a writer in *The Craftsman*, declares: "It is the towering genius of Rembrandt van Rijn, in whom Dutch art finds its greatest expression, that instantly confronts the visitor to the New York art museum. The walls seem aglow with the luminous panels and canvases of this master, whose realism penetrates deeper than appearances, seeking not flesh and blood alone, but also the very soul, giving the spiritual as well as the actual life of every subject." The same writer selects the self-portrait of 1658 as the gem of the collection:

"Surely no one can look unmoved on the justly famed last self-portrait of Rembrandt. It was painted in sixteen hundred and fifty-eight, during the dark period of the artist's bankruptcy and social disgrace. Already an old man,—ac-

quainted with sorrow through the early death of Saskia, his first wife, and his first three children, Rembrandt had seen favor ebb and friends grow cold, while success waned; his creditors had claimed (albeit justly, we may believe) what was left of the fortune that his genius had won and that had slipped through his fingers in generous and prodigal expenditures. He had seen his art treasures, his collections and his library sold under the hammer for a few florins. Yet in this picture he faces the world with grave, self-possessed majesty,—the steady eyes, the heavy strength of his face, the glow of the gold-colored gaberline seeming to set ill-fortune at naught. With everything swept from him but his palet, he lifts his brush, claiming the supreme consolation of the artist,—the painter's consciousness of power in his art. It is as tho he said to Fate, 'You may do your worst, yet here I shall live, for all time master of Myself;—as tho this brilliant canvas declared that even the darkest adversity cannot put out the light of genius.'

Enthusiasm for the work of the Dutch masters is a comparatively recent development. It is not so long since the tendency was to depreciate them. Eugène Delacroix, the French painter, was felt to be perpetrating something of a blasphemy when he wrote in

his diary sixty years ago: "Perhaps we shall one day find that Rembrandt is a greater painter than Raphael;" and Ruskin, tho he acknowledged the greatness of Rembrandt and his school, did so somewhat grudgingly. "You will find, after all," he wrote, in "Modern Painters," "that the best Dutch painters do not care about the people, but about the lustres on them. Paul Potter, their best herd and cattle painter, does not care even for sheep, but only for wool; regards not cows, but cowhide. . . . Cuyt can, indeed, paint sunlight, the best that Holland's sun can show; he is a man of large natural gift, and sees broadly—nay, seriously; strong but unhelpful and unthoughtful. . . . There are deep elements in De Hooch and Ter-Borch, sometimes expressed with superb, quiet painting by the former. But the whole



Owned by Henry C. Frick.

#### THE GREATEST PICTURE IN THE HUDSON-FULTON COLLECTION

Rembrandt's portrait of himself (1658) is unanimously voted a masterpiece. "He gives us," says Byron Stephenson, the art critic of the *New York Evening Post*, "his own soul in his own portrait; he gives us the tragedy of his own life."

school is inherently mortal to all its admirers, having by its influence in England destroyed our perception of all purposes of painting, and throughout the north of the Continent effaced the sense of color among artists of every rank."

"How all those ideas have changed since the mid-Victorian days!" Henry Tyrrell exclaims, in the *New York World*. He continues:

"The price, or market value quoted, in connection with a work of art may or may not be a gage of its esthetic worth. Be that as it may, it is an important and interesting fact that the hundred and forty-odd paintings in this free-to-all Dutch loan exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum mean, at the most conservative estimate, ten million dollars in cold hard money. Does that seem a lot? Pause a moment and recall



Owned by Metropolitan Museum of Art.

#### DUTCH OUTDOOR LIFE ON CANVAS

"Kermesse," by Jan Steen, is a rollicking portrayal of the annual outdoor festival held in the Low Countries. The picture is typically Dutch in sentiment and execution.

that only two months ago, when an American millionaire was after the Duke of Norfolk's 'Holbein,' it cost \$320,000 to keep that picture in England. Rembrandt today brings as high a figure as Michael Angelo or Raphael. Within a year a Velasquez has gone to a dealer for 1,650,000 marks (a German mark is equivalent to 23.8 cents of our money), and the same price is said to have been offered to, and refused by, the Marquis of Lansdowne for his 'Mill,' by Rembrandt.

"Who bids and pays these millions for the Old World artistic heirlooms? Answer: Our Morgans, Fricks, Clarkes, Wideners, Johnsons and Altmans, mostly. That is the only way we can ever get together a worthy assemblage of the real old masters on this side of the Atlantic. The modern Napoleons of finance, with their commercial connoisseurship, are but doing what their military predecessor, Napoleon Bonaparte, did with his cannon.

"And the Dutch school of painting, perhaps the only one of the great schools of the past which even they with their millions could round up in such full representation at this late day,

is particularly appropriate to be shown on an artistic holiday in Knickerbocker New York, formerly named Nieuw Amsterdam."

Mr. Tyrrell's train of thought is carried a step further in the editorial columns of the *New York Evening Post*. "The acquisition of beautiful European works of art by Americans," it observes, "has been too often taken as a mere manifestation of the power of money. Without money, indeed, they could not have been bought. But there are plenty of rich collectors in England, Germany, and France who would not have grudged the money any more than have the Americans. Much more credit is due to the American's energy and growing taste than to his pocket-book." *The Post* concludes:

"The collection is an indication of the growth of an art atmosphere in the United States—a milieu without which the production of a modern art would be impossible. Plastic art is an in-





Owned by J. P. Morgan.

"A VISIT TO THE NURSERY"

One of Gabriel Metsu's charming studies, exhibited in the Hudson-Fulton collection. The original shows delicate characterization and excellent painting of accessories; the color is rich and brilliant.

tensely traditional thing. It connects itself at every stage with what has gone before it. Raphael would have been impossible without Perugino, and, in general, the Renaissance art of Italy could not have existed without ancient models. Art is an application of known forms and traditions to the new life of the time.

"So that collections such as that soon to be at the Metropolitan are not only a symptom of the rising taste and knowledge of the community but are a part of conditions without which modern art cannot lift its head. We often hear complaints from our artists to the effect that modern work is neglected and misunderstood, that modern American artists are not sufficiently encouraged, that their way is a hard one in an unsympathetic world—a wail natural enough, but thoughtless, for the public cannot be expected to desire or appreciate painting of the traditional basis of which it has no knowledge. The beauty cannot be felt, in other words, without the atmosphere. So that the bringing to America of old and new European art, far from harming our artists, is rapidly forming a *milieu* in which they may connect their plastic ideas


with traditional forms understood, and therefore appreciated, by the public. The new art cannot come except on the basis of the old; and first, of course, what is old and classic must be known and felt by the people."

The successful application of eternal form to the life of the time, the same writer goes on to say, is shown in this beautiful collection of Dutch paintings, as it is in all genuine art phenomena. The Dutch life of the seventeenth century is rampant in this school of painting. It tells us much about what is local and national, and what is due merely to the *Zeitgeist*; but at the same time it connects itself indissolubly with the formed life of the times preceding.

"Rembrandt gives a picture of life seen obviously by Dutch eyes, and by Dutch eyes of his particular day; but who can fail to find in the art of the great Dutchman traditions of form reaching back as far as the beginnings of civilization?"

# Religion and Ethics

## IS MRS. EDDY'S LEADERSHIP IN DANGER?

OR some months now, Mary Baker Eddy, the founder and leader of Christian Science, has been harassed by foes within as well as foes without her camp. Her so-called "next friends," including her foster son, Dr. Ebenezer Eddy (with his counsel, former United States Senator William E. Chandler), have threatened to bring suit against her for the second time. Her former disciples are in some cases turning against her. Mr. Waldo Pondray Warren, for instance, who spent eleven years in the Christian Science church, is now circulating an "open letter to unsatisfied Christian Scientists" attacking Mrs. Eddy's teachings on the sex problem; and Mrs. Della Gilbert has been trying to organize rival Christian Science services in New York hotels. But by far the most important recent event showing lack of harmony in the Christian Science movement is the official rebuke administered to Mrs. Augusta Stetson, of New York.

Every Christian Scientist knows of Mrs. Stetson. For twenty-five years she has been a towering figure in the movement. She has seen the New York membership of the cult grow from nothing to several thousand, and has done more than any other single person to promote this growth. When funds were needed to build the first Christian Science church in New York, she raised most of the money. When the church was finished, she was appointed First Reader and held the position for sixteen years. Her own home was, and is, next to the church. Her classes of Christian Science converts have been large and influential, including judges, lawyers, merchants, bankers, college professors, and many men and women in society. "From various sources," a writer in the hostile *New York Times* declares, "the information has come that Mrs. Stetson has profited largely through the generosity of her pupils during the last few years." The same writer continues:

"The handsome dwelling next door to the church is only a small part of the gifts she has received. The Stetson dwelling is furnished sumptuously. There is a Persian rug which was woven especially for her at a cost of about \$10,000. A

baby grand piano also was built especially for Mrs. Stetson and given to her by one of her wealthy pupils. Also there is a panel in the Stetson house depicting Christ with the Physicians, which covers the entire side of the drawing room. . . .

"From her pupils the regular fee was \$50, but at the end of the course of instruction a purse was usually made up. Most of her worldly possessions came in gifts and bequests. Six or seven years ago a Miss Bush of this city died and left Mrs. Stetson an estate worth \$50,000. There was a contest by the heirs, it is said, but Mrs. Stetson won. 'The Divine love triumphed,' as members of the congregation expressed it afterward. . . .

"Mrs. Stetson has a large collection of jewels. She wears many of these in public places and in her church work. Several large diamonds usually sparkle upon her hands. . . . While acting as teacher last winter, Mrs. Stetson dressed always in white. A medallion of Mrs. Eddy, surrounded by diamonds, was worn on her breast. Unlike most other teachers in the Church, she conducted her classes in the main sanctuary, she being seated on the platform, her pupils in the pews."

All of which only goes to show that Mrs. Stetson has been building up in New York during recent years a prestige and influence calculated to make Mrs. Eddy and her counselors of the "Mother Church" in Boston uneasy. It was inevitable that the church authorities should act, and act they did, at first evasively and gently, later with peremptory force.

Seven years ago the first decisive check was planned. It was felt that Mrs. Stetson had been too long the First Reader of the First Church of Christ Scientist, New York. A by-law was passed restricting the terms of office of the first and second readers of Christian Science churches to not more than three years, and providing against a re-election which would give consecutive terms. Mrs. Stetson was among the first compelled to comply with the new regulation.

But then, being free to concentrate her whole time and energy on her teaching, her influence grew stronger than ever. Her pupils were being continually transformed into Christian Science healers, and under her guidance they established their offices in the church edifice. Every day at noon she called

them together, in order to gain a general idea of the patients who were being treated and to exercise a general supervision over their work.

In July of the present year, Mrs. Eddy spoke out in unmistakable terms. She administered a public rebuke to Mrs. Stetson by printing a letter to her in *The Christian Science Sentinel*, the weekly organ of the church. It reads in part:

"The Scriptures say, 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.' You are aware that animal magnetism is the opposite of divine Science, and that this opponent is the means whereby the conflict against Truth is engendered and developed. Beloved! you need to watch and pray that the enemy of good cannot separate you from your Leader and best earthly friend."

Close on the heels of this letter came an order making a new provision in the church constitution and forbidding any church organization to allow practitioners' rooms to be maintained in the sanctuary. The occupants of twenty-six rooms in the church edifice at Ninety-sixth Street were compelled to change their quarters.

Even more sensational developments were to follow. Mrs. Stetson was summoned to Boston and subjected to rigid examination by the directors of the Mother Church. A few weeks later, at the beginning of October, the Boston officials revoked her license as a Christian Science teacher and practitioner for a period of three years, and removed her card from *The Christian Science Journal*, the monthly organ of the cult. Their reasons for this action were explained under seven heads:

"1.—That Mrs. Stetson teaches her students, or those with whom she has been holding daily meetings, that the branch Church of Christ, Scientist, of which she is a member is the only legitimate Christian Science Church in New York City; and she teaches students or said group of students not to regard the other branches of the mother church which are in that city as Christian Science churches.

"2.—That a considerable number of the witnesses whose testimony the directors have heard exhibit as Mrs. Stetson's teaching an erroneous sense of Christian Science, particularly in regard to the application of Christian Science to human needs and conditions.

"3.—That Mrs. Stetson endeavors to exercise a control over her students which tends to hinder their moral and spiritual growth.

"4.—That Mrs. Stetson endeavors to obtrude herself upon the attention of her students in



DISCIPLINED BY MRS. EDDY. EXONERATED BY HER OWN CONGREGATION

Mrs. Augusta Stetson, leader of Christian Science in New York, is the center of the liveliest controversy that has yet taken place in the development of the Christian Science movement.

such a manner as to turn their attention away from Divine principle.

"5.—That Mrs. Stetson practises and teaches pretended Christian Science contrary to the statement thereof in 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,' particularly by treating persons without their request or consent, and by teaching a select body of her students to do likewise.

"6.—That Mrs. Stetson attempts to control and to injure persons by mental means, this being utterly contrary to the teachings of Christian Science.

"7.—That Mrs. Stetson has so strayed from the right way as not to be fit for the work of a teacher of Christian Science.

"For these reasons the directors removed Mrs. Stetson's card as a practitioner and teacher from *The Christian Science Journal*; revoked her license or authority to teach Christian Science; forbade her to undertake the work of a teacher of Christian Science until her fitness for such work should be proved and decided, according to article 12, section 1, of said bylaws, and admonished her concerning the things thus pointed out by the directors."

The by-law in the church manual to which reference is made reads as follows:

"Misteaching.—If a member of this Church is found trying to practise or to teach Christian Science contrary to the statement thereof in its textbook, 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,' it shall be the duty of the Board of Directors to admonish that member according to Article XI., section 4. Then, if said member persists in this offence, his or her name shall be dropped from the roll of this Church."

The next action of the Boston officials was to "admonish" sixteen of Mrs. Stetson's pupils and to remove the professional cards of eight from *The Journal*. "The by-laws of the church," they said, "require that such admonition be given before discipline can ensue. The removal of cards from *The Journal* is not considered to be discipline, but rather a step toward the protection of the public against what might be called irregular or ignorant practice."

By this time the New York congregation was thoroly aroused. The majority of its members were plainly in sympathy with Mrs. Stetson. A committee appointed to meet the crisis excluded Virgil O. Strickler, the First Reader of the church (who was known to be opposed to Mrs. Stetson), included one of her admonished pupils, and actively championed her cause. Rumors of "secession" were rife, and the Boston officials rebuked the committee for its disloyalty. Then Mrs. Stetson herself quieted the storm temporarily by making a public statement:

"The reports that I am resisting the authority of the Board of Directors of the Mother Church, and that I expect to secede from that church and form an independent church, are false. I have not said to anyone any of the things attributed to me in the papers. On Oct. 16, 1909, I notified the Directors of the Mother Church that I would comply strictly with their orders, and therefore would neither teach classes in Christian Science nor convene or attend my Student's Association. I leave all judgment to God, the righteous Judge. On the same day I notified the Trustees of First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City, that I had so advised the authorities of the Mother Church. I also requested the secretary of my Students' Association to notify its members whom I taught in past years that there would be no meeting of my students this year.

"I shall never secede from Christian Science, and no student of mine, with my approval, will ever secede from Christian Science or disobey the constituted authorities of our denomination. I was never more devoted to the cause of Christian Science, to which I have given my whole life for twenty-five years. I was never more

grateful, loving, and obedient to my revered leader, Mary Baker Eddy, discoverer and founder of Christian Science, and the leader forever of all true Christian Scientists.

"I have labored for over twenty-three years to build and strengthen First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City. I have seen it spring from nothing to what it now is. It is for others to say what part I had in its growth. From what I have learned of its members by my labors in developing this church, and in teaching Christian Science to its members, I am sure that this church and my students everywhere will always be found holding the banner of Christian Science aloft most valiantly and fearlessly when the enemies of Christian Science are most aggressive."

This statement, however, so far from ending the controversy, seemed only to add fuel to the flames. Two days after its publication, a six-hour session of the New York congregation was held. Mr. Strickler was in the chair. The committee of investigation submitted a report covering fifty typewritten pages. It completely exonerated Mrs. Stetson. "The First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City," the report begins, "is a loyal branch of the Mother Church and is an organic part of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, founded by Mary Baker Eddy, and of which she is the perpetual head." The document proceeds:

"This branch church has grown in a little more than two decades from a small beginning to its present proportions, notwithstanding the fact that a number of Mrs. Eddy's students who were members at its organization or in the early days of its existence withdrew from its membership and formed other branch churches in this city, while this branch church was still young in years, few in numbers and apparently feeble in power.

"The same character of opposition which manifested itself toward this church through those who withdrew from its membership and formed other branch churches in the city subsequently manifested itself in other parts of the country, and has widened and intensified up to this present time.

"This opposition persistently formulated and assiduously circulated false reports regarding this branch church, regarding Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson and regarding others of its members."

The report goes on to recite charges of "ambition," "mesmerism," "hypnotism," etc., made against Mrs. Stetson, and declares them to have been inspired by "malicious animal magnetism, which is the opposite and the opponent of Christian Science." It says further:



"The effect of Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson's teachings and example upon persons who are now members of this branch church is proven to be as follows:

"(1). To promote in a marked degree the moral and spiritual progress of the members of this branch church.

"(2). To free great numbers of them from sickness and sin to which they were in bondage previous to their coming in touch with her.

"(3). To enable many of them to acquire such an understanding of Christian Science, such a love and loyalty to Mary Baker Eddy, and such consecration and obedience to God, Divine Principle, that they, too, have been enabled to free many of their fellow men from sin and sickness in their various phases.

"(4). To secure for those who heeded her teachings and example, present liberation from previous personal contagion or control, and an ever increasing exercise of the freedom of the sons of God—those who realize that they are really made in the image and likeness of Spirit; and are, therefore, not material, but spiritual; not mortal, but immortal.

"Mrs. Stetson has not manifested resentment or malice toward any of the directors or officers of the Mother Church or the Publishing Society or toward any other person.

"Mrs. Stetson has manifested in a marked degree the divine love enjoined by Jesus Christ and by our beloved leader, which loves enemies, prays for those that spitefully use and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for Christ's sake."

The final result of the embittered controversy can not be determined here. Mr. Archibald McClellan, the editor of *The Christian Science Sentinel*, intimates that the attitude of the Mother Church will in no way be affected by the action of the New York congregation; Mr. Alfred Farlow, another of the Boston officials, finds nothing in the committee's report to "indicate rebellion"; but the situation is obviously grave.

These latest developments in Christian Science have awakened widespread comment in the newspapers, and at least one aspect of the controversy is felt to have universal significance. It is noted that the principal charges made against Mrs. Stetson are that she used "animal magnetism," and tried to "control and to injure persons by mental means." According to stories printed in the newspapers, groups of Christian Scientists, inspired by Mrs. Stetson, have been wont to meet for the purpose of exerting hostile mental influences against certain enemies of the faith or disturbers in the church, condemning them to the grave or willing that

"the hand which writes against Christian Science should be palsied." These malign influences are said to have been projected regularly by relays of practitioners, and several witnesses testify that they have nearly been driven to insanity by such methods. One woman is declared to have fought against "mental assassination" so intensely that she developed psychic faculties of sufficient power to enable her body to pass through the walls of a room! On which *The Independent* comments:

"Of course, the charges, taken literally, are false. Some of those who have been admonished by the board of directors we know personally, and they are upright and benevolent people, quite incapable of using malicious animal magnetism. Those whom we do not know personally are also incapable of it, for there is no such thing. Nevertheless, we agree with Mrs. Eddy that this is the most heinous perversion of Christian Science and the most to be dreaded, and we sympathize with her efforts to free her Church of persons of this disposition, if such there be in it. It is a logical inference that if absent treatment may make a person well, it may make him ill, and that so few Christian Scientists have drawn this inference and taken advantage of it is the best evidence we have seen of the beneficial influence of the new religion on the character of its followers. They have exerted their powers, whatever these may be, for the promotion of health and happiness, and rarely, if ever, for the opposite purpose."

The New York *Sun* views the whole episode as an evidence of returning belief in witchcraft. It says:

"Some time ago we called attention to a remark by Professor Sumner of Yale in which he referred to the possibility that at any time there might appear a revival in the public acknowledgment of a belief in witchcraft. We were able to cite then a number of cases recently brought to light in the news of the day which showed how widespread was faith in occult malign influences controlled by men and women, and the drastic methods that were in use every day to overcome them and to punish or restrain those who employed them. A systematic investigation would unquestionably reveal a condition of superstition in the most cultivated and highly educated communities amazing in its extent and power. . . .

"Nor does the public laugh today at 'malicious animal magnetism' and its effects any more perhaps than the contemporaries of the Salem witches laughed at the misdeeds imputed to them, or primitive man flouted his mystery workers. We may be permitted to believe that in all times there have been men who refused to accept the boasts of witches and their kind at their face

value, tho the doubters may have maintained a discreet silence in the face of popular and official indorsement. Today there may be more of these disbelievers, proportionately, than heretofore;

certainly they are not slow to express their scepticism; but that Professor Sumner's opinion on the possibility of a revival in witchcraft is entirely justifiable seems beyond question."

## BERGSON'S NEW IDEA

ACCORDING to the well-worn adage, "there is no new thing under the sun"; but this, like other sayings, can only be accepted with qualifications. At the present moment an idea is abroad in the world which, if not exactly new, comes very near to deserving that epithet. It is the idea propounded by Henri Bergson, the French-Jewish philosopher quoted with so much respect in Prof. William James's latest writings. It is an idea that may revolutionize the whole history of philosophical and religious thought.

The tremendous importance of Bergson's idea can best be grasped in connection with a brief historical survey of the two central hypotheses of world-philosophy. For centuries, it may be said, men's conception of the universe has oscillated between an absolute and an evolutionary conception. The one school has contended that the universal scheme is changeless and eternal; the other that life is a succession of unfolding forms. For such a thinker as Hegel, the Absolute was the first word and the last. Struggle and progress were only illusory aspects of the universe, and time itself was a false appearance. But this conception began to weaken when Darwin appeared. It became more and more difficult to think in static terms. The question was bound to be asked: Is nothing *new* evolved? Bergson and his school answer this question with the statement: From time to time new qualities in things do actually emerge, fresh increments of being, new items of content in the universe.

It is significant that one of the clearest statements of this attitude has been made not by a philosopher, but by a playwright. In an address on the "New Theology," delivered in London not long ago, Bernard Shaw rejected "the entirely gratuitous assumption that the force behind the universe is omnipotent." We must rather conceive of it, he said, as "a bodiless impotent force, having no executive power of its own, wanting instruments, something to carry out its will in the world, making all manner of experiments, creating birds, reptiles, animals, trying one thing after another, rising higher and higher in the scale

of organism, and finally producing man."

This is the idea developed by Bergson in his books, and, in particular, in his latest work, "L'Évolution Créatrice" (Creative Evolution). Mr. A. O. Lovejoy, a writer in the *New York Evening Post* to whom we are indebted for our facts, characterizes Bergson as "a sort of modernized Heraclitus," and says:

"For M. Bergson, evolution is essentially 'creative'; is a *devenir réel*, a process in the course of which there is an actual and absolute coming into being of new items of existence, which not only were not contained in any preceding stage of the process, but were not even, in any intelligible sense, necessary or predestined at any such earlier stage. The reality of which evolution manifests the nature is an expanding life-force, an *élan vital*, an inward urge in things, a *poussée intérieure*; and 'the rôle of life is to bring about indeterminateness in the behavior of matter. In proportion as life evolves, the new forms which it engenders are undeterminable, not to be foreseen.' This does not mean, of course, that all is caprice and disorder; the creative achievement of the life-force is slow and is always obstructed by the inertness and mechanical rigidity of matter. . . . The process moves in a single general direction, and within distinctive limits; but it does move and always at the growing points of the universe things in some measure unprecedented and unpredictable are coming to the birth."

From this point of view, the lower organisms are not so much necessary stages in an orderly march as unfinished side-tracks. Upon no line save one could life find the free course in which its own meaning, its latent tendency, might be adequately realized. That one line lay in the development of intelligence and reflective reason. It is the mind, and the mind alone, that is capable of unlimited expansion.

Yet even rationality, as Bergson sees it, has its own peculiar dangers and limitations. It is oddly prone to take itself for something more than an instrument, or, as Mr. Lovejoy puts it, "it is a child constitutionally incapable of ever quite understanding the parent that begot it. For its idiosyncrasy, as a specific process, is that it must needs en-

deavor to represent things as discrete and as somehow fixed and crystallized; whereas, the real stuff of experience is continuous and is in perpetual flux. What is worse, reason, as the history of philosophy and that of religion abundantly show, has a perverse inclination to turn against the business and traditions of the house of which it is sprung and from which, in truth, it derives all of its support. The hard-won capital of life is thus turned against the ends of life; in intellectualist philosopher, in ascetic moralist, in other-worldly mystic, the will to live, active even here, is strangely set in activity against itself."

But for all these excesses of the intellect Bergson hopes to find a corrective. Reason, he points out, has, after all, the saving grace of being able to recognize its own limitations. So chastened, it will throw its influence toward the enrichment, rather than the denial, of life. To quote the arguments of his own book:

"The human intellect, as we conceive it, is not at all such a thing as Plato represents in the allegory of the cave. It is as little its function to gaze idly upon shadows as they pass as it is, turning backward, to lose itself in contemplation of the celestial splendor. It has other work to do. Yoked, like oxen, to a heavy task, we feel the play of our muscles, the weight of the plough, the resistance of the soil. To act and to know that we act, to enter into contact with reality—indeed, to *live* reality, yet only in the measure in which it is involved in the work that is in process of accomplishment, the furrow that is being drawn; such is the function of man's intellect. . . . Philosophy can be but an effort to immerse oneself afresh in the universal life. The intellect, coming into touch again with the source from which it sprang, will, as it were, live over again in reverse order its own genesis. But the enterprise is not one to be achieved at a stroke; it will necessarily be collective and progressive. It will consist in an exchange of insights which, correcting and supplementing one another, will enlarge this human nature of ours, and in the end enable it to transcend itself. . . . Such a philosophy, which seeks to absorb intelligence again into intuition, does more than simplify speculation. It also gives greater energy for action and for life. For with it we no longer feel ourselves isolated in humanity, and humanity itself no longer seems to us isolated in the nature over which it rules. As the smallest grain of dust is one with our whole solar system, drawn along with it in that undivided movement of descent which constitutes materiality, so all organic beings, from the humblest to the highest, . . . in all places as in all times, do but make manifest a single impulsion, contrary in its move-

ment to that of matter, and, in itself, indivisible. . . . The animal supports itself upon the plant, man goes astride of the animal, and all humanity, scattered through space and through time, is one immense army galloping beside and behind and in front of each of us, drawing us on in a sweeping charge that can beat down every resistance."

The full significance of Bergson's fascinating and, it may even be, epoch-making theory can not be determined at this time. His "in-correctibly dramatic imagination," his rare gift of style, are held by some to be perilous possessions for one who would practise the austerities of philosophic thinking. But one thing is already clear—he has made a unique contribution to philosophic thought. Mr. Lovejoy declares:

"He has presented what is to the philosopher more precious than the most imposing of conclusions; namely, a decisive premise from which significant conclusions can be drawn. He has, in a word, struck out a distinctive, and trenchant piece of dialectic. It is hardly the sort of thing that can be made either comprehensible or interesting to the untechnical reader in a paragraph; yet, in essence, it amounts to so simple a thing as the discovery of what is implied by the fact that we undeniably experience temporal duration. The genuinely temporal has usually fared ill at the hands of metaphysics, and even of science. But through M. Bergson, it promises to come into its own—almost for the first time since Heraclitus. For the author of *L'Évolution Créatrice* has, I think, put philosophers upon the way to a proof that our time-consciousness is incapable of inclusion within the being of any immutable Eternal, and is even incompatible with the assumption of the existence of such an entity; and that it is, in the last analysis, not less incompatible with the supposition that the world as a whole is a static system, constant in its total content and its ultimate qualities, such as mechanistic science has for certain purposes found it advantageous to postulate. M. Bergson has thus furnished at least the beginning of a demonstration that the nature of the universe is best understood in terms of process, of development, of the literal coming into being of new increments of reality; so that it may never be fully and intimately apprehended save through the inner experiences of life itself, through conscious participation in the travail of creation. The metaphysician of radical evolutionism has, in short, overloaded that doctrine (in view of its youth) with questionable detail and with romantic embellishments; but he has also fashioned and put into its hands potent weapons of persuasion. Than its entrance upon the field as a well-armed and militant philosophy, there have been not many more memorable occurrences in the history of ideas."

## A CHINAMAN'S PLEA FOR THE CHRISTIANIZATION OF HIS COUNTRY



ONE of the most noteworthy publications of the day in the department of religious thought is a small work issued recently by Moses Chiu, a Chinese Christian student of theology in the University of Berlin. The brochure is written in excellent German, and is entitled "Untersuchungen über Zivilisation, Moral und Evangelium in China" (Investigations of Civilization, Morality and the Gospel in China). The author is a high-grade Chinese savant who sees in Christianity the salvation of his country, but who interprets Christianity in his own Oriental fashion. He is far from sharing the customary blind zeal of the new convert. He does not hesitate to criticize what he regards as the weaknesses of his new faith, and he does not deny the good features of the creed he has abjured. He is particularly enthusiastic in his laudations of Confucius as a moral teacher. "All the coming centuries," he says, "will proclaim that among the sons of men no greater reformer of morality has arisen than Confucius." In this connection it is significant to note that a veteran German missionary has lately written a study, and on the whole a very sympathetic study, of "Confucius, the Saint of China, Viewed from a Christian Standpoint."

Doubtless the *pièce de resistance* of the new brochure is the second part, in which Chiu discusses the present condition of affairs in China. He registers his conviction that China has failed to progress and has deteriorated without having become conscious of how far she has fallen. She has even failed to recognize that the European nations have within recent centuries made any great progress. It was not until thirteen years ago, when Japan conquered China, that the statesmen of the latter became fully awake to the real condition of affairs. At first they did no more than recognize their own weakness; then, after the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war, they realized that they must introduce modern customs, after the manner of Japan, even if the difficulties in the way seemed insurmountable.

At present, Chiu declares, the motto of China is, Forward! She is encouraging reforms in schools, in the new sciences and in politics. The naval and military systems of Germany and England are being taken as

models; chemistry, physics, political economy, law and medicine are being studied at the higher institutions of learning, after the fashion of western peoples. Every useful art and every branch of science is welcomed in China, with the sole exception of the religion of the Western peoples. But what, asks this Oriental commentator, will be the inevitable result if the Chinese suppress the religious side of their life and confine themselves entirely to intellectual work? The outcome, he answers, can only be an atheistic type of civilization, surely leading to inner corruption. "We Chinamen," he says, "are more civilized than the natives of Africa, and for that reason our thieves are shrewder. Our coolies lie oftener, curse, swear and hate more vigorously, and sin more than do many other peoples. And now an agitation has originated within Christianity proposing to save China by means of the intellect." The argument proceeds:

"This agitation favors the establishment of higher schools in China. It would open hospitals, and teach Chinamen the practical value of art, science and politics. This movement explains to the Chinese the secrets of agriculture, bids them control the cruder passions, and inculcates plans for maintaining the well-being of the nation and the health of the individual. As this propaganda springs out of Christianity, many people believe that missionary enterprise has the same aims. I, for one, am not opposed to what these people are doing, but I am opposed to the principles underlying their work. Such teachings are shrewd, but not perfectly honest. In Christianity we find intelligence, but intelligence alone is not Christianity. A Christian lives a chaste life, but he does not do so for reasons of health, nor out of fear of disgrace. Christ gave us much more than a gospel of pure civilization. He preached not only to the poor and the ignorant, but also to intelligent Pharisees and Scribes, whom he condemned. The highly cultured classes often caused him more trouble than the plain people. The first great missionary, Paul, has not transmitted to us a gospel of mere intelligence. He did not ally himself with the Greek philosophers, but preached a plain Christianity, and a crucified Saviour. If the Asiatics become any shrewder than they are now, and develop intellectually far beyond their present status, they will become a menace to the European peoples. Civilization is a good thing, and so is morality, but the Chinese mind and disposition demand something more; for deep down in the China-



man's soul is the consciousness of something better, of supernatural and super-intellectual truth, of an ideal, higher Truth. Deeply rooted in the Chinese heart is the conviction that man is not the highest and the final being. His consciousness of sin is acute and his desire for deliverance pronounced. Nothing can accomplish the regeneration of China unless it strikes this centre and soul of his being. A religion which reveals to him the invisible God, which recognizes man in his relation to his God and establishes this relation properly—this is the religion that must be brought to us Chinamen, and without this there will be no real satisfaction and progress. Buddhism has not helped China. Theosophy can as little help us, else Lâo-Tsze, the founder of Taoism, would have been the saviour of China. Mohammedanism is too violent, and for this reason not suited to the mild and culturally-starved mind of the Chinese. Only one possible religion is left, namely Christianity. It is only the gospel of Christ that can satisfy, save and elevate China, for only this gospel gives the truth concerning the Creator, God, the creature, man, and the relation between God and man. The gospel is perfected by revelation, is made intelligible by reason and as realized in actual life. This religion is the religion of the heart; it combines intelligence and life."


It is a hard undertaking to win over China to Christianity, Chiu concedes; but if China is once converted, he says, she will always

remain a Christian nation. And how great will be the advantage, he exclaims, when China has come under Christian influence! Just laws will take the place of unjust; the poor and the forsaken will be cared for. China will no longer send its coolies, like beasts, to South Africa, America and Australia. China will no longer call other peoples, in its ignorance, "barbarians," and the strangers within her gates will no longer be "foreign devils." The writer enthusiastically concludes:

"With an inner prophetic eye, I see in the future China as a chosen people of God. And how great will the power of Christianity on earth be when China, with her almost untold millions, has become the possession of Jesus Christ. Civilize China, but civilize China by making her a Christian land!"

This little work of Moses Chiu has attracted a good deal of attention, especially in Germany. In commenting on the brochure in the *Alte Glaube*, of Leipzig, Pastor J. Flad says: "These are golden words! True, the writer does not yet see that his attitude toward Confucius is inconsistent with his status as a believer in Christianity; but time will doubtless remedy this defect." This reconciliation of Confucian and Christian ideas occurs to many a critic of this work.

## MARK TWAIN'S IDEA OF HEAVEN

NE of the cleverest fantasies that has been published in a long while is Mark Twain's "Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven."\* The narrative is in the form of a chronicle written by a jolly old sea-tar, and describes the events preceding and following his arrival at the heavenly gates. A subtle humor penetrates the whole story, verging at times on farce, yet never offending even the most delicate susceptibilities. The real significance of the book may be said to lie in the deep philosophic meanings that underly its apparently frivolous spirit.

"Well, when I had been dead about thirty years," the narrative opens, "I begun to get a little anxious." The old sea-captain, it seems, had been "whizzing through space all that time, like a comet." He was traveling about a million miles a minute. Once in a while he would strike a comet, and with one comet he had a race. In the excitement of

the contest he was carried far out of his true course. But at last he arrived in heaven.

It was a glorious place, with "the loveliest sunshine" and "the balmiest, fragrantest air." There were gates, miles high, made all of flashing jewels, and they pierced a wall of solid gold that you couldn't see the top of, nor the end of, in either direction. The skies were black with millions of people. What a roar they made, rushing through the air!

Captain Stormfield "lit," then drifted up to a gate with a swarm of people; and when it was his turn the head clerk said, in a business-like way: "Well, quick! Where are you from?" The Captain replied: "San Francisco." But no one had ever heard of San Francisco; he was asked for more particulars. He told them that he came from California, from America, and, finally, "the world." The clerk was as much puzzled as ever, and by this time was getting impatient. "Come, come," he said, "what world?" "Why, *the* world, of course," said the Captain. "*The* world!" rejoined his

\* HARPER AND BROTHERS.

inquisitor. "H'm! there's billions of them! . . . Next!"

The trouble was that Captain Stormfield had arrived at the wrong entrance. Heaven has a myriad of gates. He was pained and bewildered by his reception. After a while he summoned up courage to approach the clerk again. "Well, sir," he said humbly, "I don't seem to make out which world it is I'm from. But you may know it from this—it's the one the Saviour saved." The clerk bent his head at the Name, then observed, gently: "The worlds He has saved are like to the gates of heaven in number—none can count them." The Captain was in despair. He began to enumerate the planets—Mars, Neptune, Uranus, Jupiter. "Hold on!" cried the clerk. "Hold on a minute! Jupiter . . . Jupiter. . . . Seems to me we had a man from there eight or nine hundred years ago." The clue was followed up, and Captain Stormfield's "world" was at last located in an obscure corner of the map.

So Captain Stormfield was admitted into heaven, but somehow he felt strange and lonesome. The people were not of the sort he knew or expected; and they had no harps, or hymn-books or halos. He told the clerk about it, and was transferred to the heavenly localities where such things are called for. At the new booking-office a voice sang out "A harp and a hymn-book, pair of wings and a halo, size 13, for Cap'n Eli Stormfield, of San Francisco!—make him out a clean bill of health, and let him in." There were swarms of others being decked out in the same way, and soon the whole company were en route to a distant cloud-bank.

What happened next is best told in Captain Stormfield's own words:

"When I found myself perched on a cloud, with a million other people, I never felt so good in my life. Says I, 'Now this is according to the promises; I've been having my doubts, but now I am in heaven, sure enough.' I gave my palm branch a wave or two, for luck, and then I tautened up my harp-strings and struck in. Well, Peters, you can't imagine anything like the row we made. It was grand to listen to, and made a body thrill all over, but there was considerable many tunes going on at once, and that was a drawback to the harmony, you understand; and then there was a lot of Injun tribes, and they kept up such another war-whooping that they kind of took the tuck out of the music. By and by I quit performing, and judged I'd take a rest. There was quite a nice mild old gentleman sitting next me, and I noticed he didn't

take a hand; I encouraged him, but he said he was naturally bashful and was afraid to try before so many people. By and by the old gentleman said he never could seem to enjoy music somehow. The fact was, I was beginning to feel the same way; but I didn't say anything. Him and I had a considerable long silence, then, but of course it warn't noticeable in that place. After about sixteen or seventeen hours, during which I played and sung a little, now and then—always the same tune, because I didn't know any other—I laid down my harp and begun to fan myself with my palm branch. Then we both got to sighing pretty regular. Finally, says he—

"Don't you know any tune but the one you've been pegging at all day?"

"Not another blessed one," says I.

"Don't you reckon you could learn another one?" says he.

"Never," says I; 'I've tried to, but I couldn't manage it.'

"It's a long time to hang to the one—eternity, you know."

"Don't break my heart," says I; 'I'm getting low-spirited enough already.'

"After another long silence, says he—

"Are you glad to be here?"

"Says I, 'Old man, I'll be frank with you. This ain't just as near my idea of bliss as I thought it was going to be, when I used to go to church.'

"Says he, 'What do you say to knocking off and calling it half a day?'

"That's me," says I. 'I never wanted to get off watch so bad in my life.'

"So we started. Millions were coming to the cloud-bank all the time, happy and hosannahing; millions were leaving it all the time, looking mighty quiet, I tell you. We laid for the new-comers, and pretty soon I'd got them to hold all my things a minute, and then I was a free man again and most outrageously happy."

To Captain Stormfield's joy, his old friend Sam Bartlett now hove in sight. He seized the opportunity to get some trustworthy information regarding the occupations of people who live in heaven. "Now tell me," he asked, indicating the psalm-singing, "is this going on forever? Ain't there anything else for a change?" Bartlett answered:

"I'll set you right on that point very quick. People take the figurative language of the Bible and the allegories for literal, and the first thing they ask for when they get here is a halo and a harp, and so on. Nothing that's harmless and reasonable is refused a body here, if he asks it in the right spirit. So they are outfitted with these things without a word. They go and sing and play just about one day, and that's the last you'll ever see them in the choir. They don't need anybody to tell them that that sort of thing wouldn't make a heaven—at least not a

heaven that a sane man could stand a week and remain sane. That cloud-bank is placed where the noise can't disturb the old inhabitants, and so there ain't any harm in letting everybody get up there and cure himself as soon as he comes.

"Now you just remember this—heaven is as blissful and lovely as it can be; but it's just the busiest place you ever heard of. There ain't any idle people here after the first day. Singing hymns and waving palm branches through all eternity is pretty when you hear about it in the pulpit, but it's as poor a way to put in valuable time as a body could contrive. It would just make a heaven of warbling ignoramuses, don't you see? Eternal Rest sounds comforting in the pulpit, too. Well, you try it once, and see how heavy time will hang on your hands. Why, Stormfield, a man like you, that had been active and stirring all his life, would go mad in six months in a heaven where he hadn't anything to do. Heaven is the very last place to come to rest in,—and don't you be afraid to bet on that!"

An old bald-headed angel, Sandy McWilliams, volunteered more information to the Captain regarding heavenly customs. Heaven, he explained, is a kingdom, not a republic; it was a great mistake to suppose that "everybody was on a dead level with everybody else, and privileged to fling his arms around anyone he comes across, and be hail-fellow-well-met with all the elect, from the highest down." There are ranks in heaven. There are viceroys, princes, governors, sub-governors, sub-sub-governors, and a hundred orders of nobility, grading along down from grand-ducal archangels, stage by stage, until the general level is struck. Patriarchs, it seems, have a lower place in the heavenly hierarchy than prophets. "The newest prophet, even," Sandy told the Captain, "is of a sight more consequence than the oldest patriarch. Yes, sir, Adam himself has to walk behind Shakespeare." Then the following conversation took place:

"Was Shakespeare a prophet?"

"Of course he was; and so was Homer, and heaps more. But Shakespeare and the rest have to walk behind a common tailor from Tennessee, by the name of Billings; and behind a horse-doctor named Sakka, from Afghanistan. Jeremiah and Billings and Buddha walk together, side by side, right behind a crowd from planets not in our astronomy; next come a dozen or two from Jupiter and other worlds; next come Daniel and Sakka and Confucius; next a lot from systems outside of ours; next come Ezekiel and Mahomet, Zoroaster and a knife-grinder from

ancient Egypt; then there is a long string, and after them, away down toward the bottom, come Shakespeare and Homer, and a shoemaker named Marais, from the back settlements of France."

"Have they really rung in Mahomet and all those other heathens?"

"Yes—they all had their message and they all get their reward. The man who don't get his reward on earth needn't bother—he will get it here, sure."

"But why did they throw off on Shakespeare, that way, and put him away down there below those shoemakers and horse-doctors and knife-grinders—a lot of people nobody ever heard of?"

"That is the heavenly justice of it—they warn't rewarded according to their deserts on earth, but here they get their rightful rank. That tailor Billings, from Tennessee, wrote poetry that Homer and Shakespeare couldn't begin to come up to; but nobody would print it, nobody read it but his neighbors, an ignorant lot, and they laughed at it. Whenever the village had a drunken frolic and a dance, they would drag him in and crown him with cabbage leaves, and pretend to bow down to him; and one night when he was sick and nearly starved to death, they had him out and crowned him, and then they rode him on a rail about the village, and everybody followed along, beating tin pans and yelling. Well, he died before morning. He wasn't ever expecting to go to heaven, much less that there was going to be any fuss made over him, so I reckon he was a good deal surprised when the reception broke on him."

It is the wish of the heavenly guardians, Sandy assured the Captain, that everybody should be as happy as possible. The only requests refused new-comers are the unreasonable and sacrilegious requests. "For instance, there's a Brooklyn preacher by the name of Talmage who is laying up a considerable disappointment for himself. He says, every now and then in his sermons, that the first thing he does when he gets to heaven will be to fling his arms around Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and kiss them and weep on them. There's millions of people down there on earth that are promising themselves the same thing. As many as sixty thousand people arrive here every single day, that want to run straight to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and hug them and weep on them. Now, mind you, sixty thousand a day is a pretty heavy contract for those old people. If they were a mind to allow it, they wouldn't ever have anything to do, year in and year out, but stand up and be hugged and wept on thirty-two hours in the twenty-four. They would be tired out and as wet as muskrats all the time. What would heaven be to *them*? It would be a

mighty good place to get out of—you know that, yourself. Those are kind and gentle old Jews, but they ain't any fonder of kissing the emotional highlights of Brooklyn than you be. You mark my words, Mr. T.'s endearments are going to be declined, with thanks. There are limits to the privileges of the elect, even in heaven."

The book concludes with an account of the reception tendered by the heavenly hosts to a reformed bar-keeper from Jersey City. The man had been converted at a Moody and Sankey meeting in New York and had started home on a ferry boat. There was a collision and he got drowned. He was of a class that think all heaven goes wild when a sinner is saved, and the heavenly guardians would not have disappointed him for the world. A tremendous ovation was planned and Captain Stormfield took it in.

"Sandy and I put on our things. Then we made a wish, and in a second we were at the reception-place. We stood on the edge of the ocean of space, and looked out over the dimness, but couldn't make out anything. Close by us was the Grand Stand—tier on tier of dim thrones rising up toward the zenith. From each side of it spread away the tiers of seats for the general public. They spread away for leagues and leagues—you couldn't see the ends. They were empty and still, and hadn't a cheerful look, but looked dreary, like a theatre before anybody comes—gas turned down. . . .

"Then there was a sudden and awful glare of light all about us, and in that very instant every one of the millions of seats was occupied, and as far as you could see, in both directions, was just a solid pack of people, and the place was all splendidly lit up! It was enough to take a body's breath away. Sandy says,—

"That is the way we do it here. No time fooled away; nobody straggling in after the curtain's up. Wishing is quicker work than traveling. A quarter of a second ago these folks were millions of miles from here. When they heard the last signal, all they had to do was to wish, and here they are."

"The prodigious choir struck up,—

We long to hear thy voice,

To see thee face to face.

"It was noble music, but the uneducated chipped in and spoilt it, just as the congregations used to do on earth.

"The head of the procession began to pass, now, and it was a wonderful sight. It swept along, thick and solid, five hundred thousand angels abreast, and every angel carrying a torch and singing—whirring thunder of the wings made a body's head ache. You could follow the line of the procession back, and slanting upward into the

sky, far away in a glittering snaky rope, till it was only a faint streak in the distance. The rush went on and on, for a long time, and at last, sure enough, along comes the barkeeper, and then everybody rose, and a cheer went up that made the heavens shake, I tell you! He was all smiles, and had his halo tilted over one ear in a cocky way, and was the most satisfied-looking saint I ever saw. While he marched up the steps of the Grand Stand, the choir struck up,—

The whole wide heaven groans,

And waits to hear that voice.

"There were four gorgeous tents standing side by side in the place of honor, on a broad-railed platform in the centre of the Grand Stand, with a shining guard of honor round about them. The tents had been shut up all this time. As the barkeeper climbed along up, bowing and smiling to everybody, and at last got to the platform, these tents were jerked up aloft all of a sudden, and we saw four noble thrones of gold, all caked with jewels, and in the two middle ones sat old white-whiskered men, and in the two others a couple of the most glorious and gaudy giants, with platter halos and beautiful armor. All the millions went down on their knees, and stared, and looked glad, and burst out into a joyful kind of murmurs. They said,

"Two archangels!—that is splendid. Who can the others be?"

"The archangels gave the barkeeper a stiff little military bow; the two old men rose; one of them said, 'Moses and Esau welcome thee!' and then all the four vanished, and the thrones were empty.

"The barkeeper looked a little disappointed, for he was calculating to hug those old people, I judge; but it was the gladdest and proudest multitude you ever saw—because they had seen Moses and Esau. Everybody was saying, 'Did you see them?—I did—Esau's side face was to me, but I saw Moses full in the face, just as plain as I see you this minute!'

"The procession took up the barkeeper and moved on with him again, and the crowd broke up and scattered. As we went along home, Sandy said it was a great success, and the barkeeper would have a right to be proud of it forever. And he said *we* were in luck, too; said *we* might attend receptions for forty thousand years to come, and not have a chance to see a brace of such grand moguls as Moses and Esau. We found afterwards that we had come near seeing another patriarch, and likewise a genuine prophet besides, but at the last moment they sent regrets. Sandy said there would be a monument put up there, where Moses and Esau had stood, with the date and circumstances, and all about the whole business, and travellers would come for thousands of years and gawk at it, and climb over it, and scribble their names on it."

All this, Edwin Markham remarks, in the



New York *American*, is not only good humor, but also good common sense. "It is a book where truth peers out between the smiles." Mr. Markham comments further:

"Mark Twain is not the first to announce some of these ideas, altho he is the first to cast them into the form of humorous fiction. Swedenborg, the noted seer, tells us that each one is drawn by spiritual gravitation to the place hereafter that exactly represents his spiritual state. If he is a mere self-seeker, he goes to the realm of self-seekers; if he is a worker for human welfare, he goes to the realm of those who stand for the common good. Each one goes to the place he has made for himself, goes to his own kind—the frivolous to the frivolous, the hateful to the hateful, the loving to the loving, the heroic to the heroic.

"Moreover, Swedenborg, in one of his 'Memorable Relations,' tells of a certain region in the World of Souls where he saw gathered together those of the churchly classes who think that the next life is to be devoted to mere praying, singing and harping. He reports that these people tire of this at last, and cry out for a life of the old familiar activities, a life that will give exercises to all their faculties. At this point some wise angel opens the way for these awakened ones to pass on and up into some heavenly society, where they live a life made up of friendly delights and many congenial labors for the common good—the only enduring happiness possible for man.

"Echoes of these and other ideas, suggesting the revelations of the great Swedish seer, are heard sounding through this last volume of our great American humorist."

## "WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"—SOME TWENTIETH CENTURY VIEWS

**W**HEN Jesus asked the Pharisees, "What think ye of Christ? whose son is he?" he propounded questions of which the echoes are still reverberating through the world. For close on twenty centuries men of every sort and in every clime have been debating the same questions, and the final answers seem as remote as ever. Now, as always, the church is busily employed in defending the claims of Jesus as son of God and saviour of the world. Now, as always, the heretics and "intellectuals" are as busily disputing these claims.

No one can follow the intricacies of theological controversy without being constantly struck by the importance attached to interpretations of Christ. From earliest Christian times the most dangerous and unforgivable heresies have been felt to be those dimming his glory and denying his divinity. It will never be known how many men and women have been tortured or burned at the stake because they could not or would not believe that Christ is God. And the spirit of theological odium persists, in all its intensity, even unto this day. Francisco Ferrer, the Spanish educator and Anarchist who was executed at Montjuich Prison on October 13, was accused of political crimes, but seems to have owed his death chiefly to religious animosity. He was a thorn in the side of the church. His militant free-thought, his slurring references to "the so-called Jesus Christ," unloosed the ancient hatreds.

It is not alone in the *milieu* of Ferrer, however, nor in circles ordinarily regarded as ultra-radical, that subversive views of Christ are held. Typical "intellectuals" in many countries can only be branded as heretics by the church. Such an attitude toward Christ, for instance, as that taken by H. G. Wells in his "First and Last Things" is bound to be repugnant to every sincere Christian. Mr. Wells not merely denies the divinity of Christ but tells why to him Christ has never been a satisfactory ideal. George Meredith and Swinburne were equally far from the orthodox Christian position, and Bernard Shaw and Anatole France can not be described as Christians at all.

The unrest and ferment characterizing the purely intellectual life of our time are equally apparent in the religious world. The old standards are not felt to be secure. Evangelical revivals no longer touch the psychology of the masses. The church is becoming more and more afraid of heresy-trials. Theological journals and books teem with eager discussions questioning or affirming the fundamentals of the faith, and endeavoring to formulate the twentieth-century estimate of Christ.

In America, in England, in Germany, the same main streams of theological tendency may be traced. Our own country has lately been both inspired and shocked by the remarkable utterance of ex-President Eliot, of Harvard University, defining "The Religion of the Future." Dr. Eliot expressed his conviction that Christ's revelation would become

"more wonderful than ever" to humanity, but in the same breath ruled out "the supernatural," and declared: "God is so absolutely immanent that no mediation is needed between Him and the least particle of His creation."

Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard University, regarded as the most vigorous and original representative of idealistic philosophy in America, and writing in the same number of the *Harvard Theological Review* as that in which Dr. Eliot's address is printed in full, takes quite a different view. He confesses that he fully shares the unwillingness of modern scholars to accept the "legends" of the New Testament as literally true, yet he feels that these very legends have a deeper meaning, and may be symbolically, if not actually, true. Moreover, he contends, Christianity is essentially a redemptive religion. To rob it entirely of the ideas of incarnation and atonement is to rob it of its most vital elements.

The importance that Professor Royce attaches to the doctrine of incarnation may be gathered from this passage:

"God, as our philosophy ought to conceive him, is indeed a spirit and a person; but he is not a being who exists in separation from the world, simply as its external creator. He expresses himself in the world; and the world is simply his own life, as he consciously lives it out. To use an inadequate figure, God expresses himself in the world as an artist expresses himself in the poems and the characters, in the music or in the other artistic creations, that arise within the artist's consciousness and that for him and in him consciously embody his will. Or again, God is this entire world, viewed, so to speak, from above and in its wholeness as an infinitely complex life which in an endless series of temporal processes embodies a single divine idea. You can indeed distinguish, and should distinguish, between the world as our common sense, properly but fragmentarily, has to view it, and as our sciences study it,—between this phenomenal world, I say, and God, who is infinitely more than any finite system of natural facts or of human lives can express. But this distinction between God and world means no separation. Our world is the fragmentary phenomenon that we see. God is the conscious meaning that expresses itself in and through the totality of all phenomena. The world, taken as a mass of happenings in time, of events, of natural processes, of single lives, is nowhere, and at no time, any complete expression of the divine will. But the entire world, of which our known world is a fragment,—the totality of what is, past, present, and future, the totality of what is physical and of what is mental, of what is temporal and of what is enduring,—this entire world is present at once to the eternal divine con-

sciousness as a single whole, and this whole is what the absolute chooses as his own expression, and is what he is conscious of choosing as his own life. In this entire world God sees himself lived out. This world, when taken in its wholeness, is at once the object of the divine knowledge and the deed wherein is embodied the divine will. Like the Logos of the Fourth Gospel, this entire world is not only with God, but is God."

But the question immediately arises—"the deepest and also the most tragic question of our present poor human existence," Professor Royce calls it—Why, then, if the world is the divine life embodied, is there so much evil in it,—so much darkness, ignorance, misery, disappointment, warfare, hatred, disease, death?—in brief, why is the world as we know it full of the unreasonable? In the answer to this question appears the need of atonement:

"Has this problem of evil any solution? I believe that it has a solution, and that this solution has long since been in substance grasped and figured forth in symbolic forms by the higher religious consciousness of our race. This solution, not abstractly stated, but intuitively grasped, has also expressed itself in the lives of the wisest and best of the moral heroes of all races and nations of men. The value of suffering, the good that is at the heart of evil, lies in the spiritual triumphs that the endurance and the overcoming of evil can bring to those who learn the hard, the deep but glorious, lesson of life. And of all the spiritual triumphs that the presence of evil makes possible, the noblest is that which is won when a man is ready, not merely to bear the ills of fortune tranquilly if they come, as the Stoic moralists required their followers to do, but when one is willing to suffer vicariously, freely, devotedly, ills that he might have avoided, but that the cause to which he is loyal, and the errors and sins that he himself did not commit, call upon him to suffer in order that the world may be brought nearer to its destined union with the divine."

From this it follows that the true doctrine of the Incarnation and of the Atonement is, in its essence, simply the conception of God's nature which the solution of the problem of evil requires. Professor Royce's argument concludes:

"First, God expresses himself in this world of finitude, incarnates himself in this realm of human imperfection, but does so in order that through finitude and imperfection, and sorrow and temporal loss, he may win in the eternal world (that is, precisely, in the conscious unity of his whole life) his spiritual triumph over

evil. In this triumph consists his highest good, and ours. It is God's true and eternal triumph that speaks to us through the well-known word: 'In this world ye shall have tribulation. But fear not; I have overcome the world.'

"And now, secondly, the true doctrine of the atonement seems to me simply this: We, as we temporally and transiently are, are destined to win our union with the divine only through learning to triumph over our own evil, over the griefs of fortune, over the unreasonableness and the sin that now beset us. This conquest we never accomplish alone. As the mother that bore you suffered, so the world suffers for you and through and in you until you win your peace in union with the divine will. Upon such suffering you actually depend for your natural existence, for the toleration which your imperfect self constantly demands from the world, for the help that your helplessness so often needs. When you sorrow, then, remember that God sorrows,—sorrows in you, since in all your finitude you still are part of his life; sorrows for you, since it is the intent of the divine spirit, in the plan of its reasonable world, that you should not remain what you now are; and sorrows, too, in waiting for your higher fulfilment, since indeed the whole universe needs your spiritual triumph for the sake of its completion.

"On the other hand, this doctrine of the atonement means that there is never any completed spiritual triumph over sorrow which is not accompanied with the willingness to suffer vicariously; that is, with the will not merely to endure bravely, but to force one's very sorrow to be an aid to the common cause of all mankind, to give one's life as a ransom for one's cause, to use one's bitterest and most crushing grief as a means towards the raising of all life to the divine level. It is not enough to endure. Your duty is to make your grief a source of blessing. Thus only can sorrow bring you into conscious touch with the universal life.

"Now all this teaching is old. The church began to learn its own version of this solution of the problem of evil when first it sorrowed over its lost master; when first it began to say: 'It was needful that Christ should suffer'; when first in vision and in legend it began to conceive its glorified Lord. When later it said, 'In the God-man Christ God suffered, once for all and in the flesh, to save us; in him alone the Word became flesh and dwelt among us,' the forms of its religious imagination were transient, but the truth of which these forms were the symbol was everlasting. And we sum up this truth in two theses: First, God wins perfection through expressing himself in a finite life and triumphing over and through its very finitude. And secondly, Our sorrow is God's sorrow. God means to express himself by winning us through the very triumph over evil to unity with the perfect life, and therefore our fulfilment, like our existence, is due to the sorrow and the triumph of God

himself. These two theses express, I believe, what is vital in Christianity."

In the scholarly *Hibbert Journal*, published in England, equally fundamental issues are being debated. The Rev. R. Roberts, a Congregational minister of Bradford, threw down a sort of challenge, several months ago, in an article entitled "Jesus or Christ?" He took the ground that there was something incongruous in the idea of a twentieth-century Englishman modeling his life upon the maxims of a first-century Jew. He felt that the ethics of Jesus were not so much ideal as impossible, that his maxims were not really moral at all, but sentimental and fanciful. "On non-resistance and oath-taking," he said, for instance, "the rule attributed to Jesus is absolute. Yet, as a whole, Christendom has openly violated it throughout its history. His most distinguished followers, popes and bishops, have waged wars and consecrated battle-ships; and the existence of Christian armies proves that Jesus has been unable to get his own followers to obey his rule." The historic Jesus, Mr. Roberts argued, was inevitably limited in his character and outlook, but the same objections did not hold good in regard to a spiritual "Christ Ideal," expanding and enriching through the ages into "the Christ that is to be."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Prof. J. H. Moulton, of Manchester, have taken up the gauntlet on the Christian side. Mr. Chesterton's mood is thoroly characteristic. He says:

"The thing that strikes me most about Mr. Roberts is that he is wrong on the facts. He is especially wrong on the primary fact of what sort of person the Jesus of the Gospels appears to be. The whole of Mr. Roberts's contention is ultimately this: that when we look, so to speak, through the four windows of the Evangelists at this mysterious figure, we see there a recognizable Jew of the first century, with the traceable limitations of such a man. Now, this is exactly what we do not see. If we must put the thing profanely and without sympathy, what we see is this: an extraordinary being, who would certainly have seemed as mad in one century as another, who makes a vague and vast claim to divinity, who constantly contradicts himself, who imposes impossible commands, who where he seems wrong to us would certainly have seemed quite as wrong to anybody else, who where he seems specially right to us is often in tune with matters not ancient but modern, such, for instance, as the adoration of children. For some of his utterances men might fairly call him a maniac; for others, men long centuries afterwards might justly call him

a prophet. But what nobody can possibly call him is Galilean of the time of Tiberius. That was not how he appeared to his own family, who tried to lock him up as a lunatic. That is not how he appeared to his own nation, who lynched him, still shuddering at his earth-shaking blasphemies. The impression produced on sceptics, ancient and modern, is not that of limits, but rather of a dangerous absence of limits; a certain shapelessness and mystery of which one cannot say how far it will go."

Professor Moulton falls back on what may be termed the pragmatic argument. He appeals to the universal response which Christ has evoked in the hearts of men:

"If this Jesus is nothing more than a supremely good Jew of the olden time, of whom we know very little, so that a learned man from somewhere or other has even determined him to be a myth, how are we going to explain the way the world is going after him? The simple fact is that neither Jesus nor Christ could do it: Jesus Christ alone can work the marvel we see today. Those who think it all incredible should go and look for themselves. They would find men and women of races and cultures and languages lying poles asunder all taking hold in their different ways of this unlettered Jew of long ago. By an instinct that men cannot explain, they all find in him their own countryman and contemporary, the Friend of their own daily life, the Strength of their realized weakness. Who less than the Son of Man, he who is Universal Man because he was God over all, could thus meet the heart's needs of every son of man? The earliest message of Christian preachers was 'Jesus Christ is Lord.' It is the message still, and we win our way to it through paths of rigid historical and higher criticism, comparative religion, and broad unprejudiced modern outlook on the facts of life to-day. To deny it is to throw away the only key that can unlock the mystery of the world."

In Germany, the country, *par excellence*, of theological discussion, the "Christ-controversy" evokes the interest not merely of religious students but of the public at large. Hundreds of thousands of such works as Harnack's "Essence of Christianity," and Bousset's "Jesus" have been circulated. The emphasis of Harnack is upon "the Father," rather than upon "the Son," while Bousset does not hesitate to attack the historical accuracy of the gospels. Such views have profoundly influenced the popular consciousness.

Pastor Hans Bachmann, a conservative writer in the *Geistenkampf der Gegenwart* (the new name of the famous *Beweis des Glaubens*) who tries to bind together the

threads of the controversy by giving a survey of the general attitude of these "advanced" thinkers, points out that the tendency of the day is to treat Christ merely as a religious genius. The fallibility of the gospel records is taken for granted; the fourth gospel in many cases is discarded altogether; miracles are denied; the resurrection is explained away; and the Jesus who finally emerges is "a popular philosopher, a religious hero." As for the teaching of Jesus, in the eyes of these moderns, Pastor Bachmann sums it up as follows:

"He did not in his religious thoughts and feelings transcend what was found in the religious atmosphere in which he lived. He was an overpowering personality who in the domain of religion did what other equally overpowering personalities have done in other spheres. He did not reveal absolutely new facts by giving or receiving revelation from a higher source. By virtue of his natural abilities he discovered that the hidden God was the God of love and that He regarded us as His children. Humble confidence in the Heavenly Father, a confidence which leads man with child-like trust to place himself under the protection of the love of God and accept His commandments—this is the new religion of Jesus. An entirely individual and direct relation of the soul to God is thereby attained, and the attainment of this relation to God is possible for every creature already upon the earth, and for this reason the religion of Jesus is adapted to become the religion of the whole world. This religious hero and genius, Jesus of Nazareth, imparted his own faith to other souls, and through them to still others."

This picture, Pastor Bachmann feels, is profoundly unsatisfactory. It was created, he says, by subjective reasoning, to fit preconceived theories. It is a product of the "religion of the era of Darwin." He continues:


"This conception of the life of Christ practically makes the gospels pious frauds, the degree to which this was intentional being perhaps an open question. There simply can be no denial of the fact that the gospel records themselves intend to depict a Jesus who was the Son of God and the Saviour of the World. According to ordinary historical standards it must be considered settled that Jesus himself claimed to be a divine being, that his mission was to save and to redeem, and that he was unmeasurably more than a religious hero or genius.

"It must, however, be acknowledged that the choice between the new and the old picture of Christ is a matter of faith and not of logical argument or critical acumen."



# Music and the Drama

## "THE HARVEST MOON"—A NEW PLAY OF MENTAL SUGGESTION

T IS perhaps not surprising in view of the success of "The Witching Hour," that Mr. Augustus Thomas has again embarked upon the perilous sea of mental suggestion. However, since the day when his play first puzzled the critics, many changes have come to pass and the realm of the psychic is no longer a fairyland forlorn to the dramatic explorer. "The Third Degree," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," "The Vampire" and "The Climax" have familiarized the public with the doctrine first espoused theatrically in "Trilby." It is a far cry from "Trilby" to "The Harvest Moon." In the days of Du Maurier hypnotism was regarded as a mysterious, malignant force. Our age has destroyed the exaggerated conception of hypnotic power. We have come to realize that the dramatic passes that produce kataleptic trances are perhaps more picturesque but far less important than the suggestions which from various sources, now diminishing now increasing, constantly invade the brain.

"The Harvest Moon" is a play of suggestion in its subtlest, and, we may say, most vital aspect. The first act of Mr. Thomas's play takes us to the study of Professor Marshall Fullerton. Assembled we find his family in serious consultation because his daughter, Dora, has elected to go on the stage. She has broken off a juvenile engagement to Graham Winthrop, and it is hinted that she is in love with Willard Holcomb, the author of the play in which she is to make her first bid for fame. In vain her Aunt Cornelia reminds her of her mother's fate, who left her father dazzled by the illusory hope of operatic success, and died away from her home, divorced from her husband, a woman broken and disappointed. Judge Elliott, an old friend of the family, explains to the young playwright that Dora being a minor her contract is invalid. The family, however, are unwilling to invoke the law. In their despair they turn to M. Vavin, a distinguished French author, who has befriended both father and daughter in Paris; in fact, he always manifested in Dora an almost fatherly interest. They expect that he as a man of the world will dissuade Dora from her ambi-

tion. Dora declares her willingness to abide by his decision.

JUDGE. What can we tell you that a man of the world doesn't know. In America the woman who goes on the stage closes the door of social opportunity.

VAVIN. Is it open otherwise this door of social opportunity?

JUDGE. Quite. We haven't the American dollar standard in New England. A professorship in Harvard is a distinction. The name "Fullerton"—

VAVIN. Oh, the name has applause in France. (*Points to Fullerton.*) That is the ribbon of our Legion d'Honneur, I know, but for the girl? Her future? Here?

FULLERTON. Here in the summer. In winter we are in Cambridge.

JUDGE. Practically Boston!!

VAVIN. 'M-m-m.

FULLERTON. An interesting circle of eligible young men.

VAVIN. But what work? What expression? Here is temperament of the artiste, also—this fear.

FULLERTON. Fear?

VAVIN. Somebody tells her the mother has been eccentric.

FULLERTON. (*To Judge.*) Cornelia talks too much.

JUDGE. It occurred to me Cornelia's method was bad.

VAVIN. And so I—I am sympathetic.

FULLERTON. I'll close these doors.

JUDGE. (*Anxious, on sofa.*) Did Cornelia hear me?

VAVIN. (*Smiling to Judge.*) You are a little afraid, too.

FULLERTON. (*Returning.*) Monsieur!

VAVIN. Professor?

FULLERTON. Although Judge Elliott has retired from practice he is kind enough to still direct such legal business as I have.

VAVIN. I hope you will not invoke the law for your daughter.

FULLERTON. (*Shaking head.*) Another matter— (*Indicates surroundings.*) The money that enables us to live here,—a professorship wouldn't—(*Vavin bows.*) is the interest upon a fund in trust? (*Pause.*) I mention this because if the property were my own, my first thought in this situation would not be of that, but I must protect what I hold only in trust. (*Vavin bows.*) And, Judge, a thing I am therefore now

forced to tell you, I think Monsieur Vavin should also hear— (*To Vavin.*) And in confidence— (*Pause. Vavin assents.*) Dora is not my daughter!

JUDGE. (*Excitedly.*) Not your daughter?

FULLERTON. (*Shaking head.*) Dora was born in France, a year after her mother divorced me and more than two years after the mother left me to study there.

JUDGE. The mother was— (*Pause.*) That is— (*Pause.*) You know the father? (*Fullerton shakes head.*)

VAVIN. (*Pause.*) The young lady believes—

FULLERTON. That I am her father.

JUDGE. (*Astonished.*) I'd never dreamed it.

FULLERTON. Those were the two years you were so much in Mexico.

JUDGE. Of course.

FULLERTON. What should be done about that—in a will?

JUDGE. If Dora is not your daughter, there's no occasion to mention her.

FULLERTON. I'd like to make some provision for her.

JUDGE. Under the terms of this trust you can't.

FULLERTON. I can't?

JUDGE. (*Shaking head.*) You may use it, proper heirs inherit its use, but you can't divert it.

FULLERTON. Until now the only person besides myself who knew what I've just told you men has been my sister.

JUDGE. Cornelia knows it? (*Fullerton nods.*)

VAVIN. (*Rise.*) Do you mind if I light a cigarette?

FULLERTON. Please do. If I were to die suddenly Cornelia's statement of this would be set down as invention.

JUDGE. Unless corroborated. Are there papers to establish it?

FULLERTON. No.

JUDGE. You could get them. (*Fullerton shakes head "no."*) The vital records of France are the most minute, most accurate in the world.

FULLERTON. The records report the mother as Madam Fullerton.

JUDGE. Oh.

VAVIN. I should be very slow to believe that the mother of that beautiful girl was not a good woman.

FULLERTON. I never doubted it. (*Above couch.*) She left a letter, Judge, that may be some evidence. (*Goes to drawer and unlocks box.*)

JUDGE. You have it?

FULLERTON. (*Getting letter.*) You know the village of Montigny, Monsieur?

VAVIN. In France there are several villages named Montigny.

FULLERTON. Near Fontainebleau?

VAVIN. (*Nods.*) Montigny-sur-Loire.

FULLERTON. She died there. Some scoundrel deceived her into believing she was his wife. (*To Judge.*) This letter was to her people, the Car-

rolls. (*Reads from letter.*) She asked them to take the baby and to give it their name. (*Gives letter to Judge.*) You see, Monsieur, nearly nineteen years ago I was still young enough to be overcome by sentiment. The woman that I loved was—was gone. Friends had cabled me, but my steamer was almost a week too late. (*Pause.*) And a baby girl in an asylum was—all there was.

JUDGE. The thing to do with this letter is to establish it as her hand. You have other examples of her writing?

FULLERTON. (*Nodding.*) Yes.

JUDGE. And attach a certified statement of the facts.

FULLERTON. (*To front of sofa.*) Persons who knew the mother, Monsieur, are startled, actually startled by Dora's likeness to her.

VAVIN. My dear professor, your sentiment is easy to understand.

FULLERTON. If one may speak of her faults, her fault was impulsiveness. Her marriage to me was an elopement; then here in Lenox they flattered her, and she could sing, Judge.

JUDGE. (*Affirming.*) Professional ability.

FULLERTON. I consented reluctantly to her studying in Paris, another mistake on my part. Recollections of this place, of Cambridge, mere books, and on the other hand, Paris, the boulevards, the music, the color. I never blamed her. (*Goes to desk, back of sofa. Pause.*) When she asked her freedom—it—it hurt, but in my place? And, after all, when a woman's heart once quits you— (*Extends his hand helplessly.*)

VAVIN. You took the little girl baby to her people?

FULLERTON. No! I kept it. It was her baby and—she was gone! I tell you this, Monsieur, that you may see what a nature Dora inherits: from the father—perfidy, to say the least. From the mother instability, vacillation, impulsiveness, vanity. We can't send a girl with that equipment into a world of tinsel and temptation. You can't advise that.

VAVIN. (*Pause.*) This mother?

FULLERTON. Yes.

VAVIN. She wanted to sing?

FULLERTON. Yes.

VAVIN. She went abroad to study?

FULLERTON. To Paris.

VAVIN. (*Turns to Fullerton.*) Against your wish?

FULLERTON. Yes.

VAVIN. I call that perseverance, courage; not instability, not vacillation.

FULLERTON. It was the love of applause.

VAVIN. (*Shaking head.*) When a woman sings? Not more than a brook bubbling over the stones is vanity. The yellow bird in the cage at the window. There are some women, Professor, brown sparrows to build by the chimney, some to chirp at the nest and feed wide open mouths of the hungry, and then—the lark that mounts and sings, and mounts and breaks her

heart that Heaven is *still* so far; but not vanity.  
FULLERTON. (*Anxiously.*) And you will advise Dora—?

VAVIN. To go.

JUDGE. (*Impressively.*) You are assuming a grave responsibility, Monsieur Vavin.

VAVIN. (*More impressively, but quiet.*) A grave responsibility, Monsieur.

The second act takes place in New York in Mrs. Winthrop's apartments. Dora has had a quarrel with Holcomb who had objected to her rendering of one scene in the rehearsal as "vulgar." She now refuses to play, to the delight of her family. The young playwright makes a frantic appeal to Vavin for help. Vavin has a confidential talk with Dora and the latter, revealing to him the secret working of her mind, admits that Mr. Holcomb was right. "As I think it over," she whispers, "I feel that the scene must have been vulgarly done."

VAVIN. (*Quickly.*) The scene—the scene was wrong?

DORA. Our way of playing it, yes.

VAVIN. (*Relieved.*) Oh! Go on.

DORA. And I approved of it. I submitted to it. The man's way was not repugnant to me, as it should have been to a nice girl. And there must be something—(*shakes head*) wrong with me not to have seen it as quickly as Mr. Holcomb saw it.

VAVIN. Ah!

DORA. Aunt Cornelia was right, too. I *haven't* inherited a proper sense of refinement. (*Weeps.*)

VAVIN. Some day I hope to tell Aunt Cornelia—a few things. And this company, my dear, this company said—what?

DORA. That I'd be like the juvenile woman in every company, infatuated with Mr. Ludlow.

VAVIN. I see. But why are you unhappy? There *was some*—infatuation?

DORA. That's why I hate myself. Mr. Holcomb is worth a hundred Ludlows.

VAVIN. Mr. Holcomb, you still—love him?

DORA. Too much to let him throw himself away on a woman of my shallowness.

VAVIN. Shallowness?

DORA. Yes, I've no more character than a chameleon. I'm like that horrid woman you wrote about.

VAVIN. I wrote about?

DORA. There!

VAVIN. Oh, you have read this?

DORA. Yes. "To my daughter when she is twenty."

VAVIN. How old are you, Miss Fullerton?

DORA. Eighteen. (*Points to book.*) Good women are not like that. I know it.

VAVIN. What are good women like?

DORA. They love one man, they don't flutter

like a weather vane just because some other reasonably strong man is—left alone with them.

VAVIN. 'M, then I made this girl wrong in my book?

DORA. You didn't make her nice, and that's one of the things I don't like about Mr. Holcomb's play.

VAVIN. Mr. Holcomb makes the same mistake?

DORA. Yes. Only there I was a young married woman, unhappy about my husband's best friend.

VAVIN. That must be a very original play. Does Mr. Ludlow play the—the husband's best friend?

DORA. Yes.

VAVIN. I see; well, I am ready then for my—opinion. (*Calls.*) Gentlemen.

DORA. You understand it better than anybody because I haven't told them.

VAVIN. They only know—?

DORA. Mr. Holcomb's rudeness (*Enter Judge.*)

JUDGE. Well, Monsieur?

VAVIN. I prefer to talk of it with you, Judge, when you are quite well.

JUDGE. Quite well?

VAVIN. Not sick.

JUDGE. I'm not sick.

VAVIN. You are sure?

JUDGE. Perfectly.

VAVIN. Your face is pale, and the eye, well, I am sure you are not feeling—just right.

JUDGE. Haven't an ache or a pain.

VAVIN. 'M, good.

JUDGE. Up a little late at that blamed rehearsal, but—

VAVIN. Perhaps it is *that*.

JUDGE. Got eight hours sleep after all.

VAVIN. But why excite yourself, my dear Judge.

JUDGE. Excite myself?

VAVIN. When you should rest, be quiet.

JUDGE. I'm not exciting myself.

VAVIN. Too much when, well, when a man's face looks like that.

DORA. Sit down, Judge.

JUDGE. What's the matter with my face?

VAVIN. You have no pain?

JUDGE. Not at all.

VAVIN. You are strong?

JUDGE. Strong enough.

VAVIN. Strange, strange. (*Judge feels his face and looks in mirror. Graham goes up. Enter Mrs. Winthrop.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Good afternoon, Monsieur.

VAVIN. Madam.

MRS. WINTHROP. What's the matter? (*Vavin indicates Judge.*)

JUDGE. I suppose I show my late hours.

VAVIN. Look at his face. (*Back of chair.*)

JUDGE. You see anything?

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Hesitating.*) Why I—

VAVIN. (*To Graham.*) Is that man well?

GRAHAM. Your color isn't as high as sometimes, but—

VAVIN. (*To Mrs. Winthrop.*) And those lines there and there? My dear Madam!

MRS. WINTHROP. Don't stand, Judge.

JUDGE. (*Sits.*) Don't make a baby of me.

MRS. WINTHROP. What about some tea?

JUDGE. Haven't had my breakfast an hour. (*Vavin takes his pulse.*) I don't need tea, if I have to take anything, some rye whiskey. (*Vavin goes up to desk.*)

GRAHAM. (*Going.*) And soda?

JUDGE. No, straight. (*Exit Graham.*)

VAVIN. You didn't feel this coming on?

JUDGE. Remember thinking the elevator started and stopped a little suddenly, but—

VAVIN. 'M!

JUDGE. Pulse is all right, isn't it? (*Vavin shrugs. Vavin to window.*) Yesterday I walked clear through Central Park.

VAVIN. Could you do it now?

JUDGE. I wouldn't be foolish enough to try it now. (*Re-enter Graham with whiskey.*)

GRAHAM. That enough?

JUDGE. Yes.

VAVIN. (*Taking glass.*) One moment.

MRS. WINTHROP. What?

VAVIN. That would be bad. (*Vavin takes whiskey.*)

JUDGE. Bad?

VAVIN. There is nothing the matter with you.

JUDGE. I'm weak as a cat.

VAVIN. For a minute—because I said so.

MRS. WINTHROP. But why?

VAVIN. A suggestion.

GRAHAM. Suggestion—for what?

VAVIN. That we shall see its power.

JUDGE. You mean you've been trying that old Russian experiment of telling a well man he was ill?

VAVIN. Yes.

JUDGE. Or are you reversing it now?

VAVIN. There was nothing. You looked the same as you have looked for three weeks, but I say you are ill and you feel it. I ask you to look at his face, and you are anxious.

MRS. WINTHROP. Naturally.

VAVIN. Well, then this young girl, not for five minutes, not for one afternoon, but fourteen, fifteen years, they suggest, suggest, suggest, to her, and what suggestion? That she is like a mother also who ran away. Mon dieu! When a strong man is sick when I tell him twice, what of a baby girl? Impressionable? Full of faith? Believes you? Also you show her the mother's picture. It is the same, and if she looks like the mother, she is then to behave like the mother. Oh the crimes that good, ignorant people make with—their suggestions!

MRS. WINTHROP. But what brings this up?

VAVIN. The Judge hoped I shall persuade the girl to go back to that atmosphere, not if she turns a hand organ in the street.

JUDGE. It was only her aunt that said those things, and occasionally.

VAVIN. (*Goes to table.*) Occasionally? Hear me. I visit once to write a story of a prison correctionnelle, Department of the Seine. There is a fine young man, eye wide open, blue like a china doll. Well, I ask this young man "What is your crime?" "Forgery from the bank." "Your family?" "Very good." "In prison any of them?" "One—an uncle." "What of him?" "I never saw him." "Ah?" "Ah, Monsieur, if I had only obeyed my mother. She warned me always: 'You are just like your Uncle Emile. Be careful, be careful, my son. He went to prison.'" "Yes? For what crime? this much?" "Forgery from a bank." (*Turns to Dora.*)

JUDGE. I see.

VAVIN. All over this wide world good mothers say "be careful of drink, my boy. Drink ruined your father." And then, not alcohol, but that idea gnaws and corrodes. At first he can keep it from him by one little finger; but it is always there in the edge of 'es mind, always, because it is 'es fear, 'es thought. After while not the finger but the left hand must resist it, then the right hand, then two hands to keep its distance, then one day the boy is weary in body or mind or spirit and that shadow takes 'em. He struggles no longer, not heredity, not an appetite but a negative suggestion makes 'em too—a drunkard.

GRAHAM. But Miss Fullerton isn't going back to that atmosphere.

MRS. WINTHROP. No, she is to be with me.

VAVIN. Fine, if she decides.

JUDGE. She has decided.

VAVIN. If she decides when she knows all.

DORA. All what, Monsieur?

VAVIN. This you have seen, that a strong man is ill in a minute, and only one man, myself, so tells him one afternoon. What doubt must come in a girl's mind when a whole company tell her every day, you will feel so, or so, when before she is twenty she reads such books. That is not a bad heart, my dear, not something from the mother—(*Vavin touches Dora's hair.*) just—a great law.

DORA. You think I should play?

MRS. WINTHROP. Oh no.

JUDGE. That question is settled.

DORA. Tell me.

VAVIN. I can't.

DORA. You can't?

VAVIN. (*Shakes head.*) Also these friends cannot. (*Sees a mirror.*)

DORA. Then who?

VAVIN. A truer judge than these. (*Takes mirror.*) Your face, *ma chérie*, like the mother's. That clear eye without mud in it, without the jaundice of my cigarettes or the rye whiskey of the Judge. (*Turns to Mrs. Winthrop.*) You know the pictures of Napoleon, the courage of that nose and firm jaw. For a woman you have as good as that great emperor; (*takes Dora's hand*) and that mouth, my friends. When God puts two lips restfully together, without sneer or pride or malice or wrinkled fear, the soul he makes serene. Now we none of us advise her.



Tonight a young man is to have a first presentation of his play, it is a part of 'es life. The director of a theatre? He ventures many thousand dollars, a company who live by that art, twelve, fifteen men and women, after years of study and four weeks repetition—for tonight.

MRS. WINTHROP. What is all of that against a young girl's entire future?

VAVIN. Nothing, but here is a beautiful moment for you, for me. Self interest, resentment, the bribes of our weak human nature on one side, on the other side a principle, and something that builds character, also the chance to meet temptations and grow strong to step above them. And we are to see a decision from a girl who now—finds herself.

DORA. I'll play.

Holcomb's play is not a success; Dora and he are still estranged. Vavin, the kind-hearted Frenchman, determines to play the god out of the machine. He invites both to his hotel after the performance, and conveys to them by indirection the first lessons in the subtleties of passion and of art. He points out to them that they play one scene in a white light when the sentiment calls for night time.

VAVIN. Do you know the effect of color on the emotions?

HOLCOMB. (*Dora shakes head "No!"*) Color?

VAVIN. You have heard of Charcot—Doctor Charcot?

HOLCOMB. Yes.

VAVIN. He was my friend. We made together many experiments of the effect of color upon many persons under hypnotic influence. (*Nods.*) Invariably—(*Repeats.*) Invariably under yellow the subject laughs; under green he is content; under red he is content also, but slightly stimulated; if it is brown he is in fear; if violent he weeps; under blue there is a—what you call it manner—distract—

DORA. Perplexed?

VAVIN. Perplexed? (*Crosses centre.*) Some more of these? (*Indicates wine.*)

DORA. No more; thank you. (*Vavin defers to Holcomb, who shakes his head.*)

VAVIN. Don't you see the color should be red.

HOLCOMB. Do you think that important, do you think an individual so sensitive?

VAVIN. From your awful elevated road I looked into the apartment windows. Inside the walls brown or a dark blue depressing. I wonder the poor people live, for myself when I work, construct something here in a strange hotel, I have the room fitted so that I can get the color I need. (*Calls Henri, his servant.*) Let me show you—(*To Henri.*) the red. (*Henri pulls red curtains.*) Don't you see that the color for that scene should be red.

VAVIN. Sensitive to color. Those curtains.

You see what that does? Now suppose in addition to them, I give you this red light. (*Turns red light on.*) You see? Still warmer; now if I turn out the white light. (*Turns out chandelier.*) We are at once domestic—cosy corner—yes? The arm-chair, the old man with the pipe, in your play—there is no old man with the pipe so we place the lady so—(*Brings Dora over to chair at fireplace.*) Isn't this the happy home? Isn't she the young wife, and can't you almost believe I am the father—? (*To Dora.*) Don't you feel that, my dear?

DORA. Certainly.

HOLCOMB. But we have a red light in the play now.

VAVIN. But in the wrong place, a scene of gayety. It should have been yellow.

The change in the coloring proves to be a successful experiment. "Now," remarks Vavin, "you had a love scene, not a cooing physical love that you could play in a red light, but a love scene of adoration, where the woman is on a pedestal. That should have been moonlight."

HOLCOMB. Don't you think, Monsieur, so much attention to the light is a bit theatrical?

VAVIN. Theatrical?

HOLCOMB. Not true to life.

VAVIN. Life? Do you know, Monsieur, that sixty per cent. of the causes of falling in love—(*Holcomb looks at Dora. Dora turns away to piano.*) are in the moonlight in life?

HOLCOMB. No, I didn't.

VAVIN. Do you know the harvest moon?

HOLCOMB. You mean the full moon that comes at harvest time?

VAVIN. (*Nodding.*) Do you know its peculiarity?

HOLCOMB. No. (*Looks at Dora.*)

DORA. Is it peculiar? (*Turns from Vavin.*)

VAVIN. Generally the full moon rises nearly an hour later each night. The harvest moon, at the full, comes up three nights almost at the same time. Did you think of that, and why do you suppose?

HOLCOMB. Why?

VAVIN. That harvesters, men and women, shall fall in love with each other. (*Dora self-conscious and looks down.*) Oh, it is a droll God, Monsieur, that plays that trick for one hour on his children, and what time? The best season of the year. And also again, what time? When the grapes are ripe, when there is a wine press. We are forgetting this bottle. (*Gets wine bottle and glass.*) A harvest moon for one hour and the wonderful madness that goes with this. Is that of the theatre? No, it is a droll God. (*They drink.*) Now, I cannot show you, I'm sorry I have not the arrangement in my room to get the blue light, which is mystery; and the green light, which is content, and which together make a

moonlight. When two people come together, mystified and happy, and say: Ah, this fate, we are for each other since the beginning.

HOLCOMB. It was moonlight when we came in.  
VAVIN. Yes.

HOLCOMB. Yes, this is the harvest moon!

VAVIN. Ah, then I can show you. I cannot read because there will not be light enough. (*Turns it red light.*) But your own lines, Monsieur, that pretty little scene of yours— (*Opens curtains at window.*) which goes for nothing. Come here you both. (*Only light on stage now is moonlight coming through window.*) I am your audience.

HOLCOMB. (*Rehearsing.*) You are not happy?  
DORA. I am honest.

HOLCOMB. I should be patient, Clara, if the situation brought contentment to anyone. I have been away a year.

DORA. It should have been forever.

HOLCOMB. Can't you see, Clara, that a stronger hand than ours directs it?

DORA. To what end, to what good?

HOLCOMB. Let us obey and see. It is fate. (*Takes her in both his arms.*) (*Vavin quietly sneaks out.*) I had felt that my life was done, but with love! For I love you!

DORA. Don't, Tom!

HOLCOMB. I know you love me and it has given me faith again and ambition, ideas and endurance. Mr. Vavin's gone. (*Looks to Vavin's place.*) Why, Dora, you mustn't think I care because this piece hasn't gone.

DORA. That wasn't in Ludlow's lines. (*Tries to get away from Holcomb. Looks for Vavin.*)

HOLCOMB. No, they are mine. If you don't lose faith in me I will write something that you'll be proud to play, a part that'll be worthy of you. Say that you do love me. (*Embraces her again.*) Say that you do love me.

DORA. (*Hand on his cheek.*) I've been so sorry for you all week, the way the papers treated you.

HOLCOMB. I'll let 'em repeat it if it makes you care for me. He's coming back. Say "I love you;" it's in the part anyway. (*Kisses her.*)

DORA. I do; I do. (*Enter Vavin.*)

VAVIN. Excuse me. There was a call on the other telephone. But you see, don't you, that the moonlight is better?

The last act plays again in Professor Fullerton's study. Aunt Cornelia and the others are in a state of hysteria, because Dora has mysteriously disappeared. The theater has been darkened; there is no hint of her whereabouts. "If she were to be simply dead when they find her," Cornelia exclaims, "in some pond or river, I would bear it; so could brother. But I know there'll be some horrid scandal, too. She was born to disgrace us." Suddenly Dora appears at the door;

she is followed shortly by Holcomb and Vavin. A general explanation follows. Dora, it appears, had told Cornelia of her engagement to Holcomb in Fullerton's absence. The conscientious lady had promptly informed her of her mother's indiscretion. In despair Dora had rushed out and buried herself and what she deemed her shame in the house of a servant. In vain Holcomb protests that the scandal attached to her mother cannot alter his love. With tears in her eyes, she repulses him. "No, no," she cries. "It would come between that. Doubts like that grow and grow. You can't banish them—Mr. Vavin knows." "Perhaps you are mistaken about your mother's history," Vavin suggests. "No, no," the girl sobs, "I am nobody's daughter."

VAVIN. (*Takes her hand.*) Why do you think, my dear, God lets us suffer?

DORA. I don't know, I don't think I've deserved it.

VAVIN. I will tell you; from suffering comes pity for someone else who suffers, too.

DORA. (*Rises.*) You mean—?

VAVIN. Anybody, everybody. From pity comes the human love, and then help, and then altogether we broken-hearted, we wounded ones, we cripples, we take one step forward. It was a proud moment Monday afternoon when you stood up and said "I will do my work in the theatre."

DORA. I didn't know.

VAVIN. That is the way to do one's duty.

DORA. I'll get work of a kind a girl like me should do.

VAVIN. I know in the books and newspapers, the unhappy woman gets some hard work with poor pay.

DORA. I'll do it.

VAVIN. That is again suggestion. Get honest work, but don't refuse the best pay and you have not to hunt for it. This gentleman, we have closed his theatre for two nights. Now, Monday again we open.

DORA. Yes.

VAVIN. You see my friends, that is like the mother. She had also her work, and that same strong heart. What a fine thing for a mother to give that to her child.

FULLERTON. The mother was a charming and cultivated woman. She was subjected to unusual temptations and practically unprotected when she made her mistake.

VAVIN. Did she make a mistake?

FULLERTON. I have only her letter to her people asking them to give their name to her daughter. (*Holcomb holds Dora as she starts to go.*)

VAVIN. Wait, my dear. I know something about that. (*Enter Cornelia and Henri.*)

CORNELIA. Monsieur.

VAVIN. Oh, Henri, the book?



## A MOMENTOUS DECISION

Vavin, the genial Frenchman, so sympathetically impersonated by Mr. George Nash, places the fate of Mr. Thomas's heroine, Dora (Adelaide Norvak), into her own hands, suggesting to her at the same time that she inherits strength of will, not capriciousness, from her mother.

HENRI. Monsieur. (*Gives him a book.*)

VAVIN. My friends, here is a book I have found (*To Fullerton.*) since you first told me this same thing here four weeks ago. (*Regards book.*) I have marked a paragraph which I ask Elliott to read. (*The Judge takes the book.*) Henri, my servant, Henri—ah—Mademoiselle is very like her mother in the face—is she not?

FULLERTON. Almost identically.

VAVIN. Henri noticed the resemblance a month ago, when we are here.

FULLERTON. Henri.

VAVIN. Nineteen years ago Henri was garçon for a man, well, for the father of mademoiselle.

DORA. My father!

FULLERTON. He is sure.

VAVIN. Even the mother's name he remembers—(*To Henri.*) you must tell—Beatrice.

FULLERTON. Beatrice.

DORA. The man, who was he?

VAVIN. Henri said a journalist for the papers. And that law, you see a divorced woman must wait nearly a year, so they went to England and were married. This man and Madame Fullerton.

FULLERTON. But why her family name for her daughter?

VAVIN. I find that too, Judge. I have marked also a place. "Marriage in a foreign country by a French citizen shall be lawful if in returning to France the marriage is registered." (*Judge nods.*) Now this happens to them. There is a quarrel, domestique, between Madame Fullerton and the master of Henri. It occurs often that persons much in love have such a quarrel. The man is French, remember, foolish, young. He

goes from this quarrel to Bordeaux and writes that law for the first time to 'es wife. Only to frighten her he writes "our marriage is not yet registered. In the French law you are not my wife." He writes that—this—this—scoundrel! And he says, Madame, if you are to be often so exigent, so unreasonable, I will not let this marriage be registered. Think of that blow on a wife's heart.

FULLERTON. Beatrice!

VAVIN. And then, too, her condition which she conceals from 'em. Do we wonder that she hides herself in that little stone house by the river at Montigny till—till she is dead?

DORA. He never went to her?

VAVIN. He didn't know. He is unhappy himself when he comes home to Paris. Then he registers this marriage, but she is 'way. He thinks only an angry woman has gone to America. He—he doesn't know until one day among the little girls, the young ladies at the Lycée Fénélon—Mon Dieu! The same face! And the instruction tells him "that is a little Americaine—that girl there."

DORA. Tells him. The Lycée Fénélon, tells—tells—

VAVIN. Tells me! I am that scoundrel! Yes! Yes!

DORA. You?

VAVIN. Yes.

DORA. My father.

VAVIN. God has been that good to me.

FULLERTON. It was you—you married her.

VAVIN. I married her. Between us, between you and me, we killed her.

FULLERTON. Killed her?

VAVIN. You drove her from you with your suggestions that she was frivolous and foolish to sing; I drove her from me with my suggestion that she was not a wife when she was yet a mother.

DORA. My father.

VAVIN. Again chérie speak that!

DORA. My father.

VAVIN. I wear this button. I am in the academy. I write my books just to be worthy to hear that word.

FULLERTON. Why did you not tell her this three years ago in France?

VAVIN. She thought you her father; you loved

her. I could not be twice so selfish. (*Holcomb to Dora.*)

VAVIN. I did not know that Aunt Cornelia was doing for this child what we did for the mother. This child was then struggling in her soul to get a breath under this smother-blanket of suggestion.


JUDGE. But last month when Professor Fullerton told us both in this room—

VAVIN. We are not strong when one lifts us from our despair; only when we ourselves climb.

HOLCOMB. She is your daughter.

VAVIN. My daughter. (*To Fullerton.*) In our plays my son, let us help them to look up.

## A DARING RECONSTRUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S PERSONALITY FROM HIS PLAYS

 HAKESPEARE, the Sphinx of literature, has at last found his Oedipus. The modern Oedipus appears in the guise of a brilliant journalist who carries himself with assurance and brings a new and ingenious theory. His name, Frank Harris, is familiar to many through his work as editor and proprietor for many years of the London *Saturday Review* and his novel, "The Bomb." Mr. Harris apparently loves to dabble with dangerous explosives. There is enough mental nitro-glycerine in his daring interpretation of Shakespeare\* to make the whole towering structure of Shakespearean criticism totter.

Vague and immense, Shakespeare's shadow has fallen across the ages. He has been called a man of myriad minds, a literary Proteus hidden securely from the view of elect and vulgar alike behind the machinery of his plays. In the "Sonnets" some have thought to find the key to the poet's heart; but the door, once unlocked, opened only upon a labyrinth, impenetrable, puzzling, uncanny. Never, we are told, does the master of the show peep out behind his puppets. We can never lay our finger on any spot in the plays and say: Behold, I have touched a man. All the critics, now declares Mr. Harris, were on the wrong track. Ben Jonson, Goethe and Coleridge alone had glimpses of the true Shakespeare, but even Coleridge's light was a dark lantern.

A man can be judged only by a jury of his peers. In three centuries there have been only these three men, Jonson, Goethe and Coleridge, capable of judging Shakespeare. The jury is still being empaneled, but from various indi-

cations it looks as if the time for a verdict had come. Mr. Harris presents himself in the ermine of the judge. The twentieth century has sharpened our analytical weapons. We dream of an art that shall take into account the natural decay and upbuilding of cell life, the wars that go on in the blood, the fevers of the brain, the creeping paralysis of brain exhaustion. "Above all," declares this intrepid explorer of the Ultima Thule of genius, "we must be able now from a few bare facts to recreate a man and make him live and live again for the reader, just as the biologist from a few scattered bones can reconstruct some prehistoric bird or fish or mammal."

To this momentous task Mr. Harris fervently applies himself. His book, once read, is not easily forgotten. Like a nightmare it will pursue the reader. Only centuries may efface its effect on the world. The reconstructed Shakespeare of Mr. Harris is a psychic hermaphrodite, a creature intensely effeminate and incredibly lewd. The virile fibres of Puritanism are conspicuously absent in his anatomy. We have discovered that Fiona Macleod was a man; Mr. Harris discovers that Shakespeare was really a woman, or, at least, to avail ourselves of the nomenclature of Kraftt Ebing, a feminine soul in a masculine body. The Shakespeare of Mr. Harris may be described as a talented nymphomaniac.

Shakespeare never portrays himself in his plays? "I intend to prove," Mr. Harris exclaims, "that he has painted himself twenty times from youth to age at full length. I shall consider and compare these portraits until the outlines of his character are clear and certain; afterwards I shall show how his

\*THE MAN SHAKESPEARE AND HIS TRAGIC LIFE. By Frank Harris. Mitchell Kennerley.



little vanities and shames idealized the picture, and so present him as he really was, with his imperial intellect and small snobberies; his grand vices and paltry self-deceptions; his sweet gentleness and long martyrdom. I cannot but think that his portrait will gain more in truth than it can lose in ideal beauty."

The author's intention in his sensational reconstruction is threefold. "If," he says, "I were asked why I do this, why I take the trouble to recreate a man now three centuries dead, it is, first of all, of course, because he is worth it—the most complex and passionate personality in the world, whether of life or letters—because, too, there are certain lessons which the English will learn from Shakespeare more quickly and easily than from any living man, and a little because I want to get rid of Shakespeare by assimilating all that was fine in him, while giving all that was common and vicious in him as spoil to oblivion."

"He is like the Old-Man-of-the-Sea on the shoulders of our youth; he has become an obsession to the critic, a weapon to the pedant, a nuisance to the man of genius. True, he has painted great pictures in a superb, romantic fashion; he is the Titian of dramatic art; but is there to be no Rembrandt, no Balzac, no greater Tolstoy in English letters? I want to liberate Englishmen so far as I can from the tyranny of Shakespeare's greatness. For the new time is upon us, with its new knowledge and new claims, and we English are all too willing to live in the past, and so lose our inherited place as leader of the nations."

We are wronging ourselves, Mr. Harris remarks, by pretending that Shakespeare "out-tops knowledge." He did not even fill the world in his own time; there was room beside him in the days of Elizabeth for Marlowe and Spenser, Bacon and Ben Jonson. Let us have done with this dog-like humility; we, too, are men, and there is on earth nothing beyond our comprehension. Humanity cannot be penned up even in Shakespeare's brain; like every other man of genius, Shakespeare must have revealed his qualities and defects. Just as Bertillon's pictures of a thumb afford overwhelming proof of a man's identity, so it is possible from Shakespeare's writings to establish beyond doubt the main features of his character and the chief incidents of his life.

Hamlet, Mr. Harris maintains, was the most complex and the most profound of Shakespeare's creations. In Hamlet he revealed most of himself. Whenever Shakespeare fell out of a character he was drawing, he uncon-

sciously dropped into the Hamlet vein. Repeatedly, in drawing other characters, he did nothing but paint Hamlet over again, trait by trait; virtue by virtue, fault by fault. A dramatist, argues the writer, only makes this mistake when he is speaking unconsciously in his own person. The most complex character in the drama, however, is simple compared with even the simplest of living men and women. Shakespeare included himself in Falstaff and Cleopatra, besides the author of the "Sonnets," and the knowledge drawn from these must be used to modify the outlines given in Hamlet. Where, then, shall we find another Hamlet in Shakespeare? "Romeo," says Hazlitt, "is Hamlet in love." Romeo, declares our author, is a younger brother of Hamlet; he is half hidden from us in a rose-mist of passion, and after he is banished from Juliet's arms we see him only for a moment as he rushes madly into never-ending night. His last soliloquy, however, would be admirably suited to Hamlet. Passion is more accentuated in Romeo, just as there is greater irresolution combined with intense self-consciousness in Hamlet. Yet all the qualities of the youthful lover are to be found in the student prince. Hamlet is the later finished picture of which Romeo was merely the charming sketch.

Seven years after writing "Romeo and Juliet" Shakespeare embodies the changes in his own character in the melancholy Jaques, who is a world-weary student of life, as Hamlet is, with lightning quick intelligence and a heavy heart. Above all we find in him Hamlet's intellectual curiosity. Another trait, emphasized again and again by Mr. Harris, is attributed to Jaques. The Duke in the play accuses him of lewdness. Lewdness seems out of place in his character and is not shown in the course of action. Mr. Harris points out that we find the same lewdness similarly out of place in Hamlet. Hamlet persists in talking to Ophelia smut which she pretends not to understand. As soon as she goes out of her mind she becomes coarse—all of which is but a witness to Shakespeare's tortured animality. A goat is hardly less pure than Hamlet, Mr. Harris asserts, tho he was moral enough in the high sense of the word. If we combine the characters of Romeo, the poet-lover, and Jaques, the pensive-sad philosopher, we have almost the complete Hamlet.

Everywhere in Shakespeare Hamlet stares at us. In totally new circumstances, Shakespeare speaks with Hamlet's voice in Hamlet's words. The only possible explanation seems to be that he is speaking from his own heart

and is unaware of his mistake. The Hamlet strain is strongly pronounced in Macbeth. Macbeth, too, has Hamlet's peculiar and exquisite fairness, a quality seldom found in a ruthless murderer; in fact, Hamlet is far more clearly sketched in the first act of "Macbeth" than in the first act of "Hamlet." Mr. Harris detects in Macbeth's lyrical hysteria a great deal of the poet-neuropath and very little of the murderer for ambition's sake. Shakespeare made Macbeth in his own image, bookish, gentle, irresolute; he murders for the same reason that the timid deer fights—out of fear. Just as Romeo is younger than Hamlet, showing passion where Hamlet shows thought, so Macbeth is older than Hamlet; in him melancholy is deepened, his tone is more pessimistic and his heart gentler. In the Duke Vicentio and in Posthumus, Mr. Harris also discovers pale portraits of the obese and sorrowful Dane. In both characters Hamlet's weakness is so exaggerated and so unmotivated that the writer inclines to think that Shakespeare was more irresolute and indisposed to action than Hamlet himself. In Posthumus he sees the most complete picture of Shakespeare after his mental shipwreck.

Mr. Harris now proceeds to test his theory by the converse of it, by investigating the psychology of Shakespeare's men of action. The latter, he assures us, are mere sketches compared with the intimate, detailed portrait of the esthete-poet-philosopher. Their characteristics, moreover, were supplied by the chroniclers and not invented by the poet. Where Shakespeare deserts historical authorities, his warriors are almost feminine. "It appears, then," argues the writer, "that Shakespeare's nature even in youth was feminine and affectionate, and that when dealing with historical men of action he preferred to picture their irresolution and weakness rather than strength, and felt more sympathy with failure than with success." Thus his picture of Prince Henry shows his poverty of conception when he is dealing with the distinctive manly qualities. Shakespeare has never given us wonderful phrases for virile virtues and virile vices. As soon as he has to find an adequate expression for courage, he fails absolutely. His conception of courage is that of a woman—a love of honor acting on quick generous blood. But in picturing the girlish Arthur and the Hamlet-like Richard II, and in drawing forth the pathos of their weakness, he is without rival or second in all literature.

"It is astounding how ill-endowed Shakespeare was on the side of manliness. His intellect was

so fine, his power of expression so magical, the men about him, his models, so brave—founders as they were of the British empire and sea-tyranny—that he is able to use his Hotspurs and Harrys to hide from the general the poverty of his temperament. But the truth will out: Shakespeare was the greatest of poets, a miraculous artist, too, when he liked; but he was not a hero, and manliness was not his forte: and he was by nature a neuropath and a lover.

"He was a master of passion of pity, and it astonishes one to notice how willingly he passed always to that extreme of sympathy where nothing but his exquisite choice of words and images saved him from falling into the silly."

Resuming his demonstration, Mr. Harris analyzes "Twelfth Night." Hamlet-Macbeth, he deduces, give us Shakespeare's mind; but in Romeo-Orsino he has discovered his heart and poetic temperament to us ingenuously, tho not, perhaps, as completely as he does in the Sonnets. Even in Falstaff there is something of Shakespeare. His humor is rarely sardonic. For the frailties of the flesh he has ever a ready forgiveness. He can take publicans and sinners to his heart, but not the hypocrite and the money-lender.

Mr. Harris has his own solution of the mystery of the "Sonnets." What, in Shakespeare's own words, was his weakness, his besetting temptation? "Love is my sin," he says, "love of love and her soft hours." "The Sonnets" give us the story, the whole terrible, sinful, magical story of Shakespeare's passion. . . . No one has noticed, Mr. Harris informs us, that the story of the "Sonnets" is treated three times in Shakespeare's plays; in "The Two Gentlemen from Verona" in "Twelfth Night" and in "Much Ado About Nothing." Mr. Harris advances the theory that Shakespeare's idolatrous love for Miss Mary Fitton, Maid of Honor to Queen Elizabeth, is the story of his life. Her image pursues him from Rosaline to Cleopatra. Her falseness brought him to self-realization and turned him from a light-hearted writer of comedies to the author of the greatest tragedies that have ever been conceived.

Mr. Harris makes little of the passionate sonnets addressed presumably to William Herbert, Lord Pembroke. They are, he avers, not evidence of an abnormal passion but of the poet's extraordinary snobbishness. The attitude taken by Mr. Harris is surprising in view of the emphasis placed by him on the feminine strain in Shakespeare's emotional composition. We are asked to believe that he pretended affection for the profligate Herbert because he expected from him pa-

tronage and advancement. This ingenious explanation is far more strained than the theory fancifully advanced by Oscar Wilde in "The Portrait of Mr. W. H." It seems to us that a gay young Lord would hardly regard certain assertions made in Sonnet twenty-two in the nature of adulation.

When Mr. W. H., the youth of the "Sonnets," betrayed Shakespeare with the "dark lady," Mary Fitton, the poet strangely enough evinced a curious forgiveness toward the friend, while censuring the woman in terms equalled only by Catullus in his denunciation of Lesbia. But in his plays, Shakespeare again and again rails at man's ingratitude. Nevertheless the youth's defections have not, Mr. Harris delights to think, touched him deeply. The loss of Mary Fitton, however, was of tremendous import in his development. The youth vanishes, no reader can find a trace of him; but the woman comes to be the center of tragedy after tragedy. "She flames through Shakespeare's life, a fiery symbol, till at length she inspires perhaps his greatest drama, 'Antony and Cleopatra,' filling it with a disgrace of him who is a 'strumpet's fool,' the shame of him who has become 'the bellows and the fan to cool a gypsy's lust.'"

In his tragedies of revenge and jealousy in "Othello," in "Troilus and Cressida," Shakespeare pictures himself and his own emotions. What interests us in Othello is not his strength but his weakness—Shakespeare's weakness—the successive stages of his soul's Calvary. In "false Cressid" he paints Mary Fitton in the blackest shadows; he even degrades the heroic figure of Cleopatra in his hate for the mistress who deceived him for a boy. The plays, Mr. Harris explains, are complements of the Sonnets. Just as the poet used his "Sonnets" in order to portray certain intimate weaknesses and maladies of his own nature that he could not present without making his hero ridiculously effeminate, so he also used the sonnets to convey to us the domineering will and strength of his mistress—qualities which if presented dramatically would have seemed masculine—monstrous. By taking the plays and the sonnets together we get an excellent portrait of Mary Fitton.

Shakespeare's mad infatuation is in evidence everywhere. Even in "Lear" the poet evinces the "erotic mania" which is the source of his own misery, but which is incongruous here. Lear raves pruriently for whole pages; in the same erotic spirit Goneril and Regan lust after Edmund. In "Timon of Athens" we again



THE MASTERLY ANALYST OF SHAKESPEARE'S SOUL

Mr. Frank Harris, whose brilliant Shakespeare interpretation is regarded as one of the most startling literary documents of the twentieth century. His sensational analysis of the poet has fallen like a bomb into the camp of conservative Shakespearean critics.

find the overpowering erotic strain which suits Timon as little as it suited Lear. All these, Mr. Harris declares, are separate studies of Shakespeare's own weaknesses. The ruin is irretrievable, and reaches its ultimate in Timon. "Trust and generosity, Shakespeare would like to tell us, were his supremest faults. In this he deceived himself. Neither 'Lear' nor 'Timon' is his greatest tragedy; but 'Antony and Cleopatra,' for lust was his chief weakness, and tragedy of lust his greatest play."

In Lear Shakespeare had brooded and raged



#### THE TRIUMVIRS OF THE NEW THEATER

The New Theater, like Cerberus, has three heads: Mr. John Corbin, literary director, Mr. Lee Shubert business manager, and Mr. Winthrop Ames, general director. Each of these men is a specialist in his own field, and it is not to be feared that many cooks will spoil the dramatic broth at the distinguished playhouse opposite Central Park.

to madness; in *Timon* he had spent himself in impotent cursings. He was now forty-five, but the forces of youth and growth had left him. It was probably his daughter Judith who led him back from the brink of the grave. He seems now for the first time to realize that a maiden can be pure, and in his old idealizing way he deifies her in *Marina*, in *Perdita* and in *Miranda*. But he is a broken man, he can only copy himself; the magic wand slips from his trembling grasp. The despair of *Prospero* in the epilog of "*The Tempest*" is wholly unexpected; it is evidently Shakespeare's own confession.

Passion predominates in Shakespeare's life to an extent seldom found in a man. In his youth the poet's ungovernable sensuality drove him to his untimely and unhappy marriage; it was his ungovernable sensuality, too, which in his maturity led him to worship Mary Fitton and threw him into those twelve years of earthy, coarse service, which he regretted so bitterly that the passion-fever burned itself out. Nevertheless Shakespeare never fully understood Mary. He did not see that she was not a wanton through mere lust. We want her soul, but do not get it even in *Cleopatra*. Woman-like, Shakespeare overestimated social prestige. His snobbishness wrecked his life; his art, too, was the loser. He never got to know the middle classes in England,

he never drew a fanatic or a reformer, never conceived a man swimming against the stream of time. Like a woman he drew courage from his affection; like a woman, he found it difficult to forgive one who had injured those he loved. The passion of lust and jealousy and rage wore out his strength, and, after trying in vain to win serenity in "*The Tempest*," he crept home to die.

"It is time to speak of him frankly; he was gentle and witty; gay and sweet-mannered, very studious, too, fair of mind; but at the same time he was weak in body and irresolute, hasty and wordy, and took habitually the easiest way out of the difficulties; he was ill-endowed in the virile virtues and the virile vices. When he showed arrogance it was always of intellect and not of character; he was a parasite by nature. But none of these faults would have brought him to ruin; he was snared again in full manhood by his master-quality, his overpowering sensuality, and thrown in the mire."

Shakespeare, Mr. Harris concludes, was not the kind of man Englishmen are accustomed to admire. "By a curious irony of fate, Jesus was sent to the Jews—the most unworldly soul to the most material of peoples; and Shakespeare to Englishmen—the most gentle, sensuous charmer to a masculine, rude race. It may be well for us to learn what infinite virtue lay in that frail, sensual singer."



## THE UPWARD TREND OF THE THEATER IN AMERICA



HE theater the world over seems to be passing to a higher stage of intellectual evolution. Our own New Theater, William Archer assures us, is only a symptom of a widespread impulse. Forbes Robertson, the greatest living English intellectual actor, proclaims the advent of the "advanced theater" in America, in England, in Italy, in Germany and in France. The "advanced theater," he tells us, must produce not merely a new play in point of originality, but a new theme, the idea of to-morrow, that is always unanswered yet always answerable. Of plays recently produced in America, "The Harvest Moon," "Herod," "The Melting Pot" and Forbes Robertson's own play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," are significant embodiments of efforts in this direction. Even the very critical editor of *The Dial* sees a bow of promise in the skies extending from one shore of the Atlantic to the other. This rainbow, we are told, is only a sign; almost everything remains to be done, but never before have there been so many indications that the English theater is on the point of realizing its responsibilities and of becoming the ally of education and art and morals. Says *The Dial*:

"Looking first at the transatlantic aspect of the situation, we note that the war on the censorship goes merrily on, and that the doom or the radical transformation is in sight of a system that proscribes such dramatic masterpieces as 'The Cenci' and 'Monna Vanna,' while tolerating every form of debasing and brutalizing stage entertainment. Then there are the two new repertory theaters that are actually about to open their doors in London, one of them under the management of Mr. Herbert Trench, the other under the joint direction of Mr. Charles Frohman and Messrs. G. Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker, J. M. Barrie and John Galsworthy. These two enterprises show that 'the public within the public,' to use Mr. Archer's phrase, has at last found practical recognition, and that the serious play-writer may be encouraged to engage in dramatic composition without keeping one eye squinted toward the box-office."

Not only in New York is there a fervent response to the new idea. In Chicago the gallant enterprise of Donald Robertson has found generous support. In Dublin and Manchester and in Glasgow moderately endowed theaters have been successful. Mr. Robert-

son has already done two years of missionary work; his program for the present season is singularly interesting and conspicuously catholic. His English classics are to be Sheridan's "The Critic," Browning's "The Return of the Druses," Shelley's "The Cenci," and Shakespeare's "Timon of Athens." The latter two plays (we quote again from *The Dial*) are practically unknown to the modern stage, and Shelley's great tragedy, forbidden in the poet's native country by the censor, has had only the single (private) performance given it by the Shelley Society about fifteen years ago. Ten continental dramas, new and old, are included in this fascinating program.

Mr. Donald Robertson owes to the support of the Universities no small measure of his success. "If," remarks Mr. William Archer in *McClure's*, "I may venture to criticise Mr. Robertson's policy, from very imperfect knowledge, I should say that it was rather too literary, or, in other words, it attaches too much weight to the intellectual as distinct from specifically dramatic values. Of the New Theater, it has been alleged that it is not founded upon or does not embody an idea." "Whether," this distinguished critic continues, "the founders were consciously animated by an idea with a big I, is more than I can say. But I am quite sure that their main motive is to be sought in something deeper and more trustworthy than an Idea—to wit, a widely felt instinct."

"They were aware, not, perhaps, in detail, but in its general effect, of the movement I have sketched in this article; and they saw that the time had come when the further development of the Anglo-American drama ought no longer to be left to mere individual enterprise. The American stage, while in some ways in advance of the English,—notably in its hospitality to foreign masterpieces—had in some ways fallen behind. For instance, the Shakespearean tradition was in danger of extinction, and the tradition of classic comedy was almost entirely extinct. Moreover, with the rise of a school of native realism, the arts of diction and of distinction had largely fallen into neglect. There were, in brief, a multitude of ways in which a great and dignified theatrical institution, permanently established in a metropolitan center, might advance the arts both of drama and of acting. The founders determined that New York should be that center; and they have once for all snatched away from London the distinction of being the first



A MATINEE IDOL IN ADVANCED DRAMA

Mr. Faversham has distinguished himself by producing successfully one of the most notable of poetic tragedies within recent years. In the neuropathic "Herod" of Stephen Phillips he sounds unexpected depths of psychological insight.

city in the English-speaking world to vie with Continental capitals in worthily housing and magnanimously fostering the finer forms of dramatic art. I will not say that London is not a little ashamed of having let New York get so far ahead of her; but I am sure that we, in England, will watch with all possible sympathy,

interest and hope an enterprise which certainly embodies the Idea that the English language has been in the past, and may be in the future, the medium of the greatest drama in the world."

Until recently, maintains Mr. John Corbin, literary director of this institution, the drama has been the Cinderella of the Arts. "The New Theater has been ridiculed as a plaything of millionaire amateurs. Yet no sooner was the New Theater an accomplished fact than imitations sprang up on all sides. . . . The present stage would seem to be that Cinderella will become a pampered parvenu." Two-thirds of the productions at the New Theater, we learn, are to be of modern drama, the general tone of which is to be sanely popular.

"Light comedy, even farce of the better order, will be welcomed, as will be popular drama of action. Yet one-third of the productions are to be classical, and it is hoped eventually to build up the repertory until it will be possible for every one to witness each of the supreme masterpieces of the drama in the course of a few years. The New Theater is the only institution in any English-speaking country which has even attempted this lofty ideal.

"There are to be two performances of light opera each week, the entire productions being furnished by the Metropolitan Opera House, and under the direction of Andreas Dippel."

In accordance with this pronouncement, Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" was chosen for the opening performance. The eight productions of modern plays, Mr. Corbin informs us, are in part representative of the most recent dramatic movements in America and abroad, and are all pieces which it is hoped will prove interesting to the general public. Two of the earliest productions will be by youthful Americans—"The Cottage in the Air," a light comedy by Edward Knoblauch, and "The Nigger," a nobly powerful drama of the South by Edward Sheldon, author of "Salvation Nell."

But not only in the endowed playhouses is the "advanced drama" of which Mr. Forbes Robertson has spoken, intellectualizing the stage. Of this his own production of Jerome K. Jerome's remarkable play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," offers encouraging and irrefutable evidence. This curious dramatic sermon is a companion piece to "The Servant in the House"; it is somewhat under the influence of the early morality play. "Still," Mr. Robertson tells us, "Mr. Jerome has accomplished a wonderful bit of work. The piece seems to crystallize all religions, for it is

based upon the universal creed of Mohammedan, Christian, Jew, with equal consideration and regard for their sensibility. It is the Christ idea, in the frock coat." Unlike Walter Hampton, Mr. Robertson has not assumed the conventional mask of Christ; in fact, the censor would not have permitted so daring an innovation. In character the mysterious Stranger is a little monotonous; he is always sweet and gentle and never becomes indignant and stern. The work as a whole, Mr. Clayton Hamilton remarks in *The Forum*, stands outside of the canons of dramatic criticism, and must be judged, therefore, merely by its effect.

One of the American plays extolled by Mr. Archer for embodying the new dramatic idea is "The Witching Hour"; "The Harvest Moon," by the same author, is another step in the same direction. "The Harvest Moon," in the words of the *New York Sun*, is a play that is worth thinking about and worth talking about. "The Melting Pot," avers Mr. Arthur Ruhl in *Collier's Weekly*, "has put into flesh and blood an emotion and conviction common in one degree or another to all Americans. Mr. Zangwill struck a deeper and more vital American note than is often heard on the stage." "The Third Degree" embodies the scientific idea of a distinguished Harvard professor.

There can be no doubt of the upward trend in the theater when we discover William Faversham, the matinee idol, as the interpreter of one of the most notable of modern poetic dramas, the "Herod" of Stephen Phillips. This achievement, the *Evening Post* enthusiastically asserts, speaks of high purpose and conscientious endeavor. The highly colored tragedy deals with that period of the great Jewish monarch's reign which witnessed the election of Queen Mariamne's brother Aristobulus as high priest, his dangerous popularity with the multitude, his murder at the instigation of the King, and the subsequent execution of Mariamne herself. In its main incidents, the reviewer opines, it does not wander far from the path of historical fact, altho it pays but little respect to chronological order. "It is in the elaboration of detail, in the study of character, the invention of thrilling and essentially dramatic situations, in the creation of an Oriental atmosphere, and in the richness of pictorial and emotional illustration that the genius of the poet is displayed."

"His 'Herod' is a conception of great power and vitality, a magnificent despot, already tottering to his fall, and touched with something of that



THE SUCCESSOR OF HENRY IRVING

The laurels of Irving have fallen, in the opinion of most critics, upon the cerebral brow of Forbes Robertson. Unlike Irving, Forbes Robertson is a protagonist of the "New Idea" in the drama.

'faded splendor wan' that marked the Miltonic Satan. . . . Nothing could be more effective or more artistic in grouping or in color than Herod's state entry in the first act, his address to the crowd in the second, or that series of closing tableaux in which the mad King awaits the dead Mariamne, in the center of his wondering court. The final picture of the cataleptic tyrant standing, fixed, rigid and distorted, above the bier of the murdered Queen, was weird in the extreme."

The representation of "Herod" in its entirety was an emphatic success, the approbation and deep interest of the audience being unmistakably genuine. If after all these signs and miracles there are still pessimists who will not see the rainbow in the theatrical sky, they are respectfully referred, in the words of a writer in *The Bohemian*, to those Athenians of the third century before Christ who looked caressingly on the sculpture that had been lifted by Alexander from the Persian and Egyptian courts and who sighed for a time when there might be a truly great Athenian sculpture; this at the moment when Zeuxis, Praxiteles and Phidias were embodying in marble the loveliness of their vision.

# Science and Discovery

## THE COMING WAR ON THE HOOKWORM

**P**OPULAR interest in the campaign against the hookworm throughout the Gulf States region—a campaign rendered practicable by the million dollar donation of John D. Rockefeller last month—presages the speediest of results. "From all parts of the south," in the words of an associated press telegram, "have poured into the office of Dr. Charles Wardwell Stiles, who discovered the hookworm disease and who is on the new Rockefeller commission, messages pledging hearty co-operation by health officials and physicians." Of such keenness is the interest felt in Virginia, for example, that the state health board sent a medical commissioner to Washington for a conference with Dr. Stiles. "He was furnished with all possible data on the subject and left fully prepared to inaugurate the work in his state." Other measures to spread a knowledge of the

exact character of the emergency brought about by the disease are to be based upon the mass of expert literature so recently summarized and elucidated in *McClure's Magazine*.

Scattered over the Atlantic seaboard, from the Potomac, around the Gulf, to the Mississippi River, there are today two million of "poor whites" known to the negro elements as "trash" yet all native-born American white people. They are suffering from anemia, according to Mr. Marion Hamilton Carter's brilliant study in *McClure's Magazine*. "Hardly one of these two million yet knows or even suspects that he is the victim of an internal parasite upon which rests the responsibility for the backward state of the South." In the black belt is one of the finest and fairest regions of the globe, inhabited by one of the purest strains of Anglo-Saxon stock in the world—men whose ancestors were the flower of the race. Today these



Courtesy Dr. J. L. Nicholson and *McClure's*

### SOUTHERN "POOR WHITES" INFECTED WITH HOOKWORM DISEASE

The effect of the scourge of the South at various ages is shown in this group of parents and children. The peculiar vacant stare, the nervous debility and in particular the total lack of ambition in appearance and expression are symptoms of the advanced stage of the malady.





## READY TO INFECT MAN

This drawing is many times the natural size and is enlarged to indicate the condition of the hookworm larva on the eve of entrance into the body of its host.

men are characterized generally—there are some exceptions, but not many—by inefficiency, mental backwardness and sheer laziness. The cause of the conditions is the hookworm and the source of the hookworm is the negro. The black man is seemingly infested by the parasite that does such damage to the white, but the negro seems immune to the degeneration. He even waxes fat upon the parasite which makes the white man worthless. The parasite is the hookworm and it seems to have been brought to this country by the African generations ago.

A decade back even the most intelligent and subtle scientists did not suspect that this so-called anemia of the South was due to the parasite. "Today," says Mr. Carter, "thanks largely to the tireless efforts of one man—Charles Wardell Stiles—the whole medical profession and many of the laity are awake to the vital issues of the problem and are preparing a crusade that shall reach from the worst regions to the barrens, where nearly the whole population is suffering, to the farthest 'cove' in the mountains, and stamp out the disease."

"The discovery of the hookworm itself is not recent. In 1782 Goeze, a German clergyman and zoölogist, found a small, hair-like parasite in the intestine of a badger he was dissecting, which he called *der Haarrundwurm* (the hair-round worm), mentioning in his published description some finger-like rays in the membranous expansion of the tail that he supposed to be hooks; and seven years later Froelich, another German zoölogist, found a similar parasite in the intestine of a fox. Observing the 'hooks' spoken of by Goeze, and still supposing them to be such, Froelich adopted the vernacular word, *Haakenwurm* (hookworm), and gave the generic name *Oncinaria* (from *uncinus*, a hook) to the genus he established. Thus the parasite got its name. As a matter of fact, the 'hooks' are not hooks at all, but supports, somewhat resembling umbrella-ribs, for the flared tail membrane, or bursa, of the male. However, the name clung for two other reasons: the head of the worm bends conspicuously backward, making a hook of the worm itself; and within the mouth cavity of the European species, *Ancylostoma duodenale*, lie four sharp, chitinous hooks by which the parasite fastens itself to the intestine.

"Similar parasites were next discovered in other animals, the most important being 'colic

worms' in horses; but it was not until 1843 that Dubini, an Italian of Milan, described a species occurring in man, to which was later attributed the widespread anemia among Italian brick-makers, excavators, and the poorer rural population.

"This view of the relation of hookworms to anemia seems to have attracted little attention till 1879. In that year a terrible epidemic of what then became known as 'tunnel disease' broke out among the workers in the St. Gothard Tunnel, and the interest of the whole scientific world was aroused. Investigation of this epidemic left no doubt as to the cause of the disease, and that it had been spread through total neglect of personal hygiene on the part of the workers and lack of sanitary conveniences. The soil of the tunnel was completely impregnated with the ova and larvae of the hookworm, and all who handled it became infected. In 1881 Bozzolo, in Turin, suggested the use of thymol, the active principle of thyme, for the destruction of the parasite, which remains the stock treatment today."

By this time the disease was known to be widely prevalent in Europe—tho it had not been located above the fifty-second parallel—and certain mines were notorious for the anemia among the workers. As soon as attention was dramatically centred upon it by the St. Gothard tunnel epidemic reports came in rapidly from such widely scattered parts of the world as Calcutta, Lower Bengal, Ceylon and Egypt. America had not reported. The hookworm had not yet been found here, probably because poor food and malaria were generally considered a sufficient explanation for the anemia of the poor whites. However, by the nineties the St. Gothard tunnel story and Bozzolo's treatment had become known and the more advanced physicians were on the lookout for cases, when, in 1893, Blickhahn won the priority claim for the first discovery by publishing in *The Philadelphia Medical News* the report of an imported case of a German bricklayer he had treated. Following on the heels of this, a few cases were found in Richmond and New Orleans and the profession instantly realized that the hookworm was here. Nobody yet suspected that America possessed a hookworm of her own.

"And then, in 1901, the right case fell into the hands of the right man—Dr. Allen J. Smith, of Texas—and the account of it was published

by Dr. M. Charlotte Schaeffer in the *Texas Medical News*.

"To show how this played into the search for the cause of the 'two million sick' in our Southern States, we must first swing over to Washington, to the Bureau of Animal Industry and the work of a zoölogist, Dr. Stiles, then connected with the department, but since transferred to the Marine Hospital Service.

"Dr. Stiles had for years been studying intestinal parasites, particularly among dogs and sheep, and had found hookworms in sheep producing an anemia so severe that in some flocks the mortality rose as high as fifty per cent. Reasoning inductively from this, he became convinced that the 'poor whites' of the South were suffering, not from laziness and shiftlessness, but from a widespread endemic disease that had hitherto remained unrecognized by the physician. Not being a medical practitioner himself, cases by which he could test his theory did not come his way; but so certain was he of the truth of his inferences that he presented his theory wherever he could. Physicians laughed at him. Still he kept urging them to examine more carefully their anemia and obscure malaria cases for an intestinal parasite like Dubini's.

"In 1896 he was lecturing on animal parasites at Georgetown University, and he made the remark to his medical students, 'If any of you ever go South, or into the tropics, and find a case of anemia the cause of which is not clear to you, look for a hookworm like that found in the dogs about Washington.'

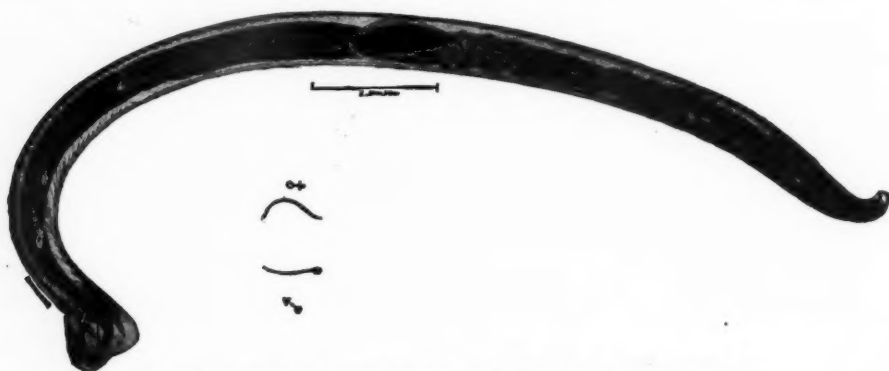
"A young man who sat in the class that day—Bailey K. Ashford—entered the army on graduation, and was ordered to Porto Rico. Almost his first cases were of a peculiar anemia, the cause of which was not clear, but was attributed to improper nourishment. He made a microscopical examination, and found the hookworm!—which he followed up presently with the further discovery that one-third of all the deaths in Porto Rico were due to it. This discovery, in the opinion of Dr. Stiles, is one of the most important

results of the Spanish-American war.

"The young doctor believed he had captured the Old World hookworm, *Anchylostoma duodenale*, but he sent some of his specimens up to Dr. Stiles to make sure. Dr. Stiles had had the specimens only a few days when Dr. Claytor of Washington telephoned him that there was a peculiar anemia case in the Garfield Hospital for him to see. Dr. Stiles went at once, and, passing through the ward without a hint from Dr. Claytor, he walked straight to a pale, emaciated lad, fresh from Virginia, and said, 'I believe this is the case I've been looking for.'

It was exactly seven years ago at the Pan-American Sanitary Congress, that Dr. Stiles made his first general public announcement of the discovery and economic importance of the American hookworm and to it he flatly attributed the laziness and the shiftlessness of the poor whites in the South. Next morning a New York newspaper announced that the "germ of laziness" had been discovered and within a week the press of the country made it the joke of the season. But Dr. Stiles went on with his investigation by trying to discover what made the disease spread, why some localities were relatively free from it while in others fifty per cent. of the children seemed infected. He returned with proof piled on proof and what had been a chorus of ridicule became a loud voice for suppression of the evil. The facts so long obscure had become simple at last when it transpired that everything was explicable on the basis of the structure of the hookworm.

"Compacted within its tiny body, less than an inch long and looking like a bit of soiled coarse thread, are well-developed organs—mouth, esophagus, intestinal canal, various glands, etc., to which the female adds the capacity for many thousand eggs.



WHAT THE FULL-FLEDGED HOOKWORM LOOKS LIKE

These drawings show both the actual size of the parasite and the aspect it presents underneath a powerful microscope

"The mouth is cup-shaped and bordered by a flattened rim that can be squeezed up snugly against the intestine of its host during feeding, and the strong, muscular esophagus thus becomes a powerful and effective suction pump. Inside the mouth are two pairs of sharp chitinous lancets, and prominent at the rim is a single stiletto-like fang, the 'conical dorsal tooth,' with a long gland at its base. When the hookworm is ready to eat, it presses its mouth disk against the intestine, draws a tiny piece of the mucous membrane into its mouth, and punctures it with its lancets and fang. Through the minute holes thus made the blood is sucked out. The punctures are repeated many times in the course of a meal, finally riddling the bit of mucous membrane with holes, if not actually gouging it out. After the worm has dropped off, pyogenic bacteria frequently find lodgment in these holes, producing small ulcers which often run together and form irregular ulcerations. On account of the irritation caused by the presence of the worms it is quite common to find, in addition to the definite lesions, the existence of a diffuse catarrh of variable severity.

"How long a hookworm remains clinging to one spot before it moves to a fresh one is not known; but the condition of the intestines in dogs and men on whom autopsies have been performed seems to indicate that they move frequently, a small number of worms causing many wounds, which, if they do not ulcerate, leave scars and a general hardening of the intestinal wall that greatly interfere with its function. Dr. Sandwith, an English physician who made a study of the subject in Egypt, found in one of his autopsies 250 worms and 575 bites. In another, when the autopsy was performed seven hours after death, there were 863 worms, of which 217 were still clinging, and 'some of them had not only their heads but half their bodies buried in the intestine. It was often impossible to dislodge them by a strong stream of water, and they had to be pulled out by forceps.'

"While the number of worms frequently runs to more than a thousand,—two thousand is not an uncommon number, and the record rises as high as forty-six hundred,—many severe cases of uncinariasis (hookworm disease) yield very few. Six of Sandwith's autopsies showed fewer than ten, three showed twenty."

There is reason to feel certain that the hookworm secretes some substance in the nature of a poison that is widely distributed by the system and acts directly on the marrow of the bones, injuring or destroying the blood-making function, the blood falling from twenty to seventy per cent. below the normal. The deaths, in spite of treatment, after advanced stages of the disease have been reached, bear out this theory. This being the case, widespread disturbance of function, bodily and

mental, must be the necessary outcome of hookworm infection, especially in childhood. Retardation of development, due to hookworms, has caused a great deal of unmerited criticism to be heaped upon the cotton mill owners in the south. Lads of seventeen appear to be no older than normal lads of seven, boys of ten and eleven looking in some instances like little children. The disease makes them dull and backward and when the infection is long standing the talk of the patient tends to parrot-like repetition.

"The only remedy that has stood the test of time is Bozzolo's thymol treatment—thymol, followed by Epsom salts. But thymol is a powerful and dangerous drug when taken carelessly, and should never be used except by the direction of a physician. Ordinarily it passes through the intestine, stunning the hookworms and compelling them to drop their hold, tho many resist a first and even second dose, probably because they are so deeply embedded in the mucous membrane, as shown in Sandwith's autopsies. Two hours after the thymol, a dose of Epsom salts clears out the intestinal tract.

"Thymol is soluble in fats, oils, and alcohol, and when one of these is present it dissolves the thymol, which then passes into the system of the patient, acting directly on the heart. If the amount is large, death will be the result. Sandwith attributes two deaths to it. One of Dr. Stiles' experimental dogs died under it. Dr. Smith warns strongly against its undirected use, especially where the heart is already weakened or atrophied by the disease. The patient must therefore be dieted the day before the dose is administered, to exclude fats and oils. The dose is best given on an empty stomach, the first thing in the morning.

"In working among the poor, ignorant whites, physicians often have great difficulty in getting them to follow directions. Not long ago a whole family, in dreadful shape from the disease, moved into Raleigh. One and all of them positively refused to give up bacon for a day.

"So much for the cure of the individual. What of the stamping out of the disease? Uncinariasis is not like smallpox or scarlet fever, which, once cured, tend to establish immunity to subsequent infection. There is absolutely no immunity from uncinariasis so long as the larvae remain in the soil and can reach the human body. The real problem, then, is the proper disposal of body waste."

Experiment along the lines that established the existence of the parasite in the poor white has conclusively shown that the negro is the great reservoir and spreader of the hookworm in the states that harbor him. Where he goes the hookworm goes.

## THE HAUNTED ANTHROPOLOGIST OF CRIME



HE name of Cesare Lombroso—whose death at seventy-three now inspires appreciations of his work in the scientific press of the whole world—is associated forever with the study of the criminal human type as a special anthropological problem. His taking off was made sensational by his pledge to return from the grave; for he was one of the psychic investigators and thought he had seen ghosts. That he was a great scientific investigator is the verdict of *Scientia*, the Italian organ of scientific thought, which reflects the general expert opinion. "Tho the credit for the foundation of the modern school of criminal anthropology," we read, "belongs to France, it is Italy and Italian scientists who have taken the lead in investigation, and the works of Lombroso have gained for this branch of research a recognized place in the field of science." Until comparatively recent years, all that we know as the repression of crime was founded upon the theory of the moral responsibility of the individual criminal. It was peculiarly the achievement of Lombroso that the modern criminologist came to recognize how potent are the biological factors in the case. The Italian established, apparently, the existence of a definite and specific criminal human type midway between the lunatic and the savage.

Cesare Lombroso has himself recorded how his attention was first drawn to the special branch of science with which he became so closely identified:

"One evening there died in a prison within the city limits of Turin a celebrated brigand, robber and incendiary, who had often escaped the clutches of the law on account of his amazing agility. Upon the death of this remarkable man, who was a true type of the born criminal, I examined his skull. It presented an enormous occipital fossa in place of the occipital median spine which occurs in the interior of the skull. I made the autopsy in the yard of the prison in the early hours of the morning . . . and the whole idea of my future work rose before me like a picture. I instantly perceived that the criminal must be a survival of the primitive man and the carnivorous animals."

Lombroso eagerly assimilated the conclusions of Darwin as revealed in "The Origin of Species," according to London *Nature*. He at once commenced an elaborate treatise on much the same lines that Darwin had followed, testing Darwin's theories at many

points and speculating with considerable success on the English evolutionist's important suggestions for the study of man. Lombroso's great work on the criminal was not published until 1876—nearly twenty years after the undertaking had been conceived—and its influence is pronounced by our London contemporary to have been as immediate and as far-reaching as was that of "The Origin of Species" itself. In the words of *The British Medical Journal*:

"Lombroso first perceived the criminal as, anatomically and physiologically, an organic anomaly. He set about weighing him and measuring him according to the methods of anthropology. Even on the psychological side he gained new and more exact results. He endeavored to ascertain the place of the criminal in nature, the causes of his appearance, and his treatment. The results of that work are daily used on the Continent in the administration of several State prisons and in the control and supervision of many private asylums. Lombroso's life-work opened up so many new lines of investigation and suggested so many more that it has been received as marking a new epoch. Like Ferri, Bovio, and Colajanni, the well-known Italian criminologists, he was greatly influenced by Comte, and owed to the Positivist a too eager disposition to ascribe all mental phenomena to biological causes. But notwithstanding that fact and a certain lack of precision in dealing with evidence his work has, as has been said, made an epoch in criminology, Lombroso having surpassed all his fore-runners by the comprehensive nature of his investigations and the definite conclusions which he deduced from them. Their exact theoretical outcome has been declared to be that 'the criminal population exhibits a higher percentage of physical, nervous, and mental anomalies than non-criminals, and that these anomalies are due partly to degeneration and partly to atavism. The criminal is a special type of the human race, standing midway between the lunatic and the savage.' This doctrine as to a 'criminal type' has been severely criticized, 'but is admitted by all to contain a substratum of truth. The practical reform to which it points is a classification of offenders so that the born criminal may receive a different kind of punishment from the offender who is tempted into crime by circumstances.'"

When, therefore, at the close of a career in which he had figured as a champion of the new trend of human thought in psychiatry and criminal anthropology, Lombroso—as he says himself in the book published just before his death by Small, Maynard and Company under the title "After Death, What?"—



began investigations into the phenomena of spiritism, his nearest friends protested. They told him, he says, that he would ruin a fame built up by a generation of painful toil between the time when as a young man he was made professor of mental diseases at the University of Pavia and the erection of his own famous laboratory at Turin. Yet no amount of friendly objection, he says, caused him to hesitate for a moment. "I thought it my predestined end and way and my duty," he wrote, "to crown a life passed in the struggle for great ideas by entering the lists for this desperate cause, the most hotly contested and perhaps the most persistently mocked at idea of the times." It seemed to him a duty that, up to the very last of the few remaining years of his life, he should unflinchingly stand his ground, as he expressed it, "in the very thick of the fight."

Perhaps the true explanation of Lombroso's acceptance of spiritism, suggests the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), is to be found "in the essential simplicity, not to say child-like candor, of the man's nature." A most intimate revelation of him from this standpoint was recently made by his daughter, wife of the illustrious Professor Ferrero. "Having passed through many hardships," she wrote, "my father has remained extraordinarily young in candor, freshness and youthful vivacity; and this not only because of an unchanging faculty for obtaining joy through very small things, but through a flexible humor and a complete inexperience of the world which causes him to be treated by all with more love than formal respect." Lombroso had the heart of a child "beating in tune with the brain of a scientist," as the Paris *Revue Psychologique* says. One of the last acts of his career was the giving of a pledge to his friends at Turin to communicate with them through the famous "medium" Eusapia Paladino. Lombroso believed that he had accumulated much and definite information regarding the spirits in the next world, as these extracts from his last book "After Death—What?" denote:

"The human forms assumed by the spirits are not such as properly belong to their existence, but form temporary incarnations by which they make themselves known to us, and may therefore be extremely variable. They frequently take on the physiognomy, the voice, the gestures of the medium, but exhibit this peculiarity, that they change sometimes even in the same day, and assume an individual physiognomy and an individual moral character which may last



THE HUMAN SIDE OF LOMBRORO

Nothing pleased the eminent criminologist more than the joys of his house and garden where he talked much with Louis Lombard, the Italian scientist and publicist, one of his pupils and associates (at the right).

for months and for years. . . .

"The phantasmal personalities develop, in the presence of the medium (especially under the influence of anger or offended vanity), a dynamometric force which once reached as high as 100 to 110 kilograms, and often attains to 80 and 90. With Bottazzi it went to 93.

"Then there is the remarkable force exhibited (even at a distance from the medium) in haunted castles,—a force that opens very heavy doors and windows and flings showers of stones, not merely down, but up. It appears, however, from the confessions of the phantasms, that the forces acquired by them from the mediums rapidly diminish. The graphic registrations obtained with the drum of Marey, which was in communication with a rotating cylinder, traced very broad lines in two groups, the first with a duration of 23 seconds, and the other with a duration of 18 seconds. In each of the two groups it was clearly to be seen that the force diminished with considerable more rapidity than in the case of a medium or of a normal person. . . .

"Often the spirits of the dead are held by an irresistible attraction inseparably united to the house where they long lived, or to the tomb in which their bodies were placed, and make themselves visible when the tomb is visited."

## THE MOST VIOLENT OF RECORDED MAGNETIC STORMS

**D**ETAILED of the magnetic storm that broke over the world some weeks ago have now been collated under the auspices of Sir Oliver Lodge, with the result that in violence this latest display of a rare physical phenomenon seems unprecedented. From New York to Uruguay, from St. Petersburg to Peking, the tale is the same. It was one intense magnetic current passing from north to south in some countries and between other points of the compass elsewhere, accompanied in Australia by beautiful displays of the Aurora and in New York by a serious crippling of the telegraph and cable services for five hours. The display of "northern lights" in St. Petersburg was most distinct during this rare type of storm and in some parts of interior Europe the northern lights, when seen, evinced a preponderance of violet rays. Altogether, as Paris *Cosmos* says, the manifestation was the most violent of recorded cosmic electro-magnetic disturbances. Luckily, this overwhelming of the electricity subserving the purposes of civilization on the terrestrial globe did not last longer than some seven hours. "It was in vain to send messages—the lines had been seized by an invader in all directions and nothing could get through.

It seems odd to London *Engineering* that a natural phenomenon so gigantic in the scale of its operation should be shrouded in such complete mystery. Sir Oliver Lodge advances the opinion that it is due to solar radio-activity. In addition to its ordinary radiation, on which the earth entirely depends, the sun is at times "technically radio-active" and the eruption not only produces sun-spots but also expels crowds of electrons, which fly with prodigious speed in straight lines after the manner of the Beta rays in radium. Whenever a torrent of these minute electrified projectiles rushes past the earth, as they do at the rate of some thousand miles a second, they constitute a powerful electric current and are liable to deflect magnetic needles. Some of them, however, as in the case now so much discussed in the scientific press, actually encounter the earth's atmosphere, and tho they are mostly deflected to the Poles, some, especially at the time of the equinox, may come down near the equator. Those which journey to the Poles are accompanied by an opposite

current in the crust of the earth from the equator to the Poles. This it is which disturbs the telegraphs, being picked up or tapped by them as they run by. They also produce auroras in the vicinity of the Poles. Those which enter the atmosphere elsewhere act as nuclei for the condensation of moisture and by screening the sun's rays are probably responsible for much dull and overcast weather. Local thunderstorms are also a not unlikely result. There is no remedy for the magnetic storms due to cosmic causes nor for the corresponding earth currents.

There is much dispute between scientists as to the validity of this hypothesis; but Sir Oliver Lodge insists that it at least holds the field for the present. He is sustained by Professor E. W. Maunder, at the head of the solar department in the royal observatory at Greenwich, who says:

"It takes between one and two days for the streams to travel from the sun to the earth, as nearly as we can tell.

"The storms are recorded by a magnetic needle, which is a bar of steel about 2 feet long and 1 inch in section, and which swings freely by a 6-foot silken thread. Attached to the needle is a small mirror. A gas burner is placed at a certain distance from the mirror, and throws a beam of light on the mirror, which reflects it on a drum covered with photographic paper. The drum revolves by clockwork once in twenty-four hours, and so records the movements of the needle. As a rule the magnetic movements of the earth cause a slightly wavy line to be recorded, less wavy in winter than in summer."

The seismologist, according to Dr. Walter Sidgreaves in London *Nature*, cannot fail to see in the oscillations recorded during the magnetic storm an imitation of the pendular swings produced by a distant earthquake and the preliminary movements are undoubtedly of the first interest to the student of terrestrial magnetism:

"The suggestion is very pointed that, whatever be the cause of the magnetic storm, it must be something arriving in our neighborhood, whether directly from the sun or circulating round it, of which a part travels quicker and has less effect than the slower moving particles which produce the great oscillations; but we are in no position to meet the difficulties which beset any definite supposition as to the nature of these particles, and defend it against apparent contradictions."

## SCIENTIFIC PRESS ON THE POLAR EXPEDITION OF DOCTOR COOK

**C**AREFUL study of the leading organs of scientific opinion in this country and abroad fails to disclose an authoritative opinion expressed by any one of them to the effect that Doctor Frederick A. Cook's claim to priority of arrival at the North Pole has yet been established by him. *The Scientific American* thinks it proper to give him credit for the conquest until it has been disproved; but it is hardly too much to say that the general view expressed in such papers as *London Nature*, *Paris Cosmos*, *Milan Scienza* and *Leipsic Prometheus*—to name these only—is one of suspended judgment. The theory that Doctor Cook can mislead scientific opinion into acceptance of an unsubstantiated claim with reference to conquest of the North Pole is ridiculed by *London Knowledge*, which reminds us that such data as an explorer brings home from remote regions of the globe must be investigated deliberately. "It might take months to pass judgment upon a disputed point, since the co-operative effort of physicists, meteorologists and even astronomers can alone establish the truth."

How could Doctor Cook positively prove his discovery, assuming that he is not mistaken regarding the altitude attained by him? This question suggests various considerations relative to geographical and astronomical phenomena at the terrestrial poles to Dr. L. C. Bernacchi, physicist to the late Antarctic expedition under Captain Scott, who said in an address before a body of geographers in London:

"At the Poles of the earth, which are, mathematically speaking, 'singular' points, the definitions of meridians of North and South, etc., break down. Here in this latitude we speak of the zenith directly above our heads, and we are acquainted with the Pole-star (Polaris), so called because it almost coincides with the Pole (celestial). There the celestial Pole and zenith coincide, and any number of circles may be drawn through the two points, which have now become one. The horizon and celestial Equator coalesce, and the only direction on the earth's surface is due south (or north at the South Pole)—east and west have vanished. A single step of the observer will, however, remedy the confusion: zenith and Pole will separate and his meridian will again become determinate. At the North Pole the sun is visible above the horizon for six months—namely, from March 21 to Sept. 22,

the dates of the vernal and autumnal equinox respectively, or when the sun crosses the celestial Equator coming north and going south. Supposing Dr. Cook had reached the North Pole on March 21, he would see the sun gradually rise in the south and move right round his horizon, in sight the whole time, and return again to the south point. It would not rise or fall with regard to the meridian, as the sun does in these latitudes, but would very gradually rise along its whole course in the form of a spiral, and this change in altitude would be equal to the change in the declination of the sun. This gradual change in altitude goes on in the same spiral manner until June 21, the date of the summer solstice, when the sun has reached its farthest point north, and its maximum altitude is about  $23\frac{1}{2}$  degrees. It then gradually falls in the same manner towards the horizon, disappearing on Sept. 22 and remaining out of sight until the following March. The stars would then be visible—that is, all the stars between the Pole and the Equator; and these stars would neither rise nor set, but would describe great circles around the observer, remaining practically at the same altitude. The stars, indeed, would be the most satisfactory and accurate guides in determining the latitude when the Pole had been reached, more especially the Pole-star itself, which would be in the zenith and free from the uncertainties due to refraction, etc. Unfortunately, only the sun is available in the summer, and unless the explorer reaches the Pole near midsummer, when its altitude is well above the horizon, at other times it is distorted and affected by refraction, and errors of observation are unavoidable. The compass, of course, is still of use, but the north-seeking end, instead of pointing north, would

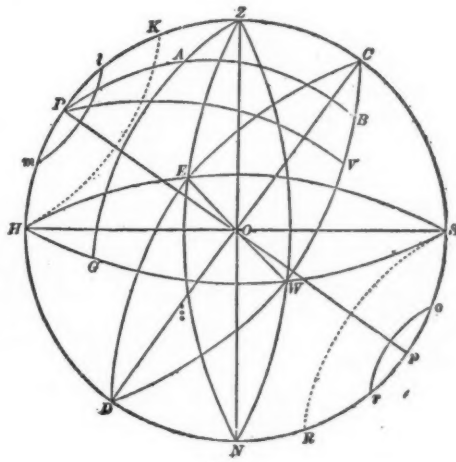


Fig. 1

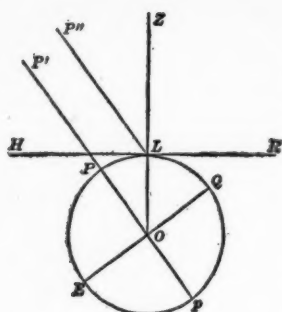


Fig. 2

point south in the direction of the North Magnetic Pole, which is situated in North America, and some degrees to the south of the North Pole."

Traveling towards the North Pole, proceeds Doctor Bernacchi, an explorer, when within

reach of his goal, would exercise the minutest care in his astronomical observations and greatly multiply them. The best instrument under such conditions is perhaps a small theodolite as used by Captain Scott in the Antarctic. This instrument is steadier than a small sextant, which has to be held in the hand, and probably more accurate. The readings of altitude of the sun should be checked, if possible, by another member of the party, and carefully noted in the traveler's field book or diary, with a record of the temperature at the time and the barometric pressure, so that corrections may be applied for these two influences.

"The altitudes would be roughly worked out on the spot to indicate how closely he was approaching to the Pole. Having reached what he believed to be the position of the Pole, he would be careful to take a very large number of different altitudes over a period of hours, or even days, and the mean of these observations would undoubtedly give him a fairly accurate result.

"These original note-books, absolutely unaltered and the testimony of his fellow-travellers, are practically the only evidence he could produce of having reached the Pole.

If he possessed a camera, it might be of some value, if he were on perfectly level sea-ice, to take a photograph of the sun showing the horizon line below.

The phenomena at the South Pole would be identical, excepting that the sun would be always in the north, and all lines would lead north, and the dates of the sun's visibility would be reversed—namely, from Sept. 22 to March 21; the maximum altitude of the sun being reached on Dec. 22. The south-seeking end of the compass would point north in the direction of the South Magnetic Pole."

From a standpoint rather friendlier to Doctor Cook than that of the other organs hitherto named, *The Scientific American*, while also suspending final judgment until all the

evidence has been passed upon by the highest scientific authorities, undertakes to explain how the explorer made his observations of latitude. For the purposes of astronomical observation, the celestial sphere is divided as indicated in Fig. 1. Assuming that the observer is placed at O, his celestial horizon will be HESW. The axis of the heavens will be Pp, P being the elevated pole and p the depressed pole; Z will be the zenith of the observer and N his nadir. The great circle HZSN will be the observer's celestial meridian; like all great circles passing through the celestial poles, it is an hour circle or circle of declination. The circle ECWD is the equinoctial (the celestial equator) and the circle EZWN perpendicular to the meridian is the prime vertical, cutting the horizon at E and W, respectively the east and west points. The north pole of the heavens is P, and is marked by the Pole star or north star.

"The latitude of any place on the earth is equal to the altitude of the elevated pole at that place. Hence by measuring the altitude of the Pole Star, the north latitude of a place above the equator is directly obtained. This follows from a consideration of Fig. 2, in which Pp is the earth's axis, and EQ the equator. The line HR tangent to the earth's surface at L is the horizon, and the point Z the zenith of L. Assume that the earth's axis and the line Lp'' parallel to the earth's axis to be both indefinitely prolonged. Because of the immensity of the celestial sphere as compared with the earth, these two lines will sensibly meet at a common point on the surface of the celestial sphere, and this common point is the elevated pole. To an observer L this ele-

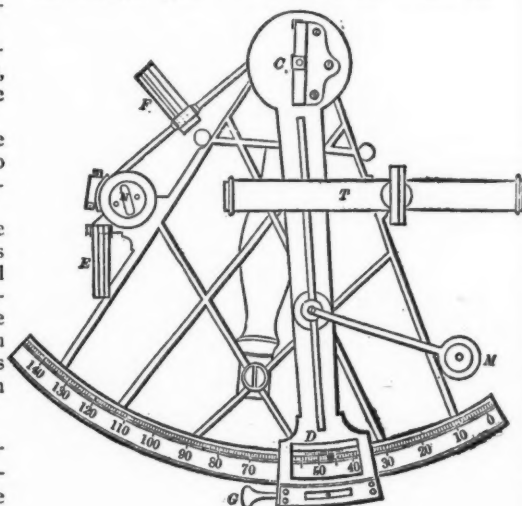


Fig. 3



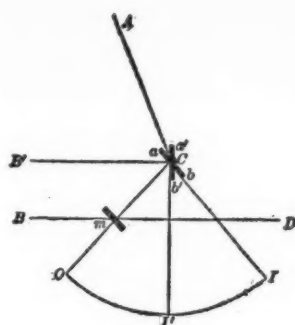


Fig. 4

altitude of the pole) is equal to  $LOQ$ , the observer's latitude.

In order to calculate his latitude, the navigator or explorer employs a sextant, which is an instrument by means of which the angular distance between two visible objects can be measured. Since Pole Star observations cannot always be taken, because the horizon is not always visible at dusk or at night time, the navigator is generally compelled to measure the sun's altitude, and to use that as the basis of latitude calculations. As shown in Fig. 3, the sextant is a sector of a circle, whose arc measures 60 deg. A movable radius, called the index bar,  $CD$ , revolves about the center of the sector. At its lower extremity the bar carries a vernier  $D$ . At the upper extremity of the index bar is a silvered mirror  $C$ , the surface of which is perpendicular to the plane of the instrument. Another glass  $N$ , called the horizon glass, is rigidly attached to the frame of the instrument, the upper half of which glass is transparent and the lower half silvered. The surface of the horizon glass must also be perpendicular to the plane of the instrument. A telescope  $T$  is directed toward the horizon glass, with its optical axis parallel to the plane of the instrument. Two sets of colored glasses,  $F$  and  $E$ , are usually provided for the protection of the eye when the sun is observed. The sextant is constructed on the principle that the angle between the first and last direction of a ray which has been reflected twice in the same plane is equal to twice the angle which the two reflecting surfaces make with each other."

Suppose we wish to measure the angular distance between the sun  $A$  and some distant object  $B$  on the horizon (Fig. 4). The object  $B$  is distinctly visible at  $D$  in the telescope through the upper, transparent half of the horizon glass  $m$ . The object  $b$  is so distant that the rays  $B'C$  and  $Bm$  coming from it may be regarded as sensibly parallel. If  $a$   $b$  and  $C$   $I$  are the positions of the index glass and index bar when both glasses are parallel, the ray  $B'C$  will be reflected by the two

vated pole will therefore lie in the direction  $LP''$ , and  $P''LH$  will be its altitude. From Euclidian geometry we know that the angle  $HLZ$  is equal to the angle  $POQ$ , and the angle  $ZLP''$  equal to  $ZOP'$ . Hence the angle  $P''LH$  (the al-

glasses in a direction parallel to itself, and the observer, whose eye is at  $D$ , will see both the direct and the reflected image of  $B$  in coincidence. If the index bar be moved to some new position  $C'$ , so that the ray from the sun,  $A$ , is finally reflected in the direction  $mD$ , then the observer will see the direct image of  $B$  and the reflected image of  $A$  in coincidence. The angular distance between the two bodies is evidently equal to the angle between the first and the last direction of the ray  $AC$ , which angle is equal to twice the angle made by the two glasses with each other, or twice the angle  $ICI'$ . If then we know the point  $I$  on the gradient arc at which the index bar stands when the glasses are parallel, twice the difference between the reading of that point and that of the point  $I$  will be the angular distance of the two bodies. To avoid this doubling of the angle, every half degree on the arc is marked as a whole degree.

The sun is the body generally used by navigators in determining latitude. The time of noon being approximately known, the observer begins to measure the altitude of the lower limb of the sun a few minutes before noon and continues to measure it until the sun ceases to rise, or "dips," as it is called.

"The greatest altitude attained by the sun is taken as the meridian altitude. Corrections are made for index error, dip, atmospheric refraction, parallax, and semi-diameter, and the result is the sun's true meridian altitude. Taking this from 90 deg. we obtain the sun's zenith distance. Looking in the Ephemeris or Nautical Almanac we find the sun's declination given for Greenwich (or Washington) noon of every day, with the hourly change,

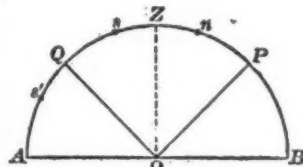



Fig. 5

so that we can easily deduce the exact declination at the moment of observation. Then the observer's latitude is obtained, because the latitude of the observer equals the sun's zenith distance plus the sun's declination. This is apparent from a consideration of Fig. 5, in which the circle  $AQPB$  is the meridian,  $Q$  and  $P$  the equator and the pole, and  $Z$  the zenith.  $QZ$  is the declination of the zenith, or the latitude of the observer. If the sun is observed at  $s$ , south of the zenith as it crosses the meridian, then  $Zs$  is its zenith distance and  $Qs$  its declination, which is known. Then  $QZ$  equals  $Qs$  plus  $sZ$ ; in other words, the latitude equals the declination of the sun plus its zenith distance."

## THE CHEMISTRY OF INSANITY

MONG the present wonders of science, none stirs the imagination, says *The British Medical Journal*, so powerfully as the doctrine that some forms of insanity are the result of a chemical change in the blood. At once the mere words raise, even in a mind that knows nothing of physiology and pathology, a clear image of Nature at work. It is all so simple, so reasonable. Why did not the doctors, long ago, see what anybody can see? Surely, we can account for everything now. Everything falls into line, takes its place in life, surrenders itself to be explained. Especially those temporary upsets of our mental balance which are far short of insanity. The ill temper which we feel and make others feel, on a bleak east windy day or from want of sleep, or because our digestions are out of order; and every stage of drink, from the happy letting-free of thought and talk, to the reeling home and physical nastiness of the drunkard; and all the nightmares, all attacks of melancholy, all extravagances of passion—they are all due, surely, to a chemical change in the blood, acting on the brain.

But go even further back, we are bidden by our contemporary. Think of such cases as most of us, at one time or another, have known, or have watched or have been. Here is a case of typhoid fever: and, with other evidence of a change in the blood, such as a high temperature, a rash, pains in the bones and the like, comes delirium; and the patient babbles or raves.

"Here is a case of influenza; the acute stage is past, but the patient is so odd, so dismal, worrying over his business, tho he need not worry, and always saying that he ought to have done more for his wife and the children; and then one day he is lost, and found dead by his own hand. Go further—here is a case of chronic alcoholism, here a case of puerperal mania, here a case of mania after some terrible shock. Chemistry, chemistry, all of them chemistry! Do we not brew, within ourselves, poisons which enter the circulation, and pervade every tissue of the body? What is the difference between a man talking nonsense under the influence of wine, or the influence of an anesthetic, and a man talking nonsense under the influence of the poison, the 'toxins,' of typhoid fever? Or take the instance of temporary insanity after shock. Do we not all know, from experience, how sudden terror, sudden bereavement, sudden happiness, can upset the functions of the body, in a chemical way, just

as poisonous food upsets them; and shall the brain escape, and not be upset with the rest of the body?

"This doctrine sweeps into its net a whole legion of cases. Other cases, at present, are outside the net. Cases where the whole life has been careful, temperate, chaste, and uneventful. Cases where heredity, and that alone, seems to have done the harm. Cases, for there are some fools who think of them as cases, of genius. Never mind, at present, what at present escapes the net. See what is taken in it. Was there ever such a haul?

"Nobody can doubt, for a moment, that the doctrine of a chemical agent in many forms of insanity, a poison or poisons, a toxin or toxins, brewed within the body, has tight hold of truth. Nobody can doubt, either, that the treatment of some cases of insanity is likely, now or in the near future, to be advanced by work done on the lines of this doctrine, and on these lines alone."

As a matter of fact, we are further told, this chemical explanation of insanity is not so new as it sounds. The substance of the doctrine may be found in old medical books, with their strange talk about gross and peccant humors, troubling the vital spirits. But, for exacter knowledge, the doctors had to wait for exacter methods. They could not formulate a chemical theory of insanity without the help of physiological chemistry; they could not formulate the chemistry of fever without the help of bacteriology, and for bacteriology they had to wait first for better microscopes and then for Pasteur. In every age the doctors have been as far forward as the age would let them go; and no opportunity was given them, until now, to advance to the ground which they are now beginning to hold.

But a special charge is laid against them in this matter. It is said that they have been, many of them, all along, on the same track, a wrong track. They have believed in mind as something wholly different from brain. They have clung to an old faith which is alien to science and has lost all influence over many schools of modern thought, that a man is not only a corporeal being but also a spiritual being—free and in some way independent of his physical structure. All their ideas about insanity have been clouded and confused and blocked by this purely conventional notion of mind or self as real.

"All along they have talked and written of insanity as a disease of the mind, not as a disease

of the brain; and have treated it, in the old days with chains and strait-waistcoats, in later days with kindness and recreations, but never with chemistry. If only they had started thirty years ago with the plain truth that the brain secretes thought just as the liver secretes bile, what an infinite gift might now be in their hands, what a burden lifted from the world. If only they had worked at insanity as they have worked at diphtheria and myxœdema, should we not have by this time an anti-toxin, or a tabloid of some organic extract, a sure and rapid cure? But they failed to grasp this simple fact that thoughts are merely the results of molecular changes in the grey matter of the brain.

"Now, it is true that the doctors, many of them, have sinned in this way; and most that can be said to excuse them is this, that they have sinned in very good company. . . . They are opposed to the present tyranny of popular materialism. Let us see why. Popular materialism, roughly speaking, is the creed that free will, self, spiritual life, and all such words are merely the names of mental processes, and that mental processes are merely the results of cerebral processes. Whence it follows that if only one could get at the cerebral processes, get at them with exactitude, by drugs, or by hypnotism, or by surgery, one would get at the corresponding mental processes.

"The old-fashioned doctor says, When we doctors can do that, do it with exactitude, do it with safety to the patient, and do it with a successful result, I shall be no less pleased than surprised. Or, to speak more accurately, I shall be in my grave long before that; and the pleasure and the surprise will come to doctors then living. Meanwhile, I must do my best with what resources I have. And I say this, that I, in my family practice, would be hindered more than helped, if I took the position of cock-sure materialism."

For one case of insanity, the doctor sees twenty cases of those who are sane, yet betray some fault, some little instability, temporary or permanent, of the nervous system. They are sane, but each of them has, at times or always, his or her failing, a sort of faint image or haunting sense of some weakness which, nursed and fed up and stimulated, might grow to a dreadful size. Look at these cases, if they can be called cases: this multitude of men and women, going about the day's work and the day's pleasuring, sane, useful members of society, but none of them up to the mark. Then, from them, look onward to those cases so terribly common at the present time, the legion of women, with some men among them, nearer the edge of danger; those whom the doctor used to call hysterical but now calls neurotic, but who call themselves

by a host of pretty names—delicate, overworked, dreadfully sensitive. Then look onward to the very danger edge, to the "borderland" cases, the poor folk who are just so insane that they can not still be counted as sane. Then, and not till then, look over the edge.

The doctor, surveying this long crowd of his fellow-creatures, and conscious, doubtless, that he is no mere spectator but has a place himself somewhere in the line, sees no break anywhere, no sudden gap between perfect sanity and absolute insanity. It is evident that the doctrine of a chemical agent at work in some cases of insanity will not help the doctor here. He does not possess, and never will, a graduated series of antitoxins to treat all these people. A doctor running about with an antitoxin-syringe to cure ill temper, little eccentricities and slight attacks of the blues would be a monster, whom the State ought to catch and keep out of the way. You must be your own doctor. That is his message. You must cure yourself. No wonder that the doctor is a bit of a priest, for here is the old sermon that the will must be exercised:

"To the vast multitude of neurotic women a word or two may humbly be said here, to induce them to see themselves as the doctor sees them. First, they must not think that the neurotic temperament is in any way an evidence of cleverness, or of good breeding, or of culture. Whatever it may be, it is not that. Nervousness is in no sense one of the accomplishments of the real lady; it never was and it never will be. Indeed, it is going the other way. Fifty years ago a woman might be neurotic and still be a lady. Now the doctor finds neurotic women mostly in the humble walks of life—among his patients at the hospital or at the dispensary even more often than in fashionable circles. . . .

"Next, they must abhor, as the very devil, all secret use of drugs or of stimulants. Once started on that disastrous course they will go, as a dead certainty, from bad to worse.

"Next, they must remember that they are spoiling other people's lives as well as their own. A neurotic woman is a bore."

What can she gain by her neurotic temperament? She has but one life. It might have been so much happier. The doctor does indeed pity her, but he has no antitoxin for her.

There is, to be sure, concludes our contemporary, one antitoxin. She must brew it within herself. It is a spiritual product, not chemical. To brew it, many people have recourse to spiritual methods unknown to science. This heavenly antitoxin is what we call the power of the will.

# Recent Poetry



HE IS a bold writer who dares in these days and in this land to write an epic poem. He is a bolder writer who dares to publish one. Walter Malone, erstwhile one of the rollicking bards of New York magazinedom, now a Tennessee judge, has essayed to write and threatens to publish, "in the forthcoming year," an epic to be entitled, "Hernando De Soto." In the meantime he publishes selections from this epic and in an introduction he remarks, with unabashed mien, that he is aware that he is engaged in a temerarious proceeding; but—

"The mere passing foibles and fashions of a day need not be seriously considered by any one who writes with the slightest degree of earnestness. It is inconceivable that forms of literary expression which have been esteemed for over three thousand years could be outlawed by the volatile caprice of a moment. That which has been in favor heretofore will be in favor hereafter. The whole matter can be expressed in a single sentence: *Whatever has been once will be again.*"

It is a brave and comforting saying. One is reminded of Matthew Arnold's words along the same line: "The future of poetry is immense. . . . Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry."

We await Judge Malone's completed epic with a dubious mind. His note is a lyric not an epic one; and, to judge from the selections that appear, he runs too much to description, too little to action. Some of his descriptive passages, however, are fine, as witnesseth the following:

## THE TEMPEST

BY WALTER MALONE

The air hung feverish; over stubble-fields,  
A quivering, curling fluid, steamed the heat.  
Amid that tanned Sahara's torrid blaze  
The lizard panted on the bleaching stones,  
The sparrow panted on her spear of grass,  
The dogs lay panting under wilted weeds,  
The horses panted in the sun-dried stream,  
And men lay panting under yellowing trees.  
Deflowered and defoliated plains  
Lay sunburnt like a panther's reddish skin.

And gazing upward at the Libyan skies  
That glared upon her fierce and pitiless,  
In supplications for relief appeared  
The wishful, wistful, haggard face of Earth!

Low muttered distant thunders. Soon the air  
Grew hushed with apprehension, then, aroused,  
Began to blow refreshing coolness. Now  
The Tempest, like a savage lover, rose,  
Appalling, huge and hairy, masculine,  
To claim the Earth, his long-expectant mate,  
Eager yet shrinking, anxious yet afraid,  
Fain and yet timid, in her woman's way.  
And as a lion of Numidian sands,  
Black-maned and shaggy, of ferocious mien,  
Strides forth gigantic over burning wilds  
Of Afric deserts to demand his spouse,  
And ramps and roars till all the barren waste  
Shakes under him, beholding as he comes  
Terrific courtship, frightful dalliance—  
So rushed that Thunderstorm upon the world.  
The tyrant Sun was disenthroned; the skies  
Were blotted by on-ushing pitchy clouds.  
Anon and ever, fitful lightnings flashed  
In bright scintillas, then in tortuous lines,  
Like glittering rivers mapped on scrolls of heaven.  
Then came the awful thunders, peal on peal,  
Concussion on concussion, crash on crash,  
That set the hills a-tremble, shivered huts,  
And deafened with their terrifying roar.  
Now blinding flash came following blinding flash,  
With crack on crack, and shock succeeding shock,  
That seemed to split the universe in twain.  
The day turned black as night; trees rocked and  
swayed;  
Vibrations and convulsions stunned the earth;  
Dazed by the thunder-claps that smote their ears,  
Men reeled and trembled on their tottering feet;  
And in a wild black chaos cleaved with fire,  
The world seemed sinking into Tartarus.

Is it Cook or Peary that is to be acclaimed  
the first discoverer of the North Pole? To the  
poets, what difference which? It is enough  
for them that a *man* has again wrestled with  
Nature and subdued her. We quote from *La  
Follette's*:

## ULTIMA THULE

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

It was not for the Arctic gold and a claim at the  
end of the great white trail;  
Nor yet for the Arctic lore—for a map of the  
floe and a graph of the gale:  
But the quest out of a primitive urge in the  
blood of our common birth—



The lure of the last lone verge and the desert  
end of the rolling earth.

For this he abandoned the green of the world—  
the lakes and the hills and the leas,  
And rivers of midsummer nations, and banks  
with the corn and the vine and the trees,  
And the genial zones of the planet's rains, and  
the belt of the planet's flowers;  
For this he abandoned all cities—their house-  
holds, their singing and sunsets and towers.

Onward, north of the Northern Lights, hungry  
and cold and alone,  
Eternity under his frozen feet and the snows  
of the ages unknown,  
With never the boom of the purple seas, nor even  
a mountain of fire,  
North of the Plain of the thousand slain—who  
were dead of the same desire!—

Till the East and West were lost in the South,  
and the North was no more, and he stood  
Face to face with the ancient dream thro his hope  
and his hardihood;  
And the alien skies where the polar sun went  
round the horizon's rim  
And the nameless ice below belonged at last to  
the race thro him.

English society, so the cable tells us, is greatly wrought up over a poem which appears in William Watson's new volume of verse (John Lane). It is said to be an indictment of one of the ladies now high in political and social circles and wielding wide influence. The poem is a model of its sort, direct, acidulous, and merciless. Whether a poet should lend his talents to this sort of thing is, however, a subject on which there is likely to ensue some discussion. A man must be very sure indeed that his provocation is something more than personal before aiming a blow of this kind at a particular woman. Richard Le Gallienne has written an answering poem (rather cheap and tawdry) entitled "The Poet With the Coward's Tongue." The evidence that Mr. Watson's poem is directed at any woman in particular is, so far as we have seen, inferential and inconclusive.

# THE WOMAN WITH THE SERPENT'S TONGUE

BY WILLIAM WATSON

She is not old, she is not young,  
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue,  
The haggard cheek, the hungering eye,  
The poisoned words that wildly fly,  
The famished face, the fevered hand—  
Who slights the worthiest in the land,

Sneers at the just, contemns the brave,  
And blackens goodness in its grave.

In truthful numbers be she sung,  
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue;  
Concerning whom Fame hints at things  
Told but in shrugs and whisperings:  
Ambitious from her natal hour,  
And scheming all her life for power;  
With little left of seemly pride;  
With venomous fangs she cannot hide;  
Who half makes love to you today,  
To-morrow gives her guest away.

Burnt up within by that strange soul  
She cannot slake, or yet control;  
Malignant-lipp'd, unkind, unsweet;  
Past all example indiscreet;  
Hectic, and always overstrung—  
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue.

To think that such as she can mar  
Names that among the noblest are!  
That hands like hers can touch the springs  
That move who knows what men and things?  
That on her will their fates have hung!—  
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue.

A new Kipling poem is going the rounds. It first appeared in a British journal, *The Scout*, and was written to add inspiration to the movement inaugurated in Great Britain to breed a more martial spirit in British lads by organizing them into bands of boy scouts. Like nearly all Kipling's verse, it has a grip to it that seizes you at once. It is not a grip that comes from poetical charm, but from the wondrous skill he has in avoiding the abstract and pouncing upon the vividly concrete. There is something in Kipling's verse that is closely akin to the scientific spirit that proceeds inductively from particulars to the general, instead of deductively from the general to particulars. He may be called a poet of the *a posteriori* school, and this suggestion, if pursued, might explain many things—why, for instance, he gives such delight to men of affairs and such offence to men of abstract reasoning habits.

# THE SCOUT'S PATROL-SONG

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

These are our regulations—  
There's just one law for the Scout,  
And the first and the last, and the present and  
the past,  
And the future and the perfect is "Look out!"  
I, thou, and he, look out!  
We, ye, and they, look out!  
Tho you didn't or you wouldn't,

Or you hadn't or you couldn't;  
You jolly well must look out!

Look out when you start for the day  
That your kit is packed to your mind;  
There's no use going away  
With half of it left behind.  
Look out that your laces are tight,  
And your boots are easy and stout,  
Or you'll end with a blister by night,  
And (Chorus) all patrols look out!

Look out for the birds of the air,  
Look out for the beasts of the field;  
They'll tell you how and where  
The other side is concealed.  
When the blackbird bolts from the copse,  
And the cattle are staring about,  
The wise commander stops  
And (Chorus) all patrols look out!

Look out when your front is clear  
And you feel you are bound to win,  
Look out for your flank and your rear—  
For that's where surprises begin.  
For the rustle that isn't a rat,  
For the splash that isn't a trout,  
For the boulder that may be a hat,  
(Chorus) All patrols look out!

For the innocent knee-high grass,  
For the ditch that never tells,  
Look out! Look out ere you pass—  
And look out for everything else!  
A sign misread as you run  
May turn retreat to a rout—  
For all things under the sun  
(Chorus) All patrols look out!

Look out when your temper goes  
At the end of a losing game;  
And your boots are too tight for your toes,  
And you answer and argue and blame.  
It's the hardest part of the l:  
But it has to be learned by the Scout—  
For whining and shirking and "jaw"  
(Chorus) All patrols look out!

Follows a song of love, sweet and melodious  
rather than passionate, one that would go well  
to music. We take it from *The Forum*:

#### OFFERINGS

BY BRIAN HOOKER

If I could sing as no man ever sang—  
Find the red heart of that unspoken lore  
That all sweet sound is only hunger for,—  
If I might call the moonlight on the sea,  
The river-lily's dream, the soul of dew,  
To read the voices of my harmony,  
I should have songs, O love, to sing to you.

If I could love as no man ever loved—  
The questing of the girl unsatisfied,  
The passion of the bridegroom for the bride,  
The mother's wonder in her newborn son,  
The boy's fresh rapture in his life come true—  
If I might compass all these loves in one,  
I should have love, O love, to bring to you.

Some of the best work done by our younger  
poets has the name John G. Neihardt at-  
tached to it. Mitchell Kennerley has just pub-  
lished a volume of his verse entitled "Man-  
Song." It has the robust note and the artis-  
tic touch throughout. A number of the best  
poems we have reprinted as they appeared in  
the magazines, but here is something that we  
have missed seeing before and which expresses  
the general spirit and purpose of the whole  
volume:

#### O LYRIC MASTER!

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

Out of the great wise silence, brooding and latent  
so long,  
Burst on the world, O Master—sing us the big  
man-song!

Have we not piled up cities, gutted the iron hills,  
Schooled with our dream the lightning and steam,  
giving them thoughts and wills?

Have we not laughed at Distance, belting the  
earth with rails?  
Are we a herd of weaklings? Nay, we are  
masterful males!

We are the poets of matter! Latent in steel and  
stone,  
Latent in engines and cities and ships, see how  
our songs have grown!

Long have we hammered and chiseled, hewn and  
hoisted, until—  
Lo, 'neath the wondering noon of the World the  
visible Epic of Will!

Was it not built as the Masters build, lyric with  
pain and joy?  
Say, is it less than the twin-built Rome, less than  
the song-reared Troy?

Less than an Argive wrangle, warrior and wife  
in a fuss?  
These you sang in the ancient time—Oh, what  
will you sing for us?

Breathless we halt in our labor; shout us a song  
to cheer:  
Something that's swift as a saber, keen for the  
mark as a spear:

Full of the echoes of battle—souls crying up  
from the dust!  
Hungry we cried to our singers—our singers have  
flung us a crust!

Choked with the smoke of the battle, staggering,  
weary with blows,  
We cried for a goblet of music: they flung us  
the dew of a rose!

Gewgaw goblets they gave us, jeweled and  
polished and fine,  
And filled with the tears of a weakling: Oh,  
God! for a gourd—and wine!

O big wise Lyric Master, you who have seen  
us build,  
Molding the mud with our tears and blood into  
the thing we willed—

Soon shall your brooding be over, the dream shall  
be ripened, and then—  
Thunderous out of the silence—hurl us the Song  
of Men!

We need all kinds of lyrics in order to reflect adequately the complex soul of man. Mr. Neihardt's Kiplingesque ideal gives us one kind; Mr. Madison Cawein gives us a different kind. He holds pretty closely to the traditional subjects, but he sees with his own eyes and plays on his own mellow reed. The following from *The Atlantic Monthly* is more like Wordsworth than Kipling:

#### A PATH TO THE WOODS

BY MADISON CAWEIN

Its friendship and its carelessness  
Did lead me many a mile  
Through goat's-rue, with its dim caress,  
And pink and pearl-white smile;  
Through crowfoot, with its golden lure,  
And promise of far things,  
And sorrel with its glance demure,  
And wide-eyed wonderings.

It led me with its innocence,  
As childhood leads the wise,  
With elbows here of tattered fence,  
And blue of wildflower eyes;  
With whispers low of leafy speech,  
And brook-sweet utterance;  
With birdlike words of oak and beech,  
And whistlings clear as Pan's.

It led me with its childlike charm,  
As candor leads desire,  
Now with a clasp of blossomy arm,  
A butterfly kiss of fire;  
Now with a toss of tousled gold,  
A barefoot sound of green;  
A wreath of musk, of mossy mold,  
With vague allurements keen.

It led me with remembered things  
Into an oldtime vale,  
Peopled with faery glimmerings,  
And flower-like fancies pale;  
Where fungus forms stood, gold and gray,  
Each in a mushroom gown,  
And, roofed with red, glimpsed far away,  
A little toadstool town.

It led me with an idle ease,  
A vagabond look and air,  
A sense of ragged arms and knees  
In weeds, seen everywhere;  
It led me, as a gypsy leads,  
To dingles no one knows,  
With beauty burred and thorny seeds,  
And tangled wild with rose.

It led me as simplicity  
Leads age and its demands,  
With bee-beat of its ecstasy,  
And berry-stained touch of hands;  
With round revealments, puff-ball white,  
Through rents of weedy brown,  
And petaled movements of delight  
In rose-leaf limb and gown.

It led me on and on and on,  
Beyond the Far Away,  
Into a world long dead and gone,  
The world of Yesterday:  
A faery world of memory,  
Faint with its hills and streams,  
Wherein the child I used to be  
Still wanders with his dreams.

Many of us have looked upon the parrot with emotions of curiosity or irritation. Mr. Viereck looks upon it with an exaltation that carries him easily and swiftly from the uncouth creature to the wide cosmos and back again. From *The Independent*:

#### THE PARROT

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

O bird, grotesque and garrulous,  
In green and scarlet liveried,  
Thy ceaseless prattle hides from us  
The secret of thy dream indeed.  
But in thine eyeball's mystic bead  
Are mirrored clear to them that read  
Vague, nameless longings like the breed  
Of some exotic incubus.

Where is thy vision? Overseas?  
In some bright, tropic far-off land  
Where chiding simians in tall trees  
Swing, by luxurious breezes fanned,  
While at fantastic savage feasts  
Brown women uncouth idols hail,  
And through the forest sounds the wail  
Of the fierce matings of wild beasts?

Or are thine other memories,  
Of other lives on other trees,  
Encasements in some previous flesh  
In far-off lost existences?  
For as the tiger leaves his spoor  
Upon the prairie, firm and sure  
Life writes itself upon the brain.  
The soul keeps count of loss and gain;  
And in the vibrant, living cells  
Of thy small parrot's brain there dwells  
A sparkle of the flame benign  
That makes the human mind divine.

The self-same Life Force fashions us:—  
Its writing are the stars on high,  
Its transient mansions thou as I.  
Through Plato's mouth it speaks to us,  
Through the earth's vermin even thus,  
The heaving of a baby's breast  
And the gyrations of the sun  
To its omnipotence are one  
And make its meaning manifest.

We are both wanderers of Time  
Who, risen from the primal slime  
When God blew life into the dust,  
Press to some distant goal sublime.  
And often through the thin soul crust  
Rush memories of an alien clime,  
Of gorgeous revels more robust  
Than any dream of hate or lust  
In the gilt cage upon us thrust,  
And visions strange beyond all rime.

The Life Force with itself at war  
Molds and remolds us, blood and brain,  
Yet cannot quench us out again,  
And after every change we *are*.  
The soul-spark all sentient things  
Illumes the night of death and brings  
Remembered, immortality.  
Time cannot take thy soul from thee!  
All living things are one by kind,  
Heritors of the cosmic mind.  
Thus deemed the prophet on whose knee  
The kitten slumbered peacefully,  
And surely good Saint Francis, he  
Who as his sister loved the hind.

A little poem on a big, big subject. It is  
taken from *The Craftsman*:

#### LIFE

By C. M. GARRETT

A shadow here, a shadow there,  
A little sunshine everywhere;  
Today, great joy: tomorrow, care.

A throb of love, a thrill of hate:  
A long, long waiting at the gate  
For dawns that break an hour too late.

And yet a splendid round: a strife  
That man may win who dares the knife  
And plays the game—the game of life.

Our poets will still be singing of Death, perhaps because it is the one great mystery science has not laid its profane and revealing hands upon. If the spiritualists ever succeed in tearing away the veil of this mystery many of our poets will languish indeed. If we must have songs of Death, we like them in the unterrified spirit in which the following (from *Everybody's*) is written:

#### "AFTERWARD"

By EDITH M. THOMAS

Afterward (your poet saith),  
When ye look and say, "Tis Death!"—  
Afterward no heavy bell  
Toll for me the measured knell;  
No sad masque deface the day,  
Muffling all in black array;  
Afterward no graver write  
Aught of me, on tablet white.  
Through this friendly life I passed  
Comradely, unto the last;  
Otherwise let it not be,  
When sleep cometh over me!

Unreproved, the child shall tread  
On the green roof o'er my head;  
Would that I might tempt his eye  
With a hovering butterfly—  
Slipping from a rainbow flower—  
That shall scarce outlast the hour!

Sun and shower fall on me  
Through the light shade of a tree!  
Finch and redbreast, come and sing  
An Evangel of the spring!  
Or, when early drops the night,  
When the days are pinched and white,  
Link-like footprints in the snow  
Round and round my bed shall go—  
Little children of the wild  
(Once my feeling had beguiled),  
Speechless, thoughtless, tho they be,  
Let them safer pass, for me!

When I sleep (as sleep I shall)  
Let the stillness breathe, "All's well!"  
So, one passing by the cell  
Where a hermit once did dwell,  
Fancies still the chanted prayer  
Hallows all the listening air;  
Let none thither come in dread  
Lest that sleep be of the dead;  
Let them know a Waking Soul  
Now hath portion with the Whole—  
Now hath come into its own,  
In the far-and-near Unknown.



# Recent Fiction and the Critics



NOVELISTS and dramatists in the search for new themes aspire of late beyond the human. Three recent dramatists, Shaw, Jerome K. Jerome and Charles Rann Kennedy have made the Son of Man himself the disguised protagonist of their plays; Shaw,

in fact, pleads not without justice that there is no theme more colossal and interesting. Novelists too have attempted to recast in modern fashion the life of the Messiah. Years ago Mrs. Lynn Lynton essayed such a portrayal of Jesus in a book significantly named "Joshua Davidson."

A distinguished American poet, Mrs. Elsa Barker, has again rewritten the gospel in the light of a twentieth century environment.\* She has not striven for sensationalism, but has approached her subject with the profoundest awe; there are moments indeed when we fear she has mistaken ponderosity for reverence. Except for occasional flashes, the book is not what we might expect the prose of a poet to be. The story interest is entirely lacking, except toward the end. There are moments when the author hovers dangerously near the absurd. The wisdom of diluting the gospels, interspersed with Buddhistic and mystical lore, may be questioned. Yet we have no hesitation in pronouncing "The Son of Mary Bethel" a remarkable book. There is in Mrs. Barker a certain passionate sincerity that compels attention. The flaming spirituality of the author atones for her artistic deficiencies. Those who know her cunning as a metrical artist have no doubt that Mrs. Barker could have made a deliberate appeal to sophisticated palates had she so chosen. She has however sacrificed her artfulness on the altar of religion. Her novel must be regarded as a work of religious rather than literary significance. Perhaps such was her intention; perhaps she purposely endeavored to extinguish the poet in the prophet. We frankly admit that we prefer her poetry to her gospels. In spite of her obvious sincerity, she is too self-conscious in her prophetic rôle to be effective. "I know not," she remarks in the words of Carlyle, "whether this book is worth anything,

nor what the world will do with it, or utterly forbear to do; but this I would tell the world: You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man. Do what you like with it." The critics, indeed, have done with it what they liked. On the whole, however, praise and blame have been equally divided.

While Mrs. Barker nowhere distinctly states that Jesse Bethel is a reincarnation of Jesus of Bethlehem, she faithfully reproduces the gospel narrative in the mold of the present. Her Mary Bethel is a profoundly religious woman, married to a carpenter of western Vermont, and Jesse is their first born. Jesse is remarkable as a child; at the tender age of four he testified at a camp meeting, and at twelve he confounds the learned doctors of a hospital. He takes up his father's profession; subsequently, however, he embraces the ministry, heals the sick, and raises, if not the dead, at least the epileptic. Mrs. Barker's Messiah is stripped of supernatural attributes, a Christ who has lost his mystical godhead. There is one spirit, he tells us, and every man is the body of it. This one spirit has as many bodies as there are or ever have been beings in existence.

Jesse himself is only one expression of this power. All his disciples are introduced under names suggesting the Biblical names: Mary Magdalene becomes Mary Magnus. The author's adherence to detail does not, in the words of *The Athenaeum*, make this modern Christ more convincing. Mary Magnus is driven to sin because Jesse repels her human, personal love; yet it is she who writes the account of his last days. The added gospel of Mary Magdalene is a stroke of genius; it is the most imaginative touch in Mrs. Barker's novel. Jesse's end is not inspiring. When it came to the crucifixion, Mrs. Barker's courage deserted her. The son of Mary Bethel, accused of inciting a riot, meets death from the club of a metropolitan bluecoat.

The *Chicago Post* admirably defines the limitations of Mrs. Barker's parallel method. "To place a piece of ground glass over a picture and trace thereon the outlines is not to produce a picture, nor even a wise way to learn the art, no matter how great the copy nor how transparent the art."

\* THE SON OF MARY BETHEL. By Elsa Barker. Duffield and Company.

"The life of Jesus is a flower having its roots far back in Jewish history; to appreciate and rightly understand its peculiar claims one should view it in its own soil. The ethical message of that life needs no recasting. Mrs. Barker has transplanted the flower without the roots. Consequently the characters, by which the story must succeed as a novel, are wooden and self-conscious; they perform their parts not of themselves and against a background of modern life, but merely in obedience to the older story. None of them is free and unaffected, as were Jesus, John and Peter.

"No one so self-conscious to the point of priggishness as was Jesse could win an unquestioning discipleship in the twentieth century. Mary Magnus, too, a girl of wealth and high breeding, is unconvincing and illogical in her sudden wild leap into sin. One need not push criticism further. The book will doubtless win many readers who will look beyond form into substance and hold it a little higher than a novel, a little lower than their Bibles."

The Boston *Transcript* derides Mrs. Barker's ambition. "To depict a perfectly good man trying to redeem humanity is as hard a problem as any author can put his pen to. The Biblical narrative still remains the one great proof that it can be done successfully." *The Independent*, scenting the "New Thought," bristles with indignation, pronouncing the book "the most naïve compendium of quotations ever dramatized as fiction and designed as Scripture." Edwin Markham, in *The American*, admits that there will be varying opinions about the art of Mrs. Barker's story, but, he tells us, this novel raises the greatest question raised by any novel of recent times: "Have we a Christian civilization?" The idea of the novel, declares *The Ledger* of Philadelphia, "may shock the devout; its development may, however, serve to awaken the irreligious to whom the gospels have remained too distant."

IT IS rather interesting to compare another Messianic novel, Hall Caine's much-heralded story of a Mohammedan Christ,\* with Mrs. Barker's American version of the Gospels. Unlike Mrs. Barker, Mr. Hall Caine approaches his subject without extreme reverence; even his sincerity

is in doubt. But as a storyteller he is craftier than the American woman. Both authors are unpardonably long, but we read Hall Caine's pages with breathless interest. When we close the book, however, we make a wry mouth; we feel that Mr. Hall Caine's excitement is much ado about nothing. He sets into motion a gigantic machinery of races and of creeds, his mountains move, but those immense palpitations only produce a ridiculous, monstrously disproportionate mouse.

The critics almost unanimously condemn "The White Prophet," altho they reluctantly admit the narrative skill of the author. "The White Prophet," or "The White Christ," to use the title under which the novel was first introduced to British readers, is said to have been published simultaneously in ten different languages. "And," remarks Dr. William Barry in the London *Bookman*, "the book will be sold by the hundred thousand. 'The White Prophet' in repeated editions, and perhaps in a dramatized version on the stage, may laugh at the critics. But the question is, How long?"

\* THE WHITE PROPHET. By Hall Caine. D. Appleton and Company.

Art is long, the saying goes. But Mr. Hall Caine's works are not art, if we accept the verdict of the critics against the verdict of millions of readers. The source of his popular success and critical disfavor, in the opinion of the *Evening Post* of Chicago, is a "sensationalism which masquerades as greatness—deceiving the many, laughed at by all who know sincerity when they see it." In "The White Prophet," to follow the masterly analysis of the Chicago reviewer, Mr. Caine tries to do four things: He tries to make a story of a great religious leader; he tries to analyze the colonial policy of Great Britain; he tries to draw a picture of an idealist; he tries to create a heroine. "He fails in each," affirms the reviewer, "and how smugly he is unconscious of failure is best seen in the 600-odd pages of the book.

"Mr. Caine's conception of a great religious leader is the most serious. It is for this personage that the book is named, and presumably for his sake that the book was written. Ishmael Ameer—this is his name—preaches a gospel whose strong resemblance to that of the New Testament is much insisted on, and it is hinted that he is a reincarnation of Jesus Christ. And yet a reference to the plot will show that all his actions take place for the sole purpose of separating and then bringing together a pair of lovers. He preaches a new kingdom of God on earth. He accomplishes the engagement of Miss Helena Graves and Mr. Gordon Lord. Directly this is effected, the real end of his being reached, Ishmael Ameer, 'The White Prophet'—or, as he is occasionally called, the White Christ—disap-

pears. The utilitarian vulgarity of this is a sufficient indication of Mr. Caine's ability to treat his subject. . .

"But literary sensationalism succeeds by being mistaken for genius. By means of a passionate solemnity, Mr. Caine has heretofore managed to foster the necessary delusion. Now, however, his powers have waned. His scenes are not so striking, his diction not so bold. The ethics have become more tawdry, the plot more ridiculous. The figure of the White Prophet does not, as do some other inventions of Mr. Caine's, capture the imagination. There is now nothing to prevent even the admirer of Caine from looking further and seeing where he hides behind flimsy creation, the shape of a cheap romancer."

A similar attitude is taken by the *London Literary World*:

"The White Prophet' moves among the mighty of the earth; its protagonists are proconsuls and inspired leaders at whose beck nations move; it deals with great 'world-movements,' such as the combine of Pan-Islamism against the over-rule of Western civilization; further, it takes, for basis of its structure, the tragedy of a son condemned to death by his own father, a saint betrayed in life and honor by a false wife, who has given herself up to him merely that she may compass the destruction of her father's supposed murderer. Prodigious, indeed; with *Henry V's* Chorus, we feel inclined to call for:

A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,


And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!

Yet, alas! the people themselves, for all their pomp and circumstance of outward show, are but pinchbeck figures who strut and storm their hour, and never strike one for a moment with the lightning sense of conviction."

There was a time, affirms the *Boston Transcript*, when Hall Caine could be convincing, when he possessed the elusive power of the

imaginative novelist; but that day passed with his first success as a writer of plays. In "The Deemster" he saw things as they were, or as they might have been; in "The Christian" and all that he has written since, he sees men and events in terms of melodrama. "His purpose in the writing of novels is a double one, for he must keep his eyes alert upon his readers and also upon prospective theatre audiences. The result is that his novels are hysterical, artificial, unreal, and as far as possible from the actualities of life." Even the Prophet himself, the writer goes on to say, is a "melodramatic Messiah," a "figment of Mr. Hall Caine's theatrical brain," and when "The White Prophet" "reaches the stage he will doubtless lead its dramatis personæ, and become the character for the exploitation of the skill of a star actor. 'Nearly all agree that there was an element of the supernatural about him, so hard is it to attribute to men of ordinary human passions the great movements that affect the world. But while there are those who believe him to have been the Mahdi, sent expressly to earth to destroy anti-Christ, that is to say, the consul general, an influential group hold to the opinion that he was, and is, Seyidna Isa—Our Lord Jesus.'"

There are, of course, a few reviews laudatory in character. The *Brooklyn Eagle* looks askance at the actions of the heroine, but admonishes the reader not to cavil at her conduct because it opens such mines of dramatic material and give so many opportunities for strong scenes. The *New York World* asserts that with all his faults, Hall Caine is not to be ignored. He usually devotes three or four years to a book; "he produces a big book, with many characters and many scenes, and his very earnestness fuses it into a seemly whole and a striking story."

LL literature is, in a sense, autobiographical. Jack London's latest book\* appears to be so in particular. Certainly he has interwoven his own experiences with those of his hero, Martin Eden. Like Upton Sinclair, Mr. Jack London has portrayed in a sensational novel

MARTIN EDEN his own early literary struggle. Martin Eden is a child of the slums, a sailor rough and blunt, with the delicate soul of a sensitive plant. He saves a young bourgeois youth from a band of

hoodlums, and is introduced by him to his bourgeois family, including Ruth, his lovely, if bourgeois sister. "Excuse me, Miss, for buttin' in that way," Martin exclaims. "It ain't in my class, but I'm going to make it my class." His experiences in the past had been confined to women of the lowest order. Ruth, to him, is an angelic vision. Love melts his heart and improves his grammar. In fact, the blunt sailor, by a marvelous transformation, is changed into a bookworm. He lusts for knowledge with an almost physical passion. The poet and the writer who had slumbered in the subconscious caverns of his brain awakened; he writes nineteen hours a day, sleeps in

\* MARTIN EDEN. By Jack London. The Macmillan Company.

squalid quarters, and hires himself out as a laundryman for thirty dollars a month to gain another respite from brain starvation. The bulk of his wages he converts into postage stamps; he sends out manuscript after manuscript, but the birds of his fancy, like proverbial chickens, come home to roost. No one has faith in his genius; his sister looks upon him as a loafer; his sweetheart—for Ruth had been unable to escape the virile magnetism of this sailor-poet—urges him to accept a small clerkship in her father's office. The ravens of despair darken his sky. He attributes his failure to the incapacity of the powers that be in the world of letters; he waxes eloquent when he writes of them. The chief qualification of ninety-nine per cent. of all editors, he assures us, is that they have failed as writers.

"Don't think they prefer the drudgery of the desk and the slavery to their circulation and to the business manager to the joy of writing. They have tried to write and they have failed. And right there is the cursed paradox of it. Every portal to success in literature is guarded by those watchdogs, the failures in literature. The editors, sub-editors, associate editors, most of them, and the manuscript readers for the magazines and book publishers, most of them, nearly all of them, are men who wanted to write and who have failed. And yet they, of all creatures under the sun the most unfit, are the very creatures who decide what shall and what shall not find its way into print—they, who have proved themselves not original, who have demonstrated that they lack the divine fire, sit in judgment upon originality and genius. And after them come the reviewers, just so many more failures. Don't tell me that they have not dreamed the dreams and attempted to write poetry or fiction; for they have, and they have failed. Why, the average review is more nauseating than cod-liver oil. But you know my opinion on the reviewers and the alleged critics. There are great critics, but they are as rare as comets. If I fail as a writer, I shall have proved for the career of editorship. There's bread and butter and jam, at any rate."

And then suddenly, magically, success beckons. Glorified with the halo of a "best seller," he finds himself courted and dined. Even Ruth is reconciled to him; he, however, sternly rejects her; he declines her with thanks, even as his manuscripts had in the past been returned. The hypocrisy of human nature is revealed to him. There was no justice in this "scheme of things." He was no different from what he had been; his work was no different. He was now sought out, besieged

and flattered, not because he was Martin Eden, but because he was famous and wealthy. Indignantly he throws everything, even life, from him. He undertakes a trip to the South Seas; and one night "drops into darkness."

The ending of the story is too pessimistic to be universally acceptable. The *Washington Star* declares that Mr. London has never done anything more shocking and unnecessarily "dramatic" than the suicide of his hero. "It is doubtful," the reviewer goes on to say, "whether Mr. London's trip to the South Seas has improved his literary style or added to his intellectual stature, if this book is a measure of his present equipment." The *Boston Transcript* finds it inferior to "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea Wolf" and "Before Adam." In the first three stories, our Boston contemporary asserts, he was easily credible because scenes and characters were far away and far apart from our lives; in the present story he touches us too nearly to be wholly plausible.

"He is too violent, too belligerent, too exaggerated, too crude to be the artist in fiction that he has elsewhere been. There are scraps of socialism, of anarchism, of a dozen other isms that too plainly reveal the novelist's own personal prejudices. He is, it is clearly apparent, giving us here detached fragments of autobiography, but it is the autobiography of personal animus and not the autobiography of experience such as we have, for instance, in 'David Copperfield.' His story is at once too close to and too far from real life, too full of the meat of human weakness to be utterly complete and truthful."

The *New York Globe*, however, predicts that the book will add to the author's reputation, even if it is a little hard on the editors and book reviewers whose daily prayer is: "Dear God delivers us from the temptations of literature, teach us to so live that we may not add to the burden of books which is already greater than the world can bear." It might also be argued that certain distinguished authors, such as Edwin Markham, are also critics. William Marion Reedy is grateful to Jack London for putting "entrails" into our literature. "A powerful book," he exclaims in *The Mirror*, "written white-heatedly, screaming 'J'accuse!' at society, education, economy, politics, God, man, woman. A prodigious thing in letters, Polyphemic, huge, vast, monstrous, whose only eye is put out—the eye of faith. I've never seen a Rodin sculpture, but that's what 'Martin Eden' makes me think of when I read the book."



## LITTLE TROT—A STORY

One of the most promising young French writers is André Lichtenberger, the author of this simple and touching little story. It is of two children, one of whom, Trot, is for the first time brought into contact with hunger and want in the form of a little ragamuffin, and who has his religious theories severely tested in the effort to furnish relief. It is not a conventional Christmas story, but it is permeated with the true spirit of the Christmas season. We reprint from *The Novel Magazine*.

TROT was playing on the beach. Behind mummie's house there is such a pretty little beach, quite a tiny one. Trot is allowed to play there alone—only he must not go too near the sea. Besides, Jane stays in the garden and every now and then takes a peep at him. Trot had his spade with him. He had made an enormous hole and an enormous mountain, almost, but not quite, as high as those big rocks that lie all day as if asleep near the sea.

"Come and have your lunch, Master Trot," and Trot got out of the hole to receive a roll of bread and a piece of chocolate from Jane.

He went back to his mountain. It is not very comfortable to eat standing up. Better change the mountain into an armchair. Trot sat down again, his legs in the hole. He nibbled away at his chocolate with his sharp little teeth. You could make quite pretty designs on it with them. It really was rather amusing.

Who was that? A shadow fell in front of Trot. Trot looked up. It was a little boy! He was very dirty and dreadfully ragged. His face and hands were quite black. There were ugly little red spots under his nose. Trot raised his spade threateningly.

"Go away!"

The little boy rubbed his eyes with his elbow; he went a yard or two away, then sat down on the sand opposite Trot and stared at him.

Trot went on munching and stared back. Here was someone Jane could not wash from head to foot every day. What a lucky boy! And yet—after all, Trot was a little gentleman. Of course it is a bother to be washed, but one must be clean. How ugly this little boy was.

"You really are dirty, aren't you?"

The little boy raised his eyes, then dropped them again and began giggling in a silly way without replying. He let the sand slide from one hand to the other. But this did not seem to amuse him much. He never once left off staring at Trot, who was just finishing his roll of bread.

Trot looked at him attentively. He noticed that the boy's glance was fixed on the roll.

"Rolls are very good, aren't they?" said Trot, as he crammed the last bit into his mouth.

The boy gave a sad little grunt.

"Have you had your lunch?"

The little boy stared at him with amazed eyes. Trot repeated his question:

"Have you had your lunch?"

The little boy shook his head.

"Well, I suppose you will have it soon?"

The little boy looked down. He filled his hand with sand again and went on with his old occupation, once more shaking his head.

"I don't believe you are going to have any lunch."

The little boy did not reply, but Trot knew he had guessed the truth.

"I expect you were bilious yesterday?"

The little boy opened his eyes wide. The word "bilious" did not belong to his world. But he shook his head.

"Did you have a stomach-ache?"

The head-shaking still continued.

"Or perhaps you were naughty?"

Still silence.

"Well, why did you have nothing to eat?"

The little boy scratched his head with one hand and rubbed his nose with the other. He then made a series of quite unintelligible sounds.

"Didn't they give you anything?"

Once more he shook his head.

"Why didn't you ask your mother for something?"

"I did ask her."

"Then why didn't she give you anything?"

"There was nothing in the house."

This information sounded absurd to Trot. What would be the good of larders and pantries? If you opened one in the hall or kitchen you could see any amount of nice things. So that could not be true. The little boy was telling stories. His mother had said there was nothing in order to punish him. Trot said in a very stern voice:

"You must have been naughty. What did you do?"

The little boy simply looked at him with dazed, round eyes. Trot grew impatient.

"Perhaps you were greedy, or rude, or made your governess angry, or did not learn your lessons?"

Nothing but a head-shake.

"Were you disobedient?"

The child's lips trembled.

"I do what I like. No one tells me nothing."

Whatever did this mean? Trot began to grow angry.

"Well, then, why did you get nothing to eat?"

Once more the child replied wearily:

"There was nothing in the house."

So it really was true. Trot was overcome with surprise. Was such a thing possible? Was it true that a mother could really have nothing to give her little son to eat?

"Then you are hungry?"

There was no mistaking the answer in the little boy's eyes.

"If I had known that I would have given you my roll, because I really was not at all hungry. But I have eaten it all, you see."

The little boy nodded his head resignedly; he quite understood.

Trot reflected a moment, then he asked a difficult question:

"Why was there nothing in your mother's pantry?"

"We haven't a pantry."

This was really extraordinary.

"But what about the larder?"

"Father is out of work. Mother is ill in bed with a little brother. So there ain't much to grow fat on."

What a rude way to talk. Trot knew he ought not to listen to badly brought up children. He felt quite sure he ought to go, but curiosity prevailed.

"Why doesn't your father buy you something to eat?"

"He hasn't any money."

Well, here at last was a good reason. And yet Thérèse often bought things without money; she told them to put them down to mummie's account.

"Tell them to put it down to the account."

The child shook his head. He did not understand. He began playing with the sand again.

Trot felt dazed and almost frightened. There were actually children who were quite good, and yet their mothers had nothing to give them to eat. What could God be thinking of? Was it really possible? Trot began his questions again.

"Does your father ask God each day to give him his daily bread?"

Once more the little boy did not understand. Trot repeated his question.

"I don't think so."

Trot sighed. So here at last was the explanation; and it was really very serious.

"Do you mean to say your father does not say his prayers?"

"I don't think so."

"He never talks to God?"

"I don't think so. At least only when he's angry."

"What a funny time to pray. What does he say then?"

"He says 'God Almighty,' and he makes a fearful row."

Trot meditated. That could not be a good prayer. Mother had never taught him one like it. Perhaps it was only for grown-up people.

"Well, how do you yourself pray?"

The little boy laughed slyly, but did not reply.

"Tell me how you pray."

The little boy went on chuckling. At last he jerked out:

"It's all lies about God."

Trot was overwhelmed with horror. All lies

about God! The good God to whom his little mother taught him to say his prayers every evening, who took care no harm came to daddy when he was on the sea, who gave Trot his daily bread, and not only bread but cake and chocolate and all sorts of good things besides. Trot went crimson in the face.

"You are very wicked. And God is quite right not to give you anything to eat if that is the way you thank Him."

"What is there to thank Him for?" asked the little boy.

The question rather puzzled Trot. The little boy was right—if you are wicked and very miserable you do not want to pray to God. You feel angry with everybody. Trot had already moved a step or two away. He thought for a moment, then came back.

"Listen to me. If you do not pray, then of course God cannot hear you. If you ask Him for something to eat, He will give it to you, but you must ask Him."

The little boy looked doubtful. He did not quite believe what Trot had told him. But, after all, it could not matter much asking. You never know what may happen. Only the other day, when he had been begging, someone had given him a penny.

"Where is God?"

It was not easy to answer this question, and Trot's reply was a little confused. God was everywhere, particularly in the churches. You could not see Him, but you had only to ask for something to get it, Trot explained.

"Tonight before you go to bed pray God to send you a big roll of bread tomorrow, and you will get it."

"Where shall I find it?"

"Oh, on the table with your cocoa. You won't have any cocoa? Well, then, on the mantelpiece."

"Then father would take it. I would rather God put it here in the hole near the cliff. I could come and find it."

Nothing could be easier; it was not the usual thing for God to do, but He would not mind making an exception of the little boy. He must only explain it all to God and tell Him the place—so everything was settled now.

But the little boy still seemed doubtful. What was the matter?

"I don't know how to say it to God. I don't know Him."

Trot sighed patiently. What a stupid little boy he was. Never mind—now he had begun Trot would go through with it. He knelt down.

"Do as I do."

The little boy tried to do the same.

He tumbled on his nose.

Trot grew angry. At last he got him properly into place.

"Fold your hands."

After several unsuccessful attempts, the hands were folded. But how dirty they were! God

would certainly not be very pleased with them.

"Say after me: 'Dear God, I am very hungry.' Well, go on."

The little boy made several little grunts; listening very carefully you could make out "God" and "hungry," and all the time he wiggled like an eel.

"Keep still. 'I am very hungry. Please put a big roll of bread for me tomorrow morning in the hole by the cliff, where Trot has left his spade. Amen.'"

Trot got up well content. That was the way to pray. He went off nodding patronizingly to his pupil.

Trot was very thoughtful all the evening. How glad the little boy would be to-morrow. Trot had unlimited faith; nevertheless a doubt arose in his mind.

"Mummie, God always gives us what we ask for, doesn't He?"

"Always, sonnie, if it is something reasonable and we really mean it."

Trot was reassured. It was surely quite reasonable to ask for some breakfast, and as for really meaning it—well, Trot remembered with what hungry eyes the little boy had watched him eat.

Trot slept soundly. He dreamt of great piles of rolls, big as the horns of a cow or the tusks of an elephant, which God was heaping up before the poor little boy. He ate and ate until he could eat no longer. God always brought him more. He laughed and was happy. His cheeks grew red and fat. Trot was delighted and very proud.

"Good-morning, Master Trot. I hope you have slept well?"

Jane washed and dressed Trot. Perhaps the little boy ought to ask God to wash him and give him some new clothes as well. All the time Trot was being dressed he could think of nothing else. He was longing to see the little boy's face when he found the roll. How warmly the sun shone. That was so that the roll would not get wet.

Trot swallowed his cocoa in two seconds; he stuffed his roll into his pocket to save time.

"May I go on to the shore for a little, mummie?"

"What a hurry you are in today, dear. Well, it is really a lovely morning, so run along. When your governess comes we will call you.

Trot rushed off. He ran straight to the cliff. What would God's roll be like? It ought to be shinier and much bigger than a baker's. Trot began to feel rather envious. He put his hand in the hole. He looked in. He grew pale with misgiving. There was nothing there.

He looked again. Could it be true? Perhaps God had dropped it on one side. Trot looked all round. Nothing anywhere. He looked in all the other holes near the cliff. Still nothing to be seen. What could it mean? In a minute or two the little boy would be there, and when he found nothing he would say again that it was all lies about God; he would think Trot had deceived him, and he would be so hungry.

Oh dear, oh dear, how dreadful it was! Of course God had been too busy, or He had forgotten, or the rolls had been burnt—that had happened once at home. All the same, a burnt roll would have been better than none at all. Whatever could he do?

Trot was distracted. His legs seemed to give way beneath him when he saw in the distance the little boy racing towards the cliff, his face lit up in joyful anticipation, his mouth positively watering for the feast. Trot felt chilled to the bone. Somehow he must save the situation. Mechanically he put his hand in his pocket. What luck! His breakfast roll still lay there untouched. He drew it out and quickly put it in the hole.

The little boy sat on the ground comfortably munching. Trot stood up and looked thoughtfully at him. He realized all at once that he was very hungry himself. It seemed very hard to watch his breakfast disappear so quickly. But he could not help feeling glad when he thought how grateful God ought to be to him for repairing His oversight.

The little boy swallowed the last crumb.

"Was the roll very good?"

"Rather. But all the same God never sent it. I saw you put it in the hole."

This was indeed a blow. It was true, too. No use denying it. But suddenly Trot's face cleared, and he answered triumphantly:

"Yes, but you see it was God Who told me to put it there."

And he ran off, hungry but victorious.

### TRULY NOBLE

FAIR MILLIONAIRE: "Oh, Vladimir, they say you are a fortune-hunter, and are only marrying me for my wealth. Tell me that this is not true."

LORD DEBROKE: "Why, my dearest, I would marry you if you were penniless."

FAIR MILLIONAIRE: "Prove this, my own Vladimir, and I shall be absolutely happy."

LORD DEBROKE: "Settle the whole of your vast fortune upon me, leaving yourself destitute, and I will wed you in the face of the whole world."  
—London *Tit-Bits*,

### A LONG-PANTER

Mary, aged fourteen, was found one day by an older sister sobbing and crying.

"What is the matter?" she asked, with great concern.

"Three boys have asked me to go to the dance to-night," was the unexpected reply.

"Well, my dear child, certainly that is not such a terrible misfortune."

"Yes, but I told the first one I would go with him, and the last one was a long-panter!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

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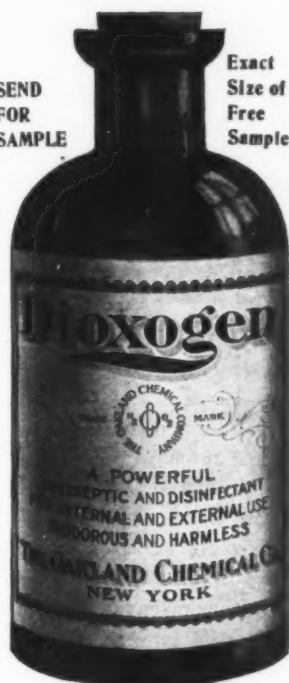
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# Profit Making

## \$1,200 ANNUAL DIVIDENDS FROM A \$100 INVESTMENT



NE of the most astonishing phases of the recent commercial development of this country is the remarkable growth of the great popular magazines.

It is estimated that every year the American public spends around \$100,000,000 in buying magazines and in purchasing advertising space in them.

Twenty years ago the business of publishing periodicals in the United States was of very little consequence. Now it is one of the largest and most profitable of American industries. Within this short time magazine publishers have established enormous enterprises and have made splendid fortunes. These fortunes are increasing; for the magazine business and magazine properties are growing greater every year.

One magazine alone has already made about \$10,000,000 for its owners. Another has made more than that.

These big fortunes have been made quickly. If you could have invested only \$100 in *Munsey's* a few years ago, *your investment would now be worth about \$12,000 and would be paying you about \$1,200 every year in dividends!*

*McClure's made 1000 per cent. in ten years for its stockholders.*

*Everybody's, the Cosmopolitan, the Outlook, the Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post, Collier's and others have made and are making large fortunes for their owners.*

But unfortunately the public has rarely had an opportunity to share in the splendid profits of a great business that depends so directly upon the patronage of the public.

For this reason it is not surprising that when one of the best known of the big popu-

lar magazines announced an arrangement by which magazine readers might share on an unusual and attractive basis in the immense earnings of magazine publishing that this offer met with an immediate and broad response. The offer was made by *Pearson's*.

*Pearson's Magazine*, of course, is known everywhere as one of the great, powerful magazines of America. The men behind it are among the foremost in the publishing world. For years their names have stood at the head of the printing and publishing industry.

A chance to obtain an interest in such a big popular magazine enterprise on a basis that insured absolute safety and offered the opportunity for handsome profits naturally attracted the attention of shrewd investors in all parts of America. The response was so rapid that many thousands of dollars from prominent men and women in all parts of the United States are pouring into the magazine.


No magazine of the prominence and reputation of *Pearson's* had ever before made such an offer to magazine readers.

This plan is described by *Pearson's* in an attractive booklet entitled "How Magazines Make Fortunes." To those who have a general knowledge of the great magazines of the country this booklet is one of the most attractive bits of literature ever published; for it tells about the early careers of Frank A. Munsey, Samuel S. McClure and other prominent magazine publishers; it gives some extremely important inside information about the great well-known magazines like the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Everybody's*, and others; and it describes fully the profit-sharing offer which *Pearson's* has made.

You can probably obtain one of these booklets by writing to A. L. Little, publisher of *Pearson's Magazine*, 47 West 34th Street, New York. Ask him to send you a copy of "How Magazines Make Fortunes." It would be advisable to write to Mr. Little immediately so that you may learn about the offer of *Pearson's* before it is closed. It would be well for you to tell Mr. Little that you read this article in CURRENT LITERATURE.

# Man a Machine

## "CLOGGED-UP"

F you had an automobile and never cleaned it internally, but allowed the oil, the residue from the fuel, and the particles of waste which the machine itself produces to accumulate, you would not be surprised if it not only clogged up, but wore out.

If your watch is left to its own resources and not cleaned internally in the most thorough way, it will, even though "dust-tight," gather to itself enough foreign matter to put it out of business.

And every day that an "unclean" watch, auto, or any other machine is compelled to run wears seriously its vital parts and saps its vitality.

Just so is the human vitality sapped and the "works" of humans worn—not, mind you, if we lived strictly up to the simple, primitive, but rigorous laws of nature, but who does and who can?

If we were all farmers and labored in the fields from morning till night, or lumbermen chopping trees the day long—if we were able to earn our salt in one of the few, the very few, occupations which call into play every muscle and joint which nature has supplied for the purpose of effectually throwing off the waste which our systems naturally create and accumulate—

If, in addition to this, we ate, drank and slept in strict accordance with exacting Mother Nature's demands, no one would have cause to say, "I have Spring Fever"; "I feel Yellow"; "I am Blue"; "I am Nervous"—

but show me one who violates any of her laws who can truthfully say "I am never afflicted with any of these."

Are you ever so afflicted?

The life we live is to a great extent artificial. Many of us endeavor in our spare time to satisfy Nature's requirements as far as possible by exercise, but does this suffice? Does this absolutely obviate for you all the mild and serious ailments to which you are subject? If it does not, as is doubtless the case, what further is required?

Man of to-day is as near a machine as he probably ever can become, and still exist, and to keep him in perfect "running order" he has to be treated as such. Now, if your watch or auto was "clogged-up" with foreign matter threatening its very existence unless removed, would you apply acid to rid it of this foreign matter? You could get an acid that would do it, but you know that it would also injure the mechanism.

So I don't think you would use it—you would cleanse with that which nature has provided to make and keep it clean with no injury to the "works."

I wonder why everyone does not treat the most precious thing on earth to them, their physical bodies, in the same considerate fashion. Everyone knows that their internal organs make waste which is rank poison to the blood and the system, and, under our present mode of living, the functions ridding it of these are, without aid of some kind, unable to accomplish it.

## CURRENT LITERATURE

Their first thought is of the drug-shop and medicine. Never a thought of whether Nature can be assisted by her own provisions, but "Acid to the machine"—that's just what it means.

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says, "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

This waste in the system can be effectually reached, and the intestines cleansed and kept pure by Nature's greatest cleanser and healer, Warm Water, which, if properly introduced, is the only rational, safe and sure way of purifying, sterilizing and keeping in perfect working order the internal organism.

No poison, no violence here. Just as sensible and sure a method as is external bathing certain to keep the pores open and the external organism sweet and clean.

That dangerous and incidentally very expensive disease Appendicitis, is caused solely and directly by accumulated waste. Indirectly I would hesitate to name the complaints attributable to this same cause. It is a well known fact that the blood, in circulating, comes in

contact with the contents of the colon twice in twenty-four hours, and, taking up by absorption the poisons they contain, distributes them throughout the entire system.

The system is gradually weakened until it is no longer able to fight successfully against the microbes which are taken into the body through the air and otherwise, and are continually struggling for the mastery—those germs which are dominant, at the time inevitably gain the upper hand and the particular illness which they produce develops.

I would advise everyone who is interested in keeping as near a perfectly healthy condition as possible without racking the system by unnatural drugging to write personally to Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., 135J West 65th Street, New York, mentioning that they have read this article. He will be glad, under these conditions, to send without cost a treatise on Internal Baths called "The What, The Why, The Way."

It will be very interesting to everyone, as it shows clearly how rational is the system of Internal Bathing, and in what way it differs from and is superior to forcing and injuring the functions by drugs—much clearer and in greater detail than can be covered by this brief article.

WALTER W. GRIFFITH.





# Money Making Hint

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## HOW \$15 GREW TO \$15,000



HERE is a short story of the splendid commercial growth and success of a company that has risen from a small beginning to leadership in a business in which the profits are unusually large.

The Racine Boat Manufacturing Company is one of the foremost boat building companies in America. Its big plant at Muskegon, Mich. (moved some time ago from Racine, Wis.), has a capacity of 4,000 boats and vessels a year. Its name is known and its boats are sailing on all the waters of the world. Many prominent men are owners of Racine yachts.

The president of this company started in business with an investment of \$1,500. He is now the head of a corporation with a capital of \$1,500,000.

Its foremost customer is the United States Government, for which the Racine Company has built and is building vessels. In this department of its business alone, there is now the special opportunity of an important increase.

The company has been working night and day and has not been able to turn out more than 50 per cent. of the business that has been offered. This shows the immense increase in the demand for pleasure boats from the American people. This demand is felt first, of course, by the company which is the most prominent in the industry.

As a part of its plan for handling its present business and for a large increase in its capacity, the Racine Company has announced an offer by which a share may be obtained on an unusual basis in the greater profits which the company will make.

The investment gives absolute safety. It is backed by ample assets of great value. The company is a large, established and thriving enterprise. And in addition to the high guaranteed income paid at once, this opportunity is extraordinary because of the profit-sharing arrangement by which you may share in all the profits of the company—its important Government work—and its other profitable and increasing business.

This exceptional opportunity for money makers is clearly described in a booklet, "The Racine Profit-Sharing Plan."

If you have \$50, \$100 or \$1,000 which you would like to invest where it will be absolutely safe, providing a large income immediately, with the opportunity for still greater profits, you should write to W. J. Reynolds, President of the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company, 1328 Broadway, New York. The offer has already attracted wide attention, and it is not likely to be open long. It will be advisable for you to send for the booklet immediately. You might tell Mr. Reynolds that you have read this article in **CURRENT LITERATURE**.



## Cut Glass—most Cherished of all the household gods

¶ Whenever gentleness and culture enter the home—cut glass enters also.

¶ And as gentleness seldom departs when it has found an abode—so, cut glass, in that abode, remains the most cherished of all the household gods.

¶ Its mission is unique.

¶ It satisfies the hunger for beauty; and it fulfils a hundred homely purposes.

¶ It is exquisitely delicate—and still solidly and substantially practical.

¶ Its presence on the breakfast table lightens and brightens the first meal of the day.

¶ At luncheon and at dinner each piece renders more appetizing that which it contains.

¶ It is the gift universal and par excellence.

¶ Released from its tissue wrappings it sparkles out a greeting to the recipient which never fails to win a little cry of delight.

¶ For the birthday, the wedding, the anniversary, for Christmas, the feast of feasts—what could diffuse

so gracious and so joyful a spirit as Libbey Cut Glass?

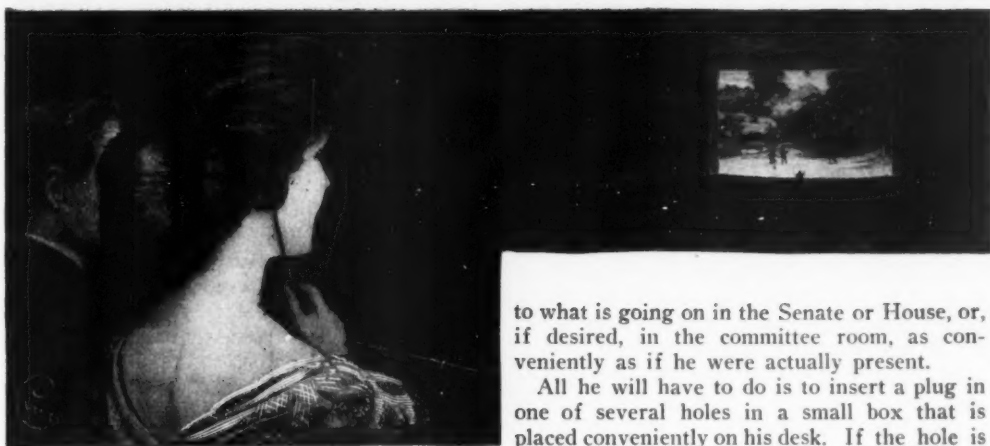
¶ For, of course, when you think of cut glass you impulsively and instinctively say: "Libbey's."

¶ Because Libbey Cut Glass literally is "the world's best."

¶ Doubtless there is a Libbey dealer in your town.

**Libbey**  
"THE WORLD'S BEST."

**The Libbey Glass Company**  
Toledo, Ohio



## The Wonders of Magnified Sound

**T**HIS electric age seems to be productive of a new wonder every day. In fact, we shall soon cease to marvel at anything, from very surfeit of surprises. Yet it is a succession of steps, one discovery leading directly and naturally to another.

Electricity is benefiting mankind in so many directions and ways that there would appear to be no limit to its possibilities, and, certainly, in its capacity for transmitting sound is this peculiarly true.

The development along the lines of telephony has produced nothing more interesting than the "Acousticon." With it, there is no need to speak directly into the transmitter, as it gathers the sound from the air for itself. For that matter there is no necessity for placing the receiver to the ear, although this is usually done. The speaker may be twenty feet from the transmitter, may speak in his natural voice, and be distinctly and clearly heard over the wire, at practically any distance.

INSTALLED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

The Acousticon Transmitter was recently installed on Speaker Cannon's desk in the Capitol at Washington, and speeches made in the House were distinctly heard in a distant room. It is now proposed to equip every office of the new Capitol buildings at present under construction with the Acousticon, which will enable the Senator or Congressman to listen

to what is going on in the Senate or House, or, if desired, in the committee room, as conveniently as if he were actually present.

All he will have to do is to insert a plug in one of several holes in a small box that is placed conveniently on his desk. If the hole is marked "House" the Congressman can hear what is going on on the floor of the legislative chamber, and his time may be utilized for other purposes until his actual presence on the floor of the legislative hall is required.

This result is produced by a new invention, a most important detail of which is termed the microphone, which magnifies sound so greatly that the feeblest of sound waves are transmitted through wires to a considerable distance, yet are distinctly audible at the other end throughout the room.

A Congressman will also be able, by aid of the Acousticon, to dictate letters, instructions, etc., to his secretary at the Capitol, from the Annex, or any other point in Washington; this without the use of a telephone receiver—he may talk from his easy-chair or while walking about his room, just as successfully and satisfactorily.

(The *Saturday Evening Post* of October 12, 1907, contains an editorial article which fully describes the installation at Washington.)

By aid of the Acousticon a New York business man could sit in his office and listen to the pleading of his attorney before the Chief Justice of the United States in Washington. Equally, telephone subscribers in Chicago could, as it were, "tap" the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and hear whatever opera was being performed. The "shut-ins," those myriads of unfortunates, perpetually confined within doors by invalidism, could enjoy opera, concert, lecture, speech, or play, no matter where taking place.

It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Dr. Parkhurst, speaking in his new and magnificent church, which has an Acousticon equipment, may preach to an audience of one hundred thousand people, scattered from Maine to California.

## CURRENT LITERATURE

### THE DEAF TO HEAR!

This suggests one of the greatest benefits conferred by this remarkable invention, namely, that it makes the deaf to hear. It not only amplifies, or *magnifies* the sound 400 per cent., but it clarifies and accentuates the articulation.

Hundreds of churches and public halls are now equipped with the Acousticon after thorough and practical tests, with the result that a deaf person sitting at the extreme rear is enabled to hear as well as those not so afflicted. The receiver is small and light in weight. It is held against the ear by a small head-piece, no more noticeable than a spectacle frame.

The success achieved by the Acousticon in making the deaf hear messages sent over a telephone wire inspired the inventor to extend the idea, and apply it in a more general way. He succeeded, and now has a portable Acousticon, one which can be worn without inconvenience, and so arranged as to be much less noticeable than any of the usual ear-trumpets, speaking-tubes, etc., yet *far more effectual*.

There is the transmitter, or "gatherer of sound"—a small circular instrument, which can be made of any color to suit the costume; a neat receiver, or "ear-piece," and a tiny battery. The latter is easily carried in the pocket, and is therefore quite out of sight. By means of this portable Acousticon those who have not lost entirely the sensitiveness of the auditory nerve are not only able to hear, but by its constant use the stimulated action of the working parts of the ear in some instances restores the natural hearing.

### WHAT IT IS DOING

It is bringing happiness to multitudes of deaf people throughout the world—some of them in the houses of royalty. It enables thousands of religious people to attend church and listen to the services, enjoying a privilege of which they have been deprived for perhaps many years. It opens the doors of theatres and of lecture halls to many who have heretofore found it useless to enter them. It keeps corporation presidents at the head of the directors' table, enabling them to hear all that is said along the board, and it helps hundreds to make a livelihood in business, from which they would otherwise be debarred. Thousands of letters on file from men of highest prominence testify to all this and more.

Great American newspapers like the New York Herald, the New York Sun, the New

York World, the New York Times, the New York Journal, the Detroit Free Press, the Chicago Tribune, St. Louis Post, and the Scientific American, have contained editorial articles confirming the unfailing efficiency of the Acousticon.

The failure of other devices for the deaf should not make one skeptical, because the Acousticon has always been sold after a thorough demonstration of its merits.

It is the original electrical hearing device fully protected by United States Patents and its ability to magnify sound so greatly is the particular feature which is completely covered by these Patents.

So many people suffer from deafness, to whom news of possible relief must come as a renewal of hope, that we would suggest to such that they address Mr. K. M. Turner, 821 Browning Bldg., Broadway and 32d Street, New York, who will willingly send particulars.

The home instrument is especially efficient for the reason that receivers of various grades are made, so that the condition of the respective ear to which it is to be applied may be exactly suited.

The Acousticon is very inconspicuous and probably will not impress any one, no matter how sensitive, as likely to attract undue attention. Much greater notice is drawn to the deaf when the speaker, in order to be heard, has to shout; not to mention the annoyance of those who can hear what is being said only too well.

The deaf business man is perhaps more seriously handicapped than others, in this respect; as it is impossible, except in writing, to transact private matters privately.

While the men interested in the Acousticon are not putting out the instrument on a charitable basis, yet they express themselves as ready and willing to demonstrate its efficacy by permitting a thorough test of it in every way before it is considered as purchased. They claim and with truth, that one dissatisfied purchaser may do more harm than many times the profit on an instrument, and they therefore particularly request that where a few days' use does not prove it entirely successful, it be returned. In view of this statement it would follow that they must have thorough faith in its merit, and the claims made for it by them; and, so long as they pursue this policy, they will doubtless enjoy the confidence of the public, especially those whom they serve.

WALTER W. GRIFFITH.



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RECOGNIZED BY AUTHORITIES EVERYWHERE

THIS is indeed the day of unread books. Few are the favored individuals who can, in this bustling, feverish age of ours, lay claim to being "well read." The vast majority of educated people finish their "serious" reading just as they begin to be able really to appreciate the treasures bequeathed to us by the master minds of the past.

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A realization of this fact has produced a unique "LIBRARY OF THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE," the simple yet daring plan of which is to present, within the limits of twenty thousand pages, the cream of the literature of all ages. The plan upon which this work has been carried out is as broad as literature itself. It offers the master productions of authors of all times. Although with Charles Dudley Warner, the foremost of all American literary editors, as Editor-in-Chief, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Geo. H. Warner and Lucia Gilbert Runkle, Associate Editors, the valued assistance was obtained of an advisory council, consisting of one eminent scholar from each of the following universities: Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Michigan, Cornell, California, Tulane, Chicago, University of the South, the Catholic University of America and the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., thus insuring the widest possible breadth of literary appreciation.

### A FEW OF THE FAMOUS CONTRIBUTORS

The arrangement is not chronological, but alphabetical, thus diversifying the matter and avoiding the heavy monotony of ancient medieval literature. There are also elaborate articles upon certain literatures and special subjects, which have been intrusted to over three hundred of the foremost critics and authorities of the United States, Great Britain, France, and Germany and other countries, and signed by such authorities as Dean Farrar, Andrew Lang, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Prof. George Santayana, Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, Henry James and many other literary celebrities. These articles greatly increase the interest in the contents, and add inestimable educational value by collecting for the student the most scholarly literary judgments of our own times.

### SOME OF THE MANY SPECIAL FEATURES

One must search long before finding any similar combination of scholarship of all lands called into harmonious and effective collaboration. The wide range of subjects is indescribable. The reader may compare the oratory with which Demosthenes stirred the souls of his fellow Athenians with those colossal utterances of our

own Daniel Webster, the finest essays of Bacon with those of Emerson, the style of Herodotus with Macaulay; in wit and humor the best is to be found, while all the vulgar or even insinuating has been eliminated.

In that most popular form of writings—fiction—the choice of writers extends from those of ancient Egypt to Bunner, Kipling, Stevenson and Bourget; while in poetry, from Homer to such modern singers as Tennyson and Longfellow. In Politics, Letters, Biography, Science and Philosophy, Theology and Pulpit Oratory, Drama and the theatre likewise, the names of the greatest exponents are to be found. There are, moreover, a host of legends, fables, antiquities, folklore and mythologies.

### MORE THAN A THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS

The work is embellished with more than a thousand full page and vignette portraits of authors which enable the reader to obtain a perfect idea of the appearance of nearly the entire list of literary celebrities. In a word, if one reads at all, the WARNER LIBRARY is invaluable. No one with any aspirations to literary culture or taste can afford to be without this monumental library of all that is best in literature.

With its aid one may acquire in a season's reading a wider grasp of literature than could be obtained by industrious study of a lifetime, for even the best writers have left behind them much that is not worth preserving.

Although this proposition may seem startling, these thirty-one volumes really contain a liberal education in Literature, Philosophy, History, Biography, Oratory, Fiction, Art, the Drama, Travel, etc.

Being the largest manufacturers of books in the United States it is our purpose to make and distribute sets of books of exceptional value.

We therefore have made a systematic inquiry of Educators, Editors, Librarians and others (who are in a position to know all about different sets of books and their values), which one set of books most deeply interests and will be of the most benefit to book buyers.

The result of this inquiry clearly indicates that the one set of books for which there is the greatest demand is Charles Dudley Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature. We have therefore arranged to distribute a special limited edition of this monumental work at a price so reasonable and terms of payment so easy as to enable those who so desire to place in their homes a set of books Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor of the Review of Reviews, describes as follows: "I do not know any other means by which the general reader can obtain so broad and well balanced an idea of the whole course of worthy literary production, from early times down to Mr. Kipling, for instance, as in this library."

A postal card, requesting full particulars of this special edition of the Great Warner Library, both as to price and terms of payment, will be answered promptly, addressed The Werner Company, Department 34, Akron, Ohio.

# College Life At Its Best

BY GEORGE LEFFINGWELL REED

THE one feature of American life that appeals most strongly to the foreigner is our educational system. The conditions in Europe, where the advantage of a cultured education is restricted to the few, stand out in strong contrast compared with the opportunities offered in the United States to all classes through our public school system and the many colleges located in every state.

This tendency to afford the best educational opportunities to all the people early manifested itself in American colonial history. Prior to the Revolutionary War, eleven institutions of higher learning had been established in the colonies, all located within a short distance of the Atlantic Coast, where the centers of population were situated.



"OLD WEST" COLLEGE

The growth and development of the country at the close of the Revolution crystallized public sentiment into recognition of the demand for an institution of higher learning at some more western point. Many of the leading men of the new republic contributed liberally to the fund for the initiation of this important movement, among them being Thomas Jefferson, Count de la Luzerne, Ambassador from France, and seventeen members of Congress; and in 1783 a charter was granted by the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, providing for the establishment of a college at Carlisle in that State.

Conspicuous among the adherents of the plan were Benjamin Rush, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Surgeon General of the Revolutionary Army, and John Dickinson, one of the authors of the Constitution of the United States, and at that time Chief Magistrate of Pennsylvania. The active participation of so distinguished a personage rendered it eminently suitable that the charter should specify that: "In memory of the great and important services rendered to his country by His Excellency, John Dickinson, Esquire, President of the Supreme Executive Council, and in consideration of his very liberal donation to the institution, the said college shall be forever hereafter called and known by the name of Dickinson College."

Founded under the patronage of some of the most distinguished men of that day, at practically the same time as the establishment of the United States Government, Dickinson, the twelfth oldest College in the country, has kept pace with the progress of the nation during the one hundred and twenty-six years of its existence. The part played in many varied fields of human activity by the Alumni of this institution has firmly fixed its position as one of the best colleges in the country.

Out of a total of about 5,000 Alumni, Dickinson has graduated 1 President of the United States, 1 Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, 9 Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of States, 9 Cabinet Officers, 10 United States Senators, 12 foreign Ministers, 12 United States Consuls, 53 members of Congress, 39 State Senators, 126 Representatives, 6 Chief-Justices of State Supreme Courts, 15 Associate Justices of State Supreme Courts, 8 District Judges of the Federal Courts, 63 Judges of Lower Courts, 258 officers of the Army and Navy, and 42 College Presidents.

This record does not by any means fully express the useful work done by the College, but it is evident that many more than a usual percentage of its graduates have risen to positions of prominence and distinction in all walks of life. It is doubtful if any other college in the country with an Alumni of equal number can show so good a record.

Dickinson men are known as leaders in whatever communities they take up their residences. The reason for this is found in the high standards and effective methods of teaching in vogue at the College. In each of the courses offered, the studies of the first two years are largely required, but in the last two years the work is mostly elective. This method insures first the building of broad and deep foundations from which to specialize along lines that will be the most useful in the profession which the student desires to follow. For instance, students purposing upon graduation to enter upon the study of either law or medicine are ordinarily able, by taking certain electives in the last two years of the college course, to cover the first year's work of the law or medical school.

Not alone in the matter of instruction is Dickinson a representative American college. Life there is essentially democratic, and surrounded with social influences that are best calculated to develop the character of the student body. Greek Letter fraternity life has in Dickinson full expression, and contributes in a large way to the attractions of the College. Eight national fraternities are represented there, six of which have handsome and

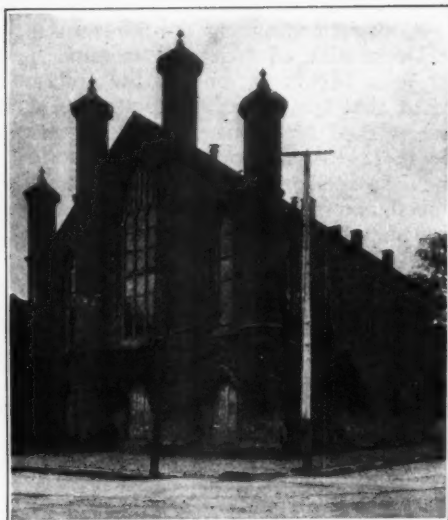


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commodious chapter houses, where the members live in the closest friendly relations. Here are formed associations that continue throughout a life time, and the comradeship built up during four years at Dickinson constitutes an experience that is ever cherished in the memories of her Alumni.

While Dickinson does not maintain a department of music, courses of lectures on musical appreciation are of frequent occurrence. Piano and vocal recitals are given frequently throughout the year, and during a student's career he may become familiar with the lives and works of the great composers, and cultivate a taste for good music. Glee and mandolin clubs are organized among the students, and contribute largely to the life of the institution. An extended tour is taken annually by these clubs in addition to frequent entertainments held in Carlisle and near-by places.

In athletics, Dickinson has always maintained a position in the front rank of colleges of her size. All the sports customary in colleges—football, baseball, track work, indoor sports—are conducted at Dickinson with enthusiasm and success. At the appropriate season contests are held with the University of Pennsylvania, Lafayette, Lehigh, the Naval Academy of Annapolis, and other representative institutions. The athletic teams from Dickinson have always acquitted themselves with credit to the college. Athletic exercise, however, is not confined to the members of the college teams. The whole student body are urged to engage in some branch of athletics. Gymnasium work is required during the Freshman year, and the athletic field within one block of the college affords splendid facilities for outdoor exercises. The opportunities for tennis, cross-country running, rowing, skating and other athletic sports are abundant.



SCHOOL OF LAW



OLD SOUTH COLLEGE

In location Dickinson is unexcelled. Carlisle, the seat of the College, settled more than 150 years ago, is now a town of about 10,000 inhabitants. The streets are broad, well shaded and well kept. Situated in the finest valley east of the Mississippi River, five hundred feet above sea level, with an abundant supply of pure water, the climatic conditions are most healthful. The town was also selected as the seat of the celebrated Carlisle Indian School. This great institution, under control of the Federal Government, with more than one thousand Indian students in attendance, located but three-quarters of a mile from the College campus, is an object of great interest to all visitors to





GYMNASIUM—INTERIOR VIEW

dormitories, three for men and one for women, afford ample accommodations for the present enrollment of the College, which last year numbered 580 students in all departments from twenty-one States and five foreign countries. A scientific building fully provides for all the requirements of the scientific courses, containing as it does physical and chemical laboratories, and a museum hall for the preservation and display of the collections of the College necessary for the illustration of geology and mineralogy.

The Library Building, in addition to housing upwards of 100,000 volumes, embracing the college and society libraries, contains an audience hall seating 800 persons. The gymnasium is modern and equipped with all appliances to be desired. In every detail the equipment of Dickinson meets the demands of healthy, beneficial college life.

#### THE SCHOOL OF LAW.

One of the earliest Schools of Law in the United States was established at Carlisle, in 1834, by Hon. John Reed, then President Judge of the Courts of Cumberland County. This school, while under his immediate supervision, was regarded as a department of Dickinson College, his name appearing as Professor of Law in the faculty of that institution. The College conferred the degree of LL.B. upon the graduates of the School. Andrew G. Curtin, the War Governor of Pennsylvania; Alexander Ramsey, Secretary of War and Senator from Minnesota; James K. Kelley, United States Senator from Oregon; F. W. Hughes, Attorney General of Pennsylvania, and many others of distinguished rank as lawyers were among the graduates of this early period. In January, 1890, the School of Law was officially incorporated as a part of Dickinson College. To complete the law course requires three years, and



DENNY MEMORIAL BUILDING

the town. The United States Government for nearly a century maintained a military post at this point. Conspicuous in historical interest is the old stone building in which many Hessian prisoners of war were confined in Revolutionary days.

Within a few minutes' ride by trolley are several pleasure resorts of great extent and beauty, fitted with all conveniences and affording every opportunity for recreation and sport.

The material equipment of the College consists of twelve buildings grouped on and around the famous old campus, one of the most beautiful in the country. Four

graduates receive the degree of LL.B.

The court privileges afforded students are unusual. For nine weeks of the school year jury trials are held, and many argument courts sit in the intervals. Students are assigned seats from which they can easily see, hear and note what transpires. The local county court offices are open to their examination. Special preparation upon the cases before trial makes the actual watching of their evolution before the court and jury much more serviceable than it could otherwise be. Moot courts are held several

times each week, in which a professor sits as Judge, and students assigned to represent the respective sides present their points and arguments. Actions are instituted by the students and conducted through all the stages of pleading, down to judgment and execution. In a word, the harmonious blending of theory and practice is in all cases persistently sought.

The Dickinson School of Law affords a training for the successful practice of

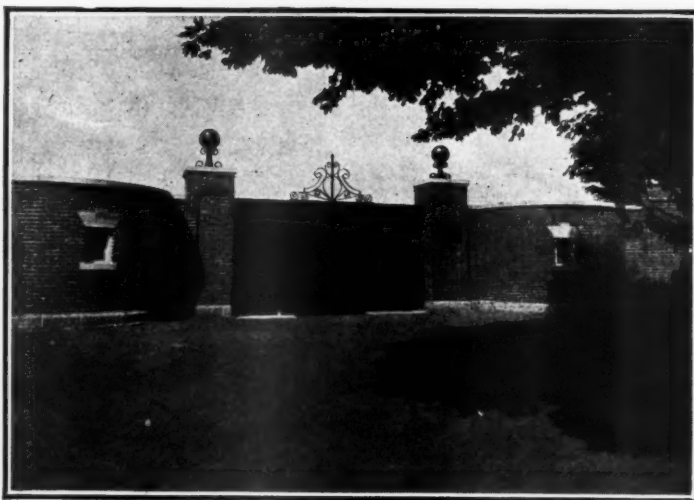
the legal profession second to that of no other institution in the country and at a cost far below the expense of most law schools.

#### CONWAY HALL.

Conway Hall, the preparatory school of Dickinson College, was established in 1783, the year of the founding of the College. In 1902 the new and spacious building in which the school is now housed was



CONWAY HALL—FRONT VIEW



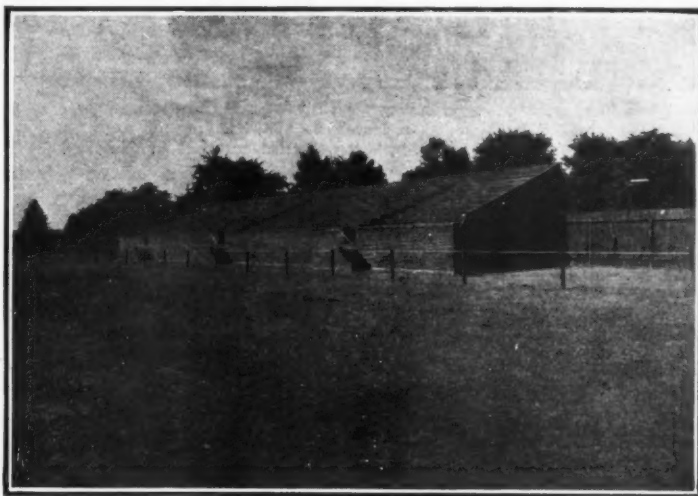
ENTRANCE—HERMAN BOSLER BIDDLE MEMORIAL ATHLETIC FIELD

started and partially completed and equipped. In 1904, through the generosity of the Hon. Andrew Carnegie, the new building was fully completed, thoroughly equipped and its facilities greatly increased. At the request of Mr. Carnegie and as a tribute to his friend, Moncure D. Conway, L.H.D., of the College class of '49, the building was called Conway Hall.

While instituted primarily as a preparatory school for Dickinson, many of its graduates have entered other universities, colleges and technical schools. While under the direction of the President of Dickinson College, Conway Hall has no other direct connection with the College. Its faculty is entirely separate; its discipline and life are those of a preparatory school. The work done is up to the standard set by the best preparatory schools in the country. All colleges, including technical and professional schools, that accept school certificates in lieu of examinations for entrance, accept such certificates from this institution.

Among the advantages of Conway Hall are: (1) such rapid advancement as is consistent with thoroughness, thus saving time and money; (2) a large force of instructors, making it possible for every student to receive a large degree of personal attention; (3) the very reasonable rates, and (4) the close proximity of the College, enabling the student to gain a clear idea of the life and work of the college man.

Dickinson, under the administration of Dr. Reed, its president for the past twenty years, is enjoying the most successful period in its long and



GRAND STAND—HERMAN BOSLER BIDDLE MEMORIAL ATHLETIC FIELD

useful life as an institution of higher learning; new buildings have been erected from time to time as the needs of the institution grew, and the faculty has been increased with the increased enrollment of students. The professors are men of distinction in the educational world, and many of them authors of text-books used in other schools and colleges. The high standing of Dickinson as a representative non-sectarian college has long been recognized and this position is confirmed by its recent admission to the privileges and benefits of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Dickinson, through the Preparatory School, the College, and the School of Law offers the best that can be had in their respective spheres. When to this is added the exceptional location in what Charles Dickens characterized as the most beautiful valley in the United States, together with the unusually low expense, it becomes evident that it is well worth the careful investigation of anyone contemplating a college course. Detailed information will be sent on request to Dr. Geo. E. Reed, President, Carlisle, Pa.

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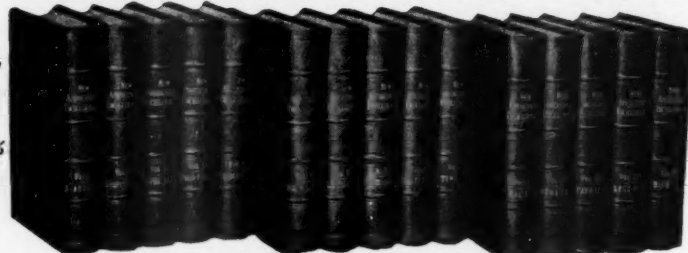
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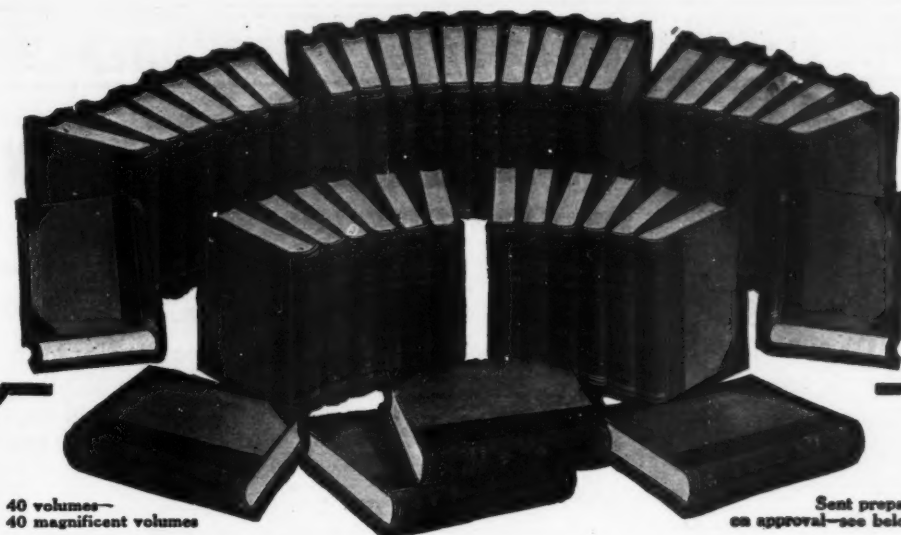
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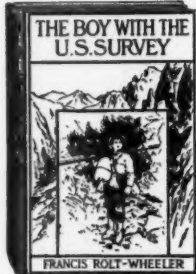
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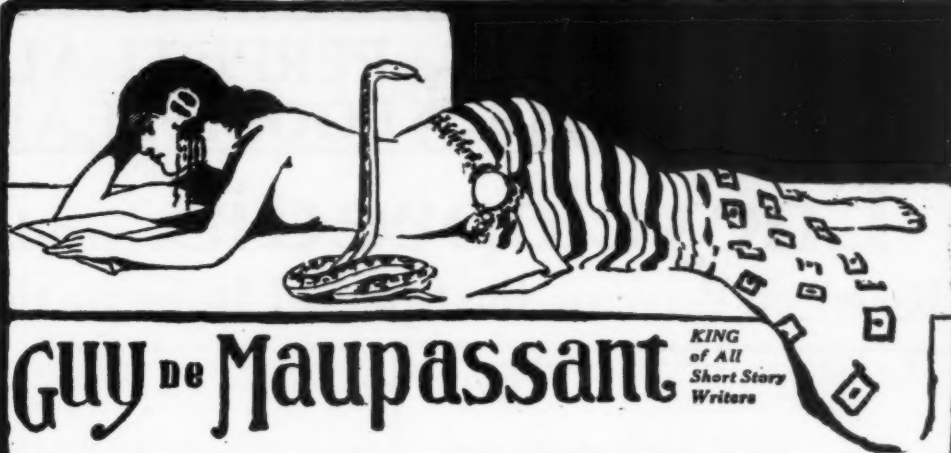
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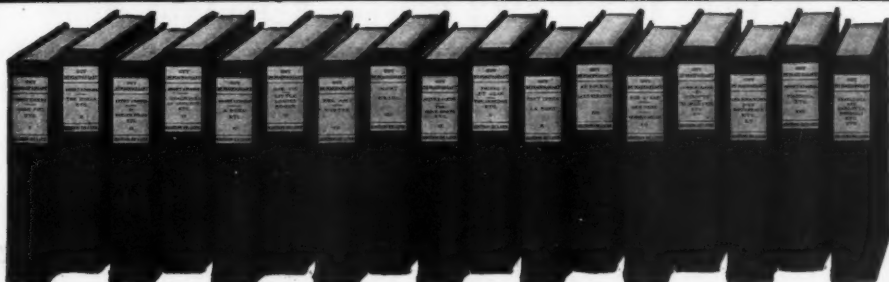
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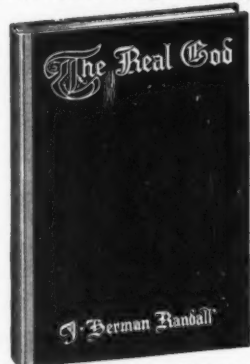
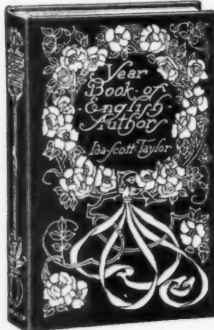
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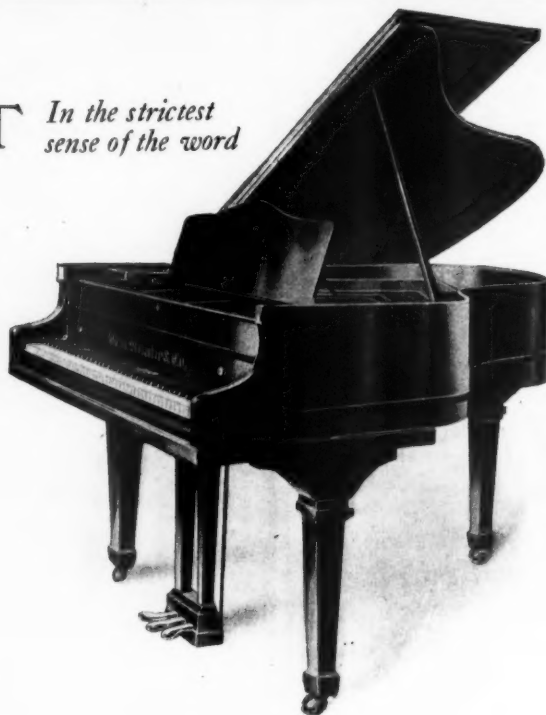


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# Humor of Life

## NOT A TRAGEDY

A sober resident in a small village on the East Coast occasioned quite a commotion by saying that the bodies of three children had just been washed ashore. The citizens were indignant when, after much inquiry, the sober resident said:—

"I tell you they were. They were washed ashore by their mother. You don't suppose she could take 'em out into the middle of the ocean to wash 'em, do you?"—*London Tit Bits*.

## ALARMING THE BRIDE

A clergyman, noticing the simple appearance of the couple he had just married, decided to give them a few words of advice.

He explained to the young man his duties as a husband, and then told the young lady how she should conduct herself, winding up with the old injunction that she must look to her husband for everything, and, forsaking father and mother, follow him wherever he went.

The bride appeared very much troubled at this, and faltered out:

"Must I follow him to every place he goes?"

"Yes," said the clergyman; "you must follow him everywhere until death doth you part."

"Gracious!" cried the girl. "If I had known that before, I would never have married a post-man."—*Spare Moments*.

## THE BUSY SUBSTITUTE

During the first Thaw trial the regular reporter for one of the German papers was ill and the editor sent over a substitute.

They were examining talesmen, and there was nothing doing. The reporters sat idly, but the German sub wrote rapidly, tearing off sheet after sheet and hurrying his copy-boy away with them.

He wrote a couple of thousand words of the examination of a talesman. Then he turned to one of the reporters near him and asked: "Who iss this man?"

"He's a talesman."

"Talesman? What iss Herr Talesman's initials?"

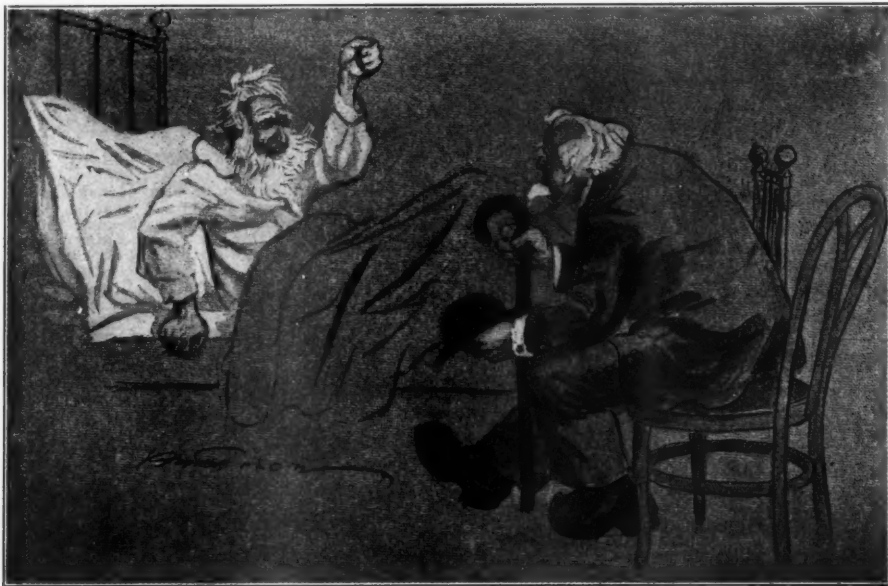
"I don't know. He's a talesman. Being examined to find out if he is fit to serve as a juror."

"Ach," wept the German, "I thought he was a vitness."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

## FRUITLESS FAME

"What is your member of Congress noted for?"

"Well," answered Farmer Cornlossel, "around here he's mostly noted for arguments that won't go down and seeds that won't come up."—*Washington Star*.



## WANTED HIS MONEY'S WORTH

"It's an outrage, that's what it is! The doc charged me thirty-seven dollars for the operation an' only made a cut an inch long!"—*Judge*.



## ACCORDING TO WEBSTER

The other day there appeared at the circulating desk of one of the branches of a well-known Carnegie Library in this city a small girl with a red shawl pinned on her head. She presented a library card to the pretty young lady at the desk and said, with a smile which showed where her two front teeth had recently been, and with a lisp doubtless caused by the lack of them, "My mother she wants I should fetch home the dictionary wrote by the Webster guy." The assistant explained pleasantly that the dictionary was a reference book and could not be loaned, but that she would look for a good story for the mother.

"Oh no," said the child. "She don't want no story. She wants the dictionary. It's a big book and—"

"But the dictionaries have to stay here," answered the assistant, smiling. "Does your mother want to look up a word?"

"It's four words she wants to look up, and she said for me to fetch her the dictionary," the child insisted.

"Well, you tell her that I'll be glad to look them up for her if she'll send me word what they are, but the dictionary must stay in the library. It's really too big for you to carry anyway," she added, looking at the disappointed little face under the red shawl.

"I got my cousin's wagon to put it in and it's only half a block." The child held out the library card once more, but the assistant shook her head.

"You tell your mother to come here and look up the words," she said, turning to the line of people wanting to have their books changed.

After some thirty minutes the child reappeared, breathless and pink-cheeked, the red shawl having slipped off her head, one end of it dragging along the floor. She held out a piece of yellow wrapping-paper, on which was pencilled the following:

Misses Carnegie Library

Mam: I like too cum too dicshonary but not today. I hav too hunt 4 words. 2 little twins cums last nite. I hav too hunt 2 names for both. Mister Webster hav many names in the back of him. I lik too sea him 15 minits. Nellie Grace brings him rite back. Yurs

MRS. JIM BROWN.

Considering the circumstances the dictionary was loaned—deposited by the janitor in the little wagon and cheerfully hauled half a block by Nellie Grace. When she returned it, in exactly fifteen minutes, she announced happily to the library assistant:

"Got 'em all named—two names each—Noah Webster Brown for the dictionary and Andrew Carnegie Brown for you.—*Harper's Magazine.*



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT  
Sir Walter Raleigh takes his first lesson in smoking.  
—*Punch.*

## A SOFT ANSWER

Of the culprits hailed before a police magistrate there was one—an Irishman—who had caused no end of trouble to the police. The magistrate regarded the prisoner with mingled curiosity and indignation.

"So you're the man that gave the officers so much trouble?" his honor asked. "I understand that it took seven policemen to lock you up."

"Yes, yer honor," responded the Celt, with a broad grin; "but it would take only one to let me out."—*Exchange.*

## THE MUSICAL MAIDEN

On pianos and organs she lbs.,  
Making strange and mysterious sbs.,  
And the policeman calls out  
To see what she's about,  
As he goes on his lone nightly rbs.



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT  
Julius Caesar interviewing barbarian captives on the subject of the prevention and cure of baldness.  
—*Punch.*



"MOTHER, CAN'T YOU SEE WHEN A MAN'S BUSY?"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### CARRIE IN THE GRAVEYARD

When Representative Birdsall, of Iowa, was serving his first term in the House he was called, with the other Iowa Representatives, into conference with the late Senator Allison on Iowa matters.

Shortly before the conference Carrie Nation had been hustled out of a Senate gallery for making a row. Before the conference began Birdsall said to Senator Allison, very grave and dignified and a stickler for the dignity of the Senate and its traditions and power: "Had quite a little excitement over in the Senate this afternoon."

"What was that?" asked Allison, who had been out of the chamber when Carrie was eliminated.

"Why, they arrested Carrie Nation and took her out of one of the galleries."

"Ah," commented Allison, "for disturbing the peace, I presume?"

"No," Birdsall replied, "for disturbing the dead."

And Birdsall always wondered after that why he didn't get along with Allison.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

#### DAMP FOUNDATIONS

Otis Harlan, the comedian, is liberally supplied with feet. One day, when he was playing in one of the late Charles H. Hoyt's companies, he complained to Hoyt that he had a bad cold.

"I should think you would have a cold all the time," responded Hoyt.

"Why?" asked Harlan.

"Because there is so much of you on the ground."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

#### BEATS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

A baseball player had two fingers of his right hand pretty badly bunged up in practice, and on his way home from the grounds he dropped into a doctor's office to have them attended to.

"Doctor," he asked anxiously as he was leaving, "when this paw of mine heals will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly you will," the doctor assured him.

"Well, then, you're a wonder, Doc. I never could before."—*Everybody's*.

#### TOO FAMILIAR

When staying in the Sandwich Islands I had an amusing experience with my Hawaiian servant. Now these servants insist on calling you by your first name. Ours was always saying to my husband, "Yes, John," and to me, "Very well, Mary," etc., etc. So when we got a new cook I told my husband to avoid calling me "Mary," as then, not knowing my name, he would have to say "missus" to me. So John always called me "sweetheart" or "dearie," never "Mary," but the watchful fellow gave me no title at all.

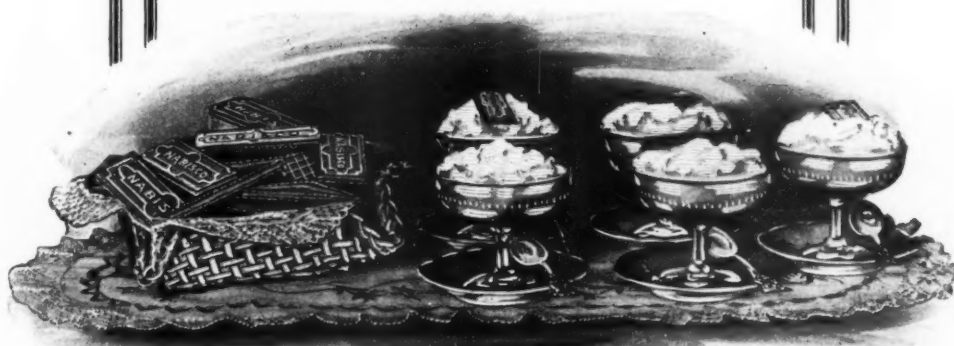
One day we had some officers to dinner, and, while awaiting the repast, I told them of the ruse I had adopted, and added, "By this servant, at least, you won't hear me called Mary."

Just then the new cook entered the room. He bowed, and said to me: "Sweetheart, dinner is served."

"What?" I stammered, aghast at his familiarity.

"Dinner is served, dearie," answered the new cook.—*Exchange*.

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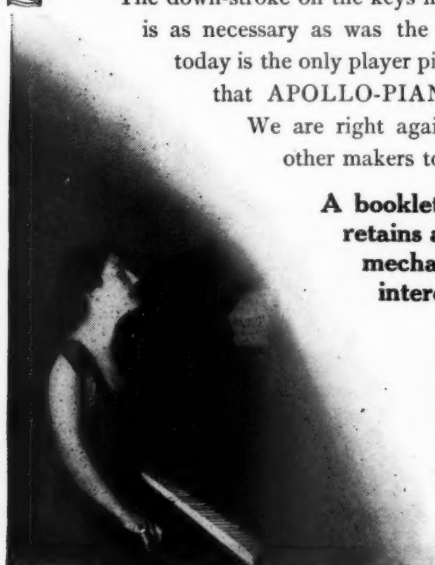
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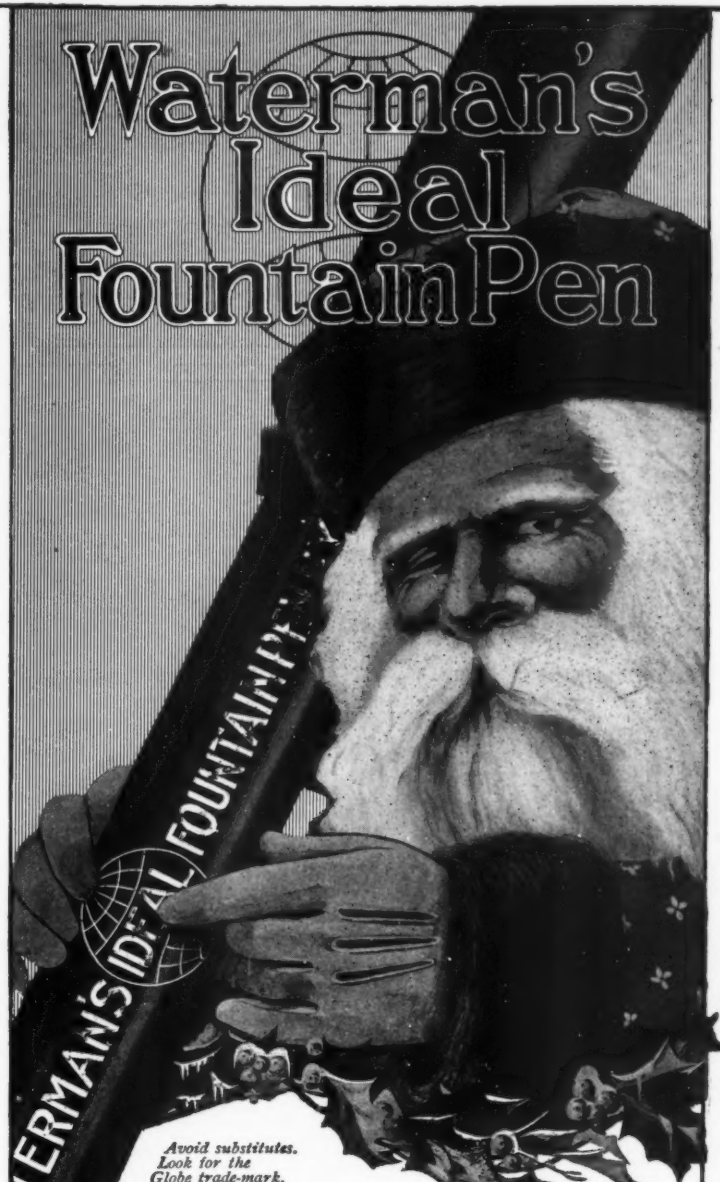
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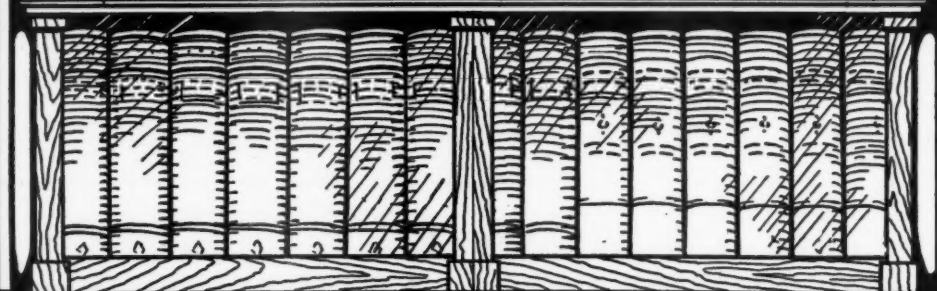


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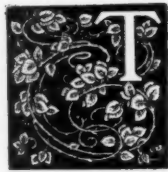
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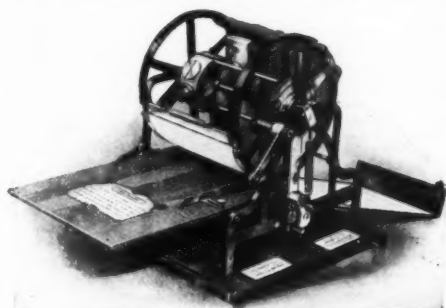
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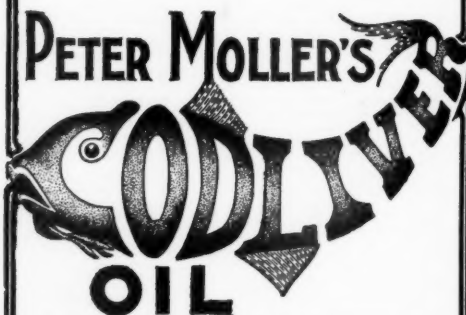
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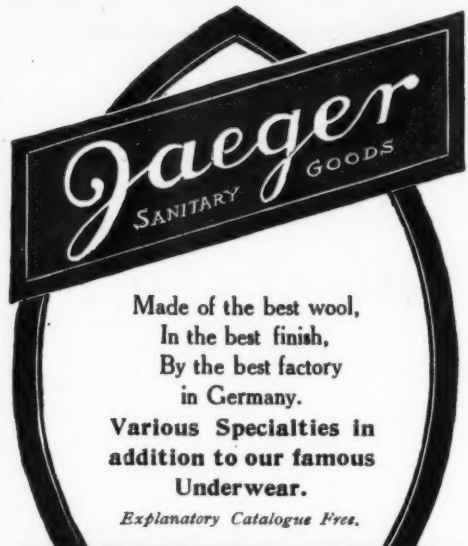
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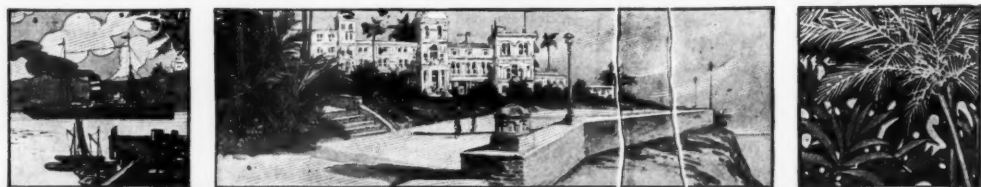
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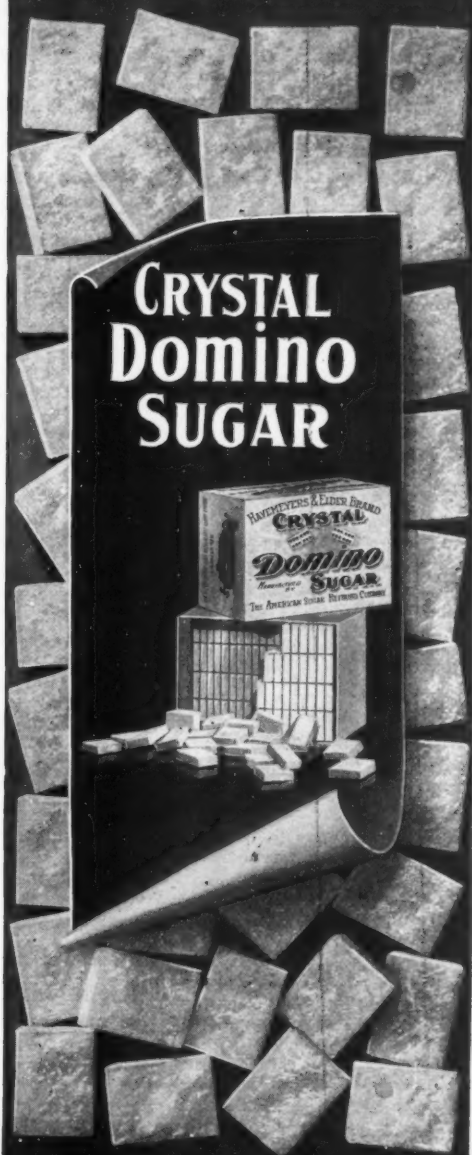
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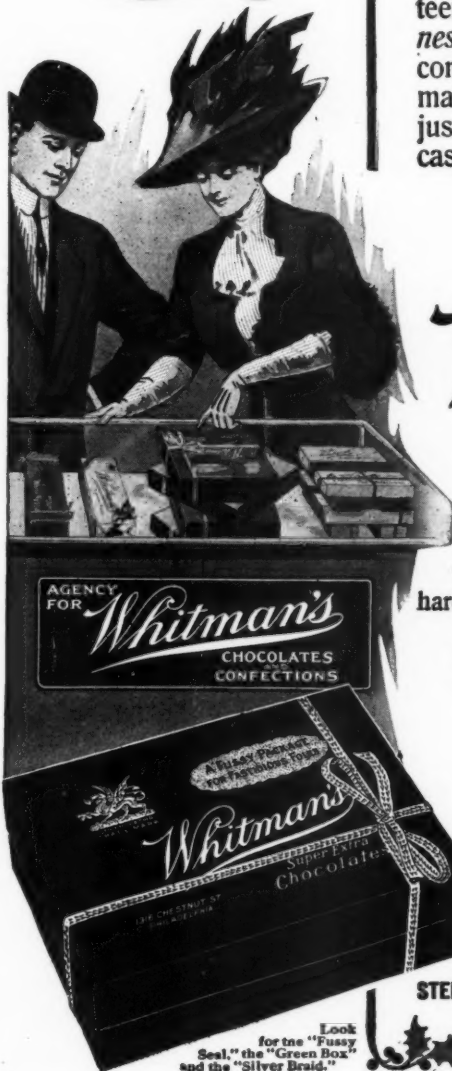
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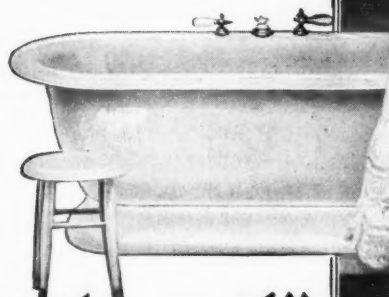




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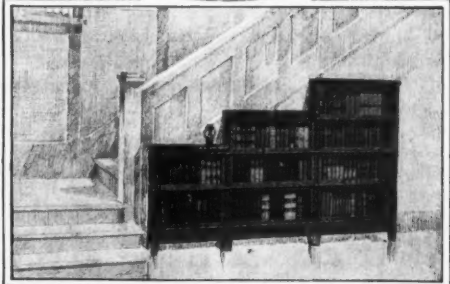
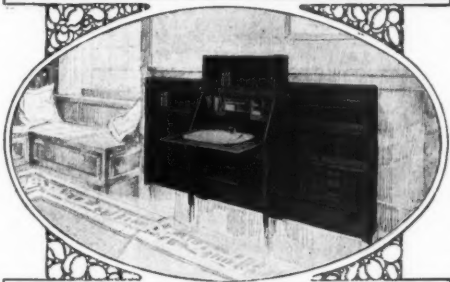
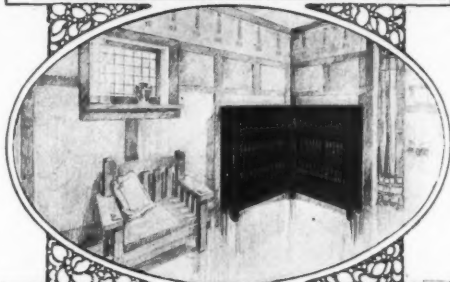
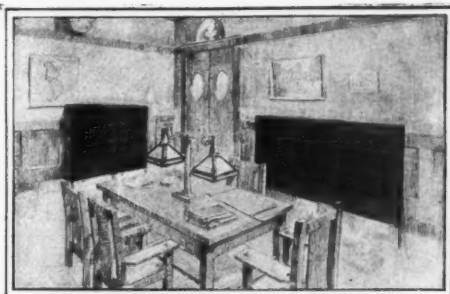
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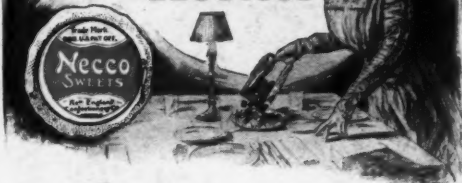
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